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**SOUTH AFRICA
TO-DAY**

SOUTH AFRICA TO-DAY

**WITH AN ACCOUNT OF
MODERN RHODESIA**

BY

H. HAMILTON FYFE

AUTHOR OF "THE NEW SPIRIT IN EGYPT" ETC.

THE
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CHAPTER I

CAPE TOWN

From Southampton, 5978 miles; from Kimberley by train, 647 miles; from Johannesburg, 956 miles. Population about 100,000; more than half white. Hotel: Mount Nelson

East and West have entered her gates and abide in her streets ;
Of old before her uprose like clouds the glories of fleets,
Bearing in for her bounty of water or field, for succour or rest,
At the Half-way House of the Traders between the East and
West.

She was the Gate of the Sea and the North for the pioneers,
Who struck through the heart of the ranges in half-forgotten
years,
She is the Mother City, fairer than any she bore,
Gowned in the blue of the sea and girt with the foam of the
shore.

Gleaming in gable and window, so she lies at her ease,
At the feet of the old grey father among her blossoming trees,
Tolling her bell for vespers, or calling that Eastern cry,
That the Faithful hear like a blessing out of the evening sky.
John Runcie

I HAD never thought of South Africa as a land of
beauty.

Table Mountain, for example, suggests flatness—
suggests the commonplace. I supposed it to be
an ordinary kind of flat-topped hill.

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Then from the way men who had been through the war talked about the veld, we received the impression that it was monotonous, acrid, dull.

Yet I can bear witness that the veld is not half so monotonous as the Canadian prairie or the Russian steppes, not a quarter so arid as the alkali plains of Arizona or the salt lands of Utah, not nearly so dull as the landscape of large regions of Central Europe.

There is a distinctive beauty of steppe and of prairie even. There is a quiet charm about the plains of Germany and France. I am not merely saying that the typical landscape of South Africa is not hideous, as if I should say it was better than our own Black Country. I am comparing it with landscapes which I have heard enthusiasts rave over.

The first sight of Table Mountain from the sea on a clear morning is something to remember all one's life—a moment of sheer ecstasy.

I had no idea what to expect when I ran up in my dressing-gown about six o'clock. It was rather shivery. The sun had just drawn a fiery finger along the jagged line of rocky summits. The sea was rippling in wavelets of a cold purple.

But I forgot about feeling chilled as soon as I saw the mass of the mountain, with the attendant Twelve Apostles to its right, faintly pencilled through the sunrise mist. All were blue in deep mysterious shadow; all were beautiful with that



TABLE MOUNTAIN FROM THE SEA

Photo by DUDLEY KIDDER



CAMP'S BAY, NEAR CAPE TOWN

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ecstatic beauty which floods the senses and leaves you gasping, unable for some time to take it all in.

From the ocean you cannot see the town. That lies sheltered in a deep fold. You see the Lion's Head, which is one of the lower slopes of Table Mountain; and Signal Hill, which flashes home news of your arrival; and the pleasant seaside suburbs which lie along the rocky shore.

Here is a coast-line finer than the Riviera, with a sea as blue, trees and flowers more luxuriant; little capes and bays of delicious charm, a background far grander, a climate during our winter (which is their summer) that can be counted upon for regular daily sunshine, and soft but not hot nights: a climate which is warm, dry, equable, and does not play tricks. Such a climate we always hope to find on the Riviera, but seldom until April do we find it!

Here is an ideal land of sunshine for our winter butterflies. I look forward to the day when, instead of mountaineering in Switzerland, young Englishmen will go to the Rocky Mountains. Of course, I mean the Canadian Rockies, which are vastly more majestic and magnificent than the American. And in that day I foresee a stream of sun-seekers taking ship for the Cape Peninsula, one of the most beautiful spots on earth.

The voyage is very seldom anything but smooth and pleasurable all the way, and when it is shortened to a fortnight instead of sixteen and a

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half days it will double its attractions. Landing for several hours at Madeira is a pleasant break. You go up in a little train to a village on the mountain-side high above Funchal. There you breakfast in an hotel verandah overlooking the slopes buried in semi-tropical vegetation, and the brilliant gold-burnished sea.

From the tower of the church, a little higher up, you get an even better view, and you can more or less realise what it feels like to survey a landscape from an aeroplane, for the church stands out from the hill and seems to project itself over gardens and maize plots, even over the town and the harbour. Then you sit in a sleigh and slide down the mountain, held back from rushing violently down this steep place into the sea by two villainous-looking Portuguese. Through the narrow streets of malodorous villages you career wildly, wondering whether your wife will be able to find your will. Round corners you whirl with vertiginous sensations, bitterly regretting that you did not take the train—or walk. But your Portuguese villains are skilful, and you know that you are really secure, especially if you let them stop at an inn halfway and drink twopennyworth of wine for which you pay two shillings. Then they call upon their patron saints to bless and keep you, which, since you arrive at the bottom safely, they presumably do.

Back at the ship, after buying basket chairs, lace,

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filigree silver work, and comfortable soft leather bedroom boots, like the boots of stage highwaymen—all of local make—you watch more Portuguese of villainous appearance diving into the clear water after coppers and small silver coins. For a shilling they will plunge from the Promenade Deck, forty feet above the water, and swim underneath the vessel.

The deck meanwhile is crowded with sellers of lace and curios until the bells rings, and the donkey-engine rattles up the anchor, and the throb of machinery begins again, not to stop night or day for a fortnight until you are in Cape Town Docks.

If you are on deck early next morning you see the Peak of Teneriffe, exquisite and reticent, like a dream mountain, rising from sea-level and veiling its lovely head in a pink fleecy cloud. Once again at dawn you may catch a glimpse of far-off land, but for the rest it is ocean, ocean all the way, a perfect rest-cure.

The placid routine of shipboard life gains upon one daily. Nothing to disturb your tranquillity of mind, nothing to make you late for meals, no decisions to be taken, save whether you will eat chicken or lamb, and whether you will go in costume to the fancy dress ball. It is the dream of the Lotus-eaters realised. All business cares fade away. The concerns of shore-life are far-off, unsubstantial. You seem to have lived with your travelling companions all your days. Some people even forget

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whether they are married or not. I know one man who is always considered an interesting bachelor on board ship until his fourteen-stone wife meets him at the quay side.

Reaching Cape Town you are brought back with a sudden shock to the conditions of everyday existence, intensified by finding yourself in a strange place. The familiar and the unfamiliar are oddly mixed. You see, of course, English names and notices. You see the Union Jack; it is when you see it fluttering thousands of miles from home that it thrills you most, and brings sharply to your mind what the British Empire means.

You see people who look and dress and talk like people in England. The telegraph boys are the same. The policemen too, except that their helmets are white; they have that godlike air of calm authority which sits upon no other policemen in the world.

But amid these familiar sights there are many which are strange and curious. A black man with the flat nose and the enormous lips of the required type seizes your hand luggage. Kaffir women, their heads covered by the gaudiest of kerchiefs, strike violent notes of colour. Slim Malay women in tightly drawn draperies, their ankles tinkling with silver bangles, and their babies cooing on their backs, turn their glistening dark eyes upon you.

Here are olive-featured men in tarbushes;

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Chinamen with pigtails; every shade of "mixed" colour, for at the Cape half-castes are very numerous; and there is a full-blooded native in a blanket and very little else, his hair frizzed out and stuck full of bone skewers.

Soon you begin to hear Dutch talked. The tramcars bear such destination boards as "Oranjezicht" and "Tamboer's Kloof." Sour-looking *predikants*, Dutch Reformed Church clergymen, stalk apart in the blackest of black clothes, all the more noticeable here under the burning sun among light suits and light dresses.

The chief street, Adderley Street, runs up from the sea to the cathedral, a street of good shops and large public buildings. At the cathedral you pass into a delightful shady avenue with the Houses of Parliament and the garden of Government House on one side of it, a botanical garden and a museum on the other. This takes you very pleasantly a good way up the hill to where the Mount Nelson Hotel stands and the houses begin, running up the steep slope of the mountain, each in its plot of ground and all with glorious views across the bay to the distant Drakenstein and Hottentot Holland ranges.

Quite European are the business and the "residential" quarters of Cape Town, but you need only turn a little way off the main street to find yourself in narrow lanes where at dusk veiled women peer from gloomy doorways and troops of dark-skinned

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children play solemn Eastern games. Here the half-caste cabmen shout in an uncouth dialect, as they narrowly avoid collisions or escape by a hair's-breadth running down a turbaned Moslem or a skinny Hindu.

The curse of Cape Town are the south-easters which sweep violently through it, filling the air with dust and the mouth with bad language. Yet they keep it healthy ; they also keep it fairly cool. And nothing can spoil one's constant joy in the mountain that forms so magnificent a background to the city. You see its rocky ramparts blocking the end of every street, except when you look down to the glittering sea. It changes every hour, and every fresh aspect of it seems more lovely than the last. Those who know it best like it best, I fancy, with its "table-cloth" on. The clouds, white and fleecy, come drifting over its summit and drop down on the seaward side, producing the table-cloth effect.

You could ramble over its slopes and spurs for a year and never find out all its beauties. There are deep clefts, filled with pines and birches, pink and purple flowering shrubs, wild orchids, heaths and ferns, where the silvery tinkle of streams gives you music as you mount, and deep pools invite you to rest beside their clear waters and look out across the Cape Flats to the far-away mountains, a magnificent view. There are hill-sides shining with silver trees, in form like wild olives, but with a brighter

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sheen. On the lower slopes there are wonderful avenues of oaks and pines, and all over there are woods of vast extent, full of wild flowers, not indeed what we should call wild flowers, but lobelia, gladiolus, arum lilies, here known as pig-lilies, all counting for no more than dandelions do with us.

High up on the mountain side is the Rhodes Memorial, the statue by G. F. Watts, called "Physical Energy," a young barbarian on a horse, flanked by a Greek temple, approached by many steps with bronze lions crouching on either hand. Below stands Groote Schuur (the "Great Barn"), the beautiful Dutch house which Cecil Rhodes built and bequeathed to be the official residence of the Prime Minister of United South Africa. With its wide stoep (verandah) and formal garden, its gabled fronts, its glow of sunny red-brick, blue hydrangeas, hanging purple wisteria, and deep magenta bougainvillæas, it is almost too perfect. It scarcely seems real.

Through Newlands Avenue, whose oaks have stood for well over a century, the road leads to Constantia, winds among vineyards, shows the Muizenberg Mountain swimming in a mist of gold, then mounts, crosses a *nek* which is like the Esterels, only grander, and brings you down on the other side to the sea-shore. Here are fine bays and stretches of sand with scarcely a soul about. In time there will be good hotels and villas after the Riviera style, dotted along the coast. But

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now the scarcely credible blues and greens of the sea, the combes and ravines, the hill-sides running up from the shore covered with blossom of every brilliant hue have scarcely any one to enjoy them.

Sea Point is a pleasant little spot along this rocky coast. Thence to Cape Town there are villas all the way. However hot the town may be, there is always the coolness of the Atlantic here.

But the favourite seaside place for Cape Town people is Muizenberg, which is washed by the warm waters of the Indian Ocean on the other side of the Peninsula. There is no air more fragrant, more reviving; no sea more pleasant to swim out in, floating back on boards among the long rollers. Here, cheek by jowl with Sir Abe Bailey's beautiful Baker house, is the cottage to which Rhodes turned when he felt he could not breathe elsewhere; where he died with that pathetic sense of "so little done, so much to do." It is kept very much as it was when they carried his body out to its burial-place in the Matopo Hills, with many interesting pictures on the walls and a delightful old man, full of recollections, as guardian.

Away across the bay you can see Simonstown, the naval station. You may do many things less attractive than walk round there, as I did one blazing Sunday afternoon, gathering prickly pears by the way to slake my thirst, and trying to get the prickles out of my fingers all the rest of the day!

And even now I have only hinted at the beauties

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of the Cape Peninsula. It is one of the most delicious spots on the wide earth. To those who come down to it from "up country" it is like heaven.

The town itself is still inclined to be sleepy and backward, though it is beginning to have some fine buildings, notably those of the South African Mutual and the British South Africa Company, the latter of granite, manly and solid in style. But what does the town itself matter, seeing that whichever way you go out of it (you can go either by train, by motor, or in swift, comfortable electric cars) you quickly find yourself in surroundings of exquisite charm, sea and mountains combining with the prodigal sun to steep your vision in loveliness at every turn.

CHAPTER II

SOUTH AFRICA AT THE CROSS-ROADS

The Dawn does not come twice to awaken a man.

Kaffir Proverb

It was on a day of hot cloudless sunshine that the Duke of Connaught opened the first Parliament of the Union of South Africa. There were many people in England who believed the outlook of the new nation was as cloudless as the southern sky on that brilliant November day. A great cry had gone up at home that a miracle had happened, that all racial animosities had disappeared.

It was only natural that the Union of South Africa should cause the unity of national feelings and aspirations to be exaggerated. The contrast between 1900, when war was sowing death and sickness through the land, and 1910, which saw the combatants sitting down together under one flag to do their best for their common country, was too striking not to be magnified into a miracle. In these days we are so ready to believe in wonderful changes of human nature. Many of us are even persuaded that it is possible to put a stop to war. It is so difficult for us to understand

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that the character and temperament of mankind cannot be transmogrified by eloquent speeches in the course of a few short years. So amid all the assurances that the terms "Dutch" and "British" had no longer any meaning in South Africa I felt doubtful, sceptical. And as soon as I got there I found my suspicions justified.

No miracle has happened. The two races are, in their thoughts, their aims, their ideals, still far apart. That, if we look at the situation intelligently, was inevitable. They *are* two races, with differing traditions, differing ambitions, differing views of life. Political union can for a long time to come do little to remove those differences. Social union and intermarriage may be more effective solvents, but these also work slowly. Happily there is no rooted dislike between them. There is no great gulf fixed to hinder their coming together. In many ways they are curiously alike: both are easier to lead than to drive, both suspicious of innovations; both obstinate, both hospitable, both brave. And they both believe firmly that the Almighty is on their side. There is every reason to expect that a South African nation with aspirations common to all its members will arise. But it will not arise in one year, nor two; and when it does arise it will not be either British or Dutch. It will be South African.

It is foolish to abuse the Dutch for not being enthusiastic about the British Empire. It is futile

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to expect them to tear up immediately their fast-rooted idea that, while we had the power (won by force of arms) we kept them down, and that now they have the power (won by their majority at the polls) they have the right to use it against us. At the same time, it is our duty to fight for our ideal. We have much to win or lose. Cecil Rhodes cabled, while the issue of the Raid still hung in the balance: "To-day the crux is, Shall we win? And South Africa will belong to England." Once more the country is at the cross-roads. The "crux" now is, to use Rhodes's phrase, Will the Dutch win? Will their star remain in the ascendant? If so, good-bye for ever to the dream of South Africa as a prosperous, progressive portion of the Empire. It will be a little country, governed by small people, animated by narrow views.

There are two Dutchmen in the Cabinet who stand for a larger policy. They are General Botha and Mr. Smuts. They see that South Africa can become, if her people choose, a great country. They are for improving agriculture, encouraging new settlers, lending a hand to infant manufactures, going ahead in every direction, with a firm trust in the country's future. General Botha believes that maize may bring almost as great prosperity to the Union as wheat has done to the Dominion of Canada. Mr. Smuts sees lines of advance in many directions. I heard him make a stirring

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speech on the possibilities which are latent in the country's wealth of means for producing electrical energy.

"We have," he said, "in South Africa the means of developing power in quite a unique degree. We have, for instance, over large parts of the country, coal much cheaper than in many parts of the world. We could have coal sold here at 1s. per ton, which we could use for the development of electrical energy, yes, even 6d. a ton. It is clear that, when we have such enormous resources at our door, it is simply a question of the application of science in order to develop energy and power which would revolutionise this country within the next twenty or thirty years. I think very few of you here, though you may have very highly developed scientific imaginations" (he was addressing a scientific society) "can foresee the developments that are ahead in this young country of ours within the next generation."

There is the right spirit—from our point of view. But the Dutch are inclined to distrust "progress." And Mr. Smuts's Defence Proposals for a citizen army on the lines of Lord Kitchener's Australian Universal Service Scheme, with yearly camps for all men between eighteen and twenty-five, are not nearly so pleasing to them as General Beyers's plan. This latter was for a Burgher Force on the Commando system, "not to be used for the protection of any other part of the Empire." Children to be

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taught the use of arms and trained to discipline, but "not by English instructors," Dutch to be the language of command in the veld commandos and, whenever required, in the town ones also.

Mr. Smuts's plan, however, is that which Lord Methuen has advocated, and fortunately Lord Methuen is very popular among the Dutch. He has been described in the Union House of Commons as "almost a Boer himself." Mr. Smuts himself is, I am bound to add, not very well trusted in politics, and he has as yet no strong following in the country. General Botha's following, on the other hand, is too strong. It will not allow him to exercise a will of his own. He would have been glad to form a coalition Ministry with "Dr. Jim" (now Sir Leander Starr Jameson) as his second in command. That would have given the Union a fine start and kept the fanatics in check. But the Bond in Cape Colony, and Het Volk in the Transvaal, and the Unie in the Orange River Colony were too much for him. These three very active organisations, working in the interests of a Dutch South Africa, are the real rulers of the country. In the towns their influence might soon be undermined. But through the "field-cornets," a paid class of district officials, something between magistrates and mayors, they keep a firm grip on the back-velders, the farmers who do not come into touch with modern conditions.

They are fine old fellows, these "long-hairs," as

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they are called from their bushy beards. There is a patriarchal air about them. They are prosperous, though they have little enough comfort, as we understand it, in their houses. They are almost always hospitable and friendly. Personally I consider that it is carrying hospitality even too far to send a Kaffir to wake you at 8 A.M. with a cup of coffee, as a sort of preliminary to rising at five—with another cup. But that is by the way. They are God-fearing and in some matters scrupulous; in others, in business for example, or in their dealings with their native “boys,” they have no scruples at all. Their wives and daughters suffer from having too little to do. Everything is done for them by the “boys.” They sit on the stoep and drink innumerable cups of coffee (poor, washy stuff) and grow fat. Yet one can find many a shrewd old woman among them, with strong character and lively brain.

The sons are beginning to feel the twentieth century stirring their blood. They want to go to the towns and be educated. They fancy themselves as lawyers or doctors rather than farmers. When they do stay on the farms, they are even more antiquated than their sires. One evening a traveller who had been about the world a little was smoking after supper in a back-velder's kitchen. The old man was asking him questions—in English. They mostly *can* speak English. If their visitors cannot or will not talk Dutch,

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they do speak it. But say even "Good day" to them in "Hollands," and not a word of anything but the Taal will they utter.

"And what is the finest language in the world?" inquired old Yakoob. The traveller thought Italian might claim that distinction. "Ah!" said Yakoob, "I hear it spoken once so long by Pretoria already. Ya, dot vas zeer schoon" (very pretty). But here the son of the house interposes. "Sis! no," he cries, "that can't be true. If Italian were the finest language, father, God would have written the Bible in it, whereas we all know He wrote it in Dutch."

Naturally, in soil like this new ideas do not root easily. Indeed, they do not get much chance. The only ideas offered to the back-veld are the old, bad ideas that the English are deceivers, that the country must be kept Dutch, that progress is displeasing to God. General Beyers, who nearly got the Speakership of the Union Parliament, once said: "Englishmen are all bad. Liberals are as bad as Tories, They both break the Sabbath." And the back-veld thoroughly agreed. They chuckled, too, over this same General Beyers's remark after the Union elections, that "Botha had trusted the English too much. . . . The steam-roller will have to be used a little more now." That is the kind of sentiment they appreciate. "Steam-roller the English" was a most popular cry.

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Worse even than the political field-cornets are the political *predikants*, the ministers of the Dutch Reformed Church. In the principal church of Pretoria, the Rev. H. S. Bosman, unofficial Primate of the D.R. Communion, preaches open racialism. Just after General Botha's defeat in Pretoria he expounded Nehemiah to his flock. Nehemiah, he said, was a good man who had great difficulties placed in his way by strangers and Outlanders who had gone to live in Jerusalem. But he took a strong line with them. He would not allow such people as Sanballat and Tobiah and "other minor officials," who "grieved exceedingly for that there was come a man to seek the welfare of the children of Israel," to pretend to help in the great work of rebuilding the wall. They must, said the preacher, similarly rebuild Pretoria and turn it into a strong fortress, and see that their people were well looked after. When Nehemiah sent people to Jerusalem from Judah and Benjamin, he undoubtedly took care that opportunity was given them to earn their bread!

As if this were not a clear enough plea for the dismissal of British officials and the appointment of Dutch to take their places, a correspondent of the leading Dutch organ, the *Volksstem* (Voice of the People), pointed out a few days later that, in the Transvaal, of 4607 officials only 737 were Afrikaners. "I hope," he added, "that General Botha will take this to heart." The motto of the

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Dutch is: "To the victors the spoils." It may be that there are British South Africans who in private advocate the keeping down of the Dutch. But they are afraid to utter such a sentiment in public. They know that it would be repudiated by all the decent and responsible men of their blood. The Dutch, on the other hand, have no hesitation in openly speaking of themselves as a separate race. "We are a nation," said another predikant, the Rev. H. van Brockhuizen, "with our own taal, traditions and history. We must now stand shoulder to shoulder and hand in hand for the rights of OUR people. . . . May God give OUR people strength to be unanimous." Even at an enlightened place like Stellenbosch a speaker at a Dutch banquet compared Englishmen to Bushmen, "because neither can be trusted," and was cheered when he declared dramatically "There is blood between us."

The same plea was raised by a certain General Brits, who at a place called New Denmark, in December 1910, exhorted a large gathering to remember that "the English had murdered 22,000 of their women and children during the war." Here is another purple passage from his ovation:

"I earnestly appeal to parents to prevent their children marrying any of the English race. They must not let this colony become a bastard race the same as the Cape Colony. If God had wanted us

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to be one race he would not have made a distinction between English and Dutch."

But of this kind of bad feeling left by the war, there is, I think, very little. The antagonism goes further back. There will never be another war between white peoples in South Africa. The native peril is much too dangerous for that, and will become more so. In a way, therefore, this Black problem is an advantage. It has hastened the burying of the hatchet for the last time. But, short of actual fighting, the struggle between the races for domination may take very ugly shape. Already there is a danger, caused by the language question (which I shall explain later), of children not learning properly any language at all. If the back-veld policy succeeds, there will be very little immigration into the Union. There will be a limited franchise designed to "keep things as they are." There will be no military force to share in the defence of the Empire, but merely a system of burgher defence on the old commando plan, with Dutch leaders. In short, the country will stagnate.

Fortunately, there is in the Union Parliament a strong Opposition, which will fight hard to prevent that. Sir Starr Jameson, affectionately known as "the Doctor" or "Dr. Jim," is a leader of whom the Empire should be proud, and to whom his Party are very warmly attached. His is an exceedingly rare case. He remains in public

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life against his inclination, because he feels that there his duty lies. His health is not good. By temperament he is a man of action rather than of words. He has nothing whatever to gain from politics. To any one who knows him the idea that he seeks titles is grotesque. It is because he holds a position which no other man could amply fill that he makes himself a slave to the Parliamentary machine. His friendship with General Botha and the unselfish help he has given the Nationalist leader prove his disinterested patriotism. His aim is to assist his adopted country through her troubles without a thought of any advantage for himself.

"The Doctor's" chief lieutenants in the Unionist Party are an able band. Sir Percy Fitzpatrick, whom every one calls "Fitz," is a capital debater, with the ready tongue and persuasive accents of an Irishman, though he was actually born in South Africa. He takes in most matters a South African's view, though he is, of course, a convinced Imperialist. Mr. Lionel Phillips brings to the practice of politics a keen, clear, diplomatic intellect, a close knowledge of all South Africa's problems, a sincere anxiety (it is not too strong a word to use) to see the country become a contented, strong and prosperous part of the Empire. Sir George Farrar has identical aims, but pursues them by a different path. He is a blunt speaker. Force rather than finesse is his weapon. He is

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untiringly industrious, and will patiently "get up" a subject so as to master every detail of it, while others are still wondering where to begin. Mr. Walton is another prominent member of the Opposition who does quiet useful work and speaks well. Mr. Patrick Duncan is a watchful critic of finance; Mr. Drummond Chaplin an effective, impetuous debater; Mr. B. K. Long, editor of South Africa's only monthly review, *The State*, a clever young man of whom great things are expected. Mr. Chris. Botha, a Dutch Unionist, is young also and level-headed; he should quickly make his way to the front.

Of the Nationalists General Botha is a man with elements of greatness in his character, but without the tact and training required to carry him comfortably through the troubles of managing a difficult Party. He has so far got through them, but it has frequently been pain and grief to him. His health has suffered. There is little doubt he would be happier on his farm, or as Minister for Agriculture without any further responsibilities. Mr. Smuts I have discussed already. He is the most interesting figure in the Ministry because no one quite understands him. Perhaps he does not yet quite understand himself. Mr. Sauer is an ordinary type of politician, strong because he has the Bond behind him, but without personal distinction. Mr. Schreiner, on the other hand, has a personality of singular charm, but no strength. His mind is

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too fine for politics. He sees too clearly his opponent's side of the case to be successful in leading men. To General Hertzog I shall direct attention later on. For the rest the Nationalists, with the exception of Mr. Merriman, are not interesting, and it is hard to say whether Mr. Merriman is rightly to be called a Nationalist at all. He is a politician who has never learnt, perhaps never cared to learn, the political game. He has an argumentative mind which impels him to take the other side in a discussion just for mental exercise. His friends cannot count upon him. He is an eloquent speaker with noble ideals and the widest possible range of topics. He is a stickler for parliamentary forms and etiquette. But at seventy he is a free-lance, without a following. He has held high positions, but from the highest he appears to be barred by the curse of Reuben, "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel."

There the Parties stand, then : the Unionists for a United South Africa, the Nationalists (so their name seems to imply) representing their own nation, the Dutch. What Dutch ascendancy would mean, if the narrow view of the Back Veld should prevail, I have explained already. That is one of the two roads at the crossing of which South Africa stands to-day. The other leads to a destiny far different. Though the mines keep the country in funds for the present, every effort

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AN AVENUE NEAR CAPE TOWN

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would be made to provide against the day when they no longer do so. Settlers would be invited and assisted. The country would be made as quickly as possible self-feeding. The export of maize, which Sir John Bennet Lawes called "the grandest crop in the world," would rapidly increase. It would do for the Union what wheat has done for Canada. South Africa would become a great country and South Africans a great nation. Is this to be dream or reality? That depends upon which of the cross-roads South Africa decides to take.

CHAPTER III

THE NATIVES

When you talk of democracy in this country you are talking of an idle dream . . . We are an aristocracy. We must not forget that of the six millions of people in South Africa four and a half millions belong to an alien race.—Mr. Merriman, formerly Cape Premier, at the Union Banquet, November 1910

THERE are more "problems" to the square mile in South Africa than in any other country in the world. Take its Colour Questions, for example. There are three of them, distinct and separate, and all puzzling, all dangerous. In Natal and the Transvaal, as we have seen already, cheap Asiatic labour has caused, and is still causing, and will continue to cause, a great deal of trouble. At the Cape the increase among the "coloured people" is making everybody who looks ahead wonder what the result of giving them votes will be. These "coloured people" are half-castes. The Dutch in early days brought over natives of their East Indian Settlements. "Malays" they have always been called. They are a light brown, almost white. But they have intermarried with Kaffirs and Hottentots

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(who are rather like Japanese or Eskimo), and thus a curiously mixed race (including many with white blood in them) now inhabits large quarters of Cape Town.

Really it is like a city of the East. Take a car from the Standard Bank Corner eastward to Number Six district, and in a few minutes you are among a population of Orientals. Thin-legged men in turbans and cotton petticoats stalk with dignity. Fat women with gaudy handkerchiefs wrapped about their heads and slim-veiled women whose black draperies are drawn tightly round their willowy figures stand at the doors or shuffle in and out of dirty little shops. Besides the Malays, there are blue-frocked "Chinks" doing laundry business, and Indians mostly engaged in the grocery trade. Among other industries the Malays have street fish-selling in their hands. All over the town you can hear the melancholy note of their horns, which they use as the muffin man in London streets used to ring his bell. In European clothes they cut no figure ; but most of them still wear the gaily hued garments of the East, and add a most attractive note to Cape Town's colour scheme. They are Mahommedans and have their mosques, from which the muezzin sounds the call to prayer. A quiet, hard-working, inoffensive race, the Malays.

The Kaffir half-castes with white ancestry are called "Cape Boys." They are often highly in-

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telligent. Up in Rhodesia I had one for a chauffeur, and found him thoroughly competent in every way.

All the "coloured people" are pathetically anxious to rank as whites and to rise in the social scale.

They are ambitious for their children to do well.

I went one morning to see a coloured girls' cookery class in Cape Town. They were all well dressed, mostly in clean white frocks. Their stockings were neat and their boots and shoes good—an infallible test. "These must be children of well-to-do

parents," I said. "Ask them," the mistress suggested. One was a cabdriver's daughter,

another a small shopkeeper's, another a miner's, and so on. Certainly you could not have told by a cursory glance that some of them were not white.

"They are much cleaner than London children," the mistress told me. "I know both. At first

they are a little slower than white girls, but as soon as they have mastered the first steps they pick up what they are taught very quickly." That is the

nature of half-caste people everywhere, I fancy.

Yet the Cape does not much relish the idea of treating them as equals. They have the vote,

however, and the right to sit in the Provincial Council, though not in the Union Parliament.

One coloured member has already been elected to the former, an able man who raised himself by

becoming a school teacher. Also a Malay doctor is a prominent member of the Cape Town municip-

ality. These are symptoms. But the "coloured

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people problem" is nothing to the real "native problem" which looms over South Africa, as it looms over the United States, a storm-cloud, threatening and dark.

In the Cape Peninsula the pure natives are not very numerous. They live in a "location" a little way out. A train-load of them leaves every day after they have finished work at the docks, a curious sight for the freshly landed visitor—every carriage filled with black faces, many of them not far short of beautiful so long as hats cover their fuzzy hair. As soon as you go up-country natives lose all novelty for you. In Cape Town you have seen "boys" on Sunday evenings parading the streets in white collars, bowler hats, shoes with large bows in the American style, tweed knickerbockers, flannel suits. Up-country they are as God made them, except that they wrap a blanket round their black bodies, or in the fields wear, perhaps, a pair of cotton "shorts." As you go further north they outnumber the white garrison more and more, until in Rhodesia the proportion is over a hundred to one.

In Northern Rhodesia there are only about a thousand white people to over 700,000 blacks. Can you realise it? If you have lived all your life in the British Isles I do not see how you can. You cannot understand the feeling towards the missionary who teaches the native that "all men are equal before God," or towards those who fancy they

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can educate the black man into thinking like a white man, which, of course, nobody can do.

Generally speaking, they are engaging creatures, these soft-footed, cheery, songful, dance-loving black folk. They are capital servants, for example. They slip in and out of rooms so softly. They go about their work with the absorption of children playing a new game. But you never know what ideas they are picking up.

At present, taking them in the lump, their minds are quite undeveloped in our sense of the term. In a mine near Johannesburg a "boy" who had just arrived saw a fly-wheel, liked the look of it, put his arm into it, and was seen no more, except in fragments. The other "boys" laughed! Even those who have lived long among white people fail utterly to grasp their standards of right and wrong.

A farm hand during the war was present at the capture of some Boers. "What are we to do with these chaps?" said the officer in command, and added jocosely, "Can't shoot 'em; it 'ud make such a noise." The native heard. A few minutes later he offered in all seriousness to cut the prisoners' throats at the rate of a "tickey" (threepenny piece) each!

A Kimberley "boy" working in the diamond mine had been converted to Christianity. One day he stole a diamond. Just then an overseer passed by. The native shook with terror. But the overseer took no notice. That evening the "boy"

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rushed up to the missionary. "Now I know there is a God as you say, for He saved me from being caught."

"What are we going to do about the natives?" That is what every one asks in the Union and in Rhodesia. Are they to be shut off by themselves in reserves? No, because the country cannot do without their labour. Are they to be taught to work with their hands at technical trades? No, because that would bring them into competition with the white man. Even up at Livingstone there is objection to employing natives for skilled work, such as electric light fitting. If the feeling exists where there are so few whites, it can be imagined how strong it is in the larger places where white workmen are numerous. Certainly the native does compete "unfairly" with the European; his needs are so much smaller. Yet it is equally certain that if there were no outcry from the whites he would be employed, because of his cheapness. But there is an outcry.

At Johannesburg towards the end of 1910 (I quote the report of a Rand newspaper) "delegates from the trades associations, representing masters and men, met in conference at the Trades Hall for the purpose of considering the encroachment of the coloured artisan in the Transvaal.

"Mr. W. Brebner presided, and pointed out that the encroachment of coloured men on the sphere of white men's labour affected all classes

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of the community. If things went on as they had been coloured men were unquestionably going to predominate, and then people who had invested in large buildings and industries would be receiving no return on their money. The Trades Council was composed of delegates from various skilled trades, and they were determined to uphold the status of white men. The Master Builders' Association had done all in their power, at great sacrifice, to keep this a white man's country. The great offenders were the people who came here to make a bit as fast as they could, and had no stake in the country. If they could have legislation making it impossible for any employer to employ coloured labour under the price ruling for white men, that might solve the difficulty.

“A resolution was moved: ‘That, in the opinion of the Conference, they ought to take steps to impress on the proper authorities that there should be legislation instituted at the earliest possible moment, fixing a minimum wage for skilled trades in South Africa.’ This was duly seconded, and heartily supported.”

But what is the use of teaching natives trades, if they are not allowed to practise them? And if you do not teach them trades, what can you teach them? Some kind of education they are bound to get. This is ensured by our modern view that education is a kind of magic dose to which every one has a right. To give them a

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literary education would be ridiculous. That has failed even at home. But what kind of education can we give them which will not make them "predominant"? That is a question to puzzle the most competent brains.

At present they are treated like children. In mental stature they are children. A proposal put forward by a Liquor Commission in the Transvaal to sanction the sale to natives of Kaffir beer, to be consumed on the premises in Government canteens, met with a stiff opposition. The Johannesburg Chamber of Mines protested strongly against a change in the law which at present absolutely prohibits the sale of alcohol in any form to the coloured races. In rural parts Kaffir beer may be made and consumed, but not sold. In towns and industrial areas even this is forbidden, and the only exception to absolute prohibition is that employers of over fifty labourers may supply them gratuitously with Kaffir beer containing not more than 3 per cent. of alcohol.

The same Commission recommended that the law should be altered so as to permit any liquor except spirits being sold to coloured persons and Asiatics. This was supposed to have been "worked" by the Cape wine-growers. Bishop Furse, of Pretoria, spoke plainly about it. "I do not forget," he said, "that there is a very strong party in the Province of the Cape who are materially interested in the wine industry. I do not

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forget that that industry is not, and for a considerable time has not been, in a flourishing condition; nor do I forget that it was only in 1909 that the Government of the Cape introduced a certain famous Bill, known as the Light Wines Bill, ostensibly for the purpose of encouraging temperance, more especially among the coloured people. For my part, I am convinced that we should resist tooth and nail any attempt to remove the present total prohibition of intoxicating liquors to the natives, at least of this part of the Union of South Africa (the Transvaal), and I hope we shall, for I am convinced that a definite effort in this direction will be made; an effort backed by those who have a big material interest in the extension of the sale of liquor to the native."

Mr. J. G. Hamilton, President of the Chamber of Mines and a prominent citizen of Johannesburg, took the same line. "To my mind, gentlemen, it is inconceivable that the families of our European mine employés, and the inhabitants of the towns bordering on the mines, should be rendered liable either now or at a later date to all the possible evils attendant upon the sale of liquor to natives and coloured persons, in order mainly to afford a market for the product of wine and brandy producers in and outside the Union of South Africa."

Not only are the natives very properly treated as children in this matter of strong drink (which has

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such a frightful effect upon the tribesmen of East Africa) ; they are not even allowed to be out after nine o'clock in the evening unless they are provided with a "pass" from their employer giving them leave to be abroad for some specific purpose. All who work in the Rand or the Kimberley mines are obliged to live in compounds—a necessary precaution. To none of these measures is there, at present, any objection on the native's part. But in time there will be. What then ?

Some people advocate Native Reserves—tracks of country where the black folk will be compelled to live, as the Red Indians in North America were, until they have now almost died out. But the natives would not die out in South Africa. Basutoland is a Reserve: there they thrive and multiply exceedingly. This, too, would mean shutting down most of the mines. They could not be made to earn dividends if they were worked by white labour at five shillings a day. The native, in fact, is needed for the unskilled work of the country, and every one is ready to admit that he must gradually be "elevated" to white level. But no one knows how to manage this and still to keep it a white man's country.

"What are we to do?" From end to end of Africa goes up this despairing cry. It rings through the world. It arouses uneasy echoes wherever it is realised that the pressure of events is before long going to bring all the white races up

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against Asiatics and Africans in a struggle for mastery. At present there is no "native policy." The whites are simply training the blacks to supplant them. From time to time attempts are made to "do something." Lately, for instance, it was proposed to make marriages between white persons and persons with any degree of colour illegal. This roused the Archbishop of Cape Town to declare that such unions "could not be illegal in the sight of God," and therefore the Church would, in any case, continue to celebrate them.

The man who is reckoned the chief authority on natives in Cape Colony says there would be less danger from them if their feudal system were broken up. At present it is hard for them to escape from their tribal laws. Give them freely the option to come under white law if they prefer it, and the tribal tie would soon cease to hold them. But what if a stronger bond replaces it, the bond of colour, uniting all the negroes in the world?

That there is any immediate "danger" no one believes, so far as a concerted movement is concerned. The Basutos might give trouble, would give trouble, if their land were interfered with. But that is not seriously feared. There are, nevertheless, various currents of disturbance flowing beneath the surface. The Ethiopian Church, founded in 1892 by a native Wesleyan, is actively



A KAFIR KRAAL.

Photo by DUNLEY KIDDS



MAKING MEALIE FLOUR

Photo by DUDLEY KIDD

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hammering "Africa for the Africans" into woolly heads. Windy, rhetorical notions of nationality and "freedom" are even in the wilderness upsetting untrained minds. From the United States come negro preachers to urge the union of the black races in all parts of the world. Newspapers in native languages are widely circulated, stirring up strife between black and white people, urging that it is time to drive the British into the sea (an echo of Boer threats), and angrily asking why mixed marriages should be condemned. And always there has been in the hearts of the Governors of South Africa the fear of "Exeter Hall."

Happily that fear exists no longer. I do not mean that the Exeter Hall cant has vanished with the building in which it used to be talked. I mean that the Union Government is independent of the Colonial Office, and therefore not under the control of the ill-informed sentimentalists with Evangelical views who used to terrorise Downing Street. Sir George Grey, one of our greatest colonial administrators, was recalled because he made a chief kneel in token of submission, and, according to native custom, placed a foot upon his neck. Sir Bartle Frere, another proconsul of distinguished mind, was also recalled because his native policy did not please the "man and brother" band. As a result of this dictation by Chadband we have the Ethiopian Church.

The one advantage of this still very limited but

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increasing unsettlement is that, as I have said in an earlier chapter, it makes any further war between the white races in South Africa an impossibility. They must keep a united front. In time the same cause will stop wars between white peoples everywhere. There will probably be one other European war. But that will be the last, and even that may possibly be staved off until we are awake to the unwisdom of fighting among ourselves in the presence of dangers threatening us all.

CHAPTER IV

ACROSS THE KARROO

O not by Earth's trim garden-lands may Africa be slighted,
Her roses are a thousand hills by the Dawn-rapture lighted !
Her violets are the purple plains
Where twilight reigns,
Soon to carnations changed, and after
To marigolds who meet the Sun and laugh
In leagues of golden laughter ! *A. Vime Hall*

"TAKE your seats, please," cry the porters at Cape Town Station. I expected them to say, "All aboard," but you must not think to find South Africa Americanised. It is staunchly English.

In some ways it is more English than England. The leisurely type of country gentleman, which is almost extinct at Home, may still be found in the Cape Peninsula. In their spacious, comfortable houses ; with their cultivated, never-hurried speech ; with their love of horses and cricket and gardens ; in their treatment of life as a wine to be sipped, not tossed off in rapid gulps, they are curiously like their grandfathers. Even their cast of countenance suggests the 'fifties. The restless spirit of Europe and America has found no abiding place here.

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They set no exaggerated value upon time. They have no desire either to "hustle" themselves, or to make other people "get a move on." In the hotels service is slow. There is not in Cape Town one really good restaurant, according to the present standard, nor a single tea-shop of the luxurious kind now so common in cities. Delivery of letters is slow. The very fact that a telephone call costs sixpence and that telegrams are still a penny a word is eloquent of their disinclination to use these time-saving conveniences. After Canada, where there is so much show of progress, the Cape Peninsula seems backward. It is a little backward, too, or it would not have let Port Elizabeth carry off so large a share of its up-country carrying trade. But it knows how to enjoy itself in its own way. It is home-loving, and it never grudges the time to be hospitable. I know many more pushing places where life is not nearly so pleasant.

"Take your seats, please," again. If we are in earnest about going to Kimberley, we must get in. On this first journey in South Africa I look with critical, anxious eye at the compartment. It is a thirty-hour journey. What is the travelling to be like?

The first glance is reassuring. There are no Pullmans, as on the American continent: those long open cars with seats facing one another on either side of a passage. The South African trains are like our corridor trains.

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The corridors are at the side, with closed compartments opening off, in which four beds can be made up, two lower and two upper berths. But the compartments are wide, airy and comfortable. In the middle of each coach is a double compartment, quite a room. These are for families, a most considerate plan. The restaurant cars are spacious and well-managed. The food is simple but good, and well-served, and in many of the trains there are shower-baths. What this means only those who have travelled for days at a time can appreciate. It means beginning the day fresh and rosy instead of being half-washed, prickly, uncomfortable.

We are running now through a land of orchards and vineyards. There is plenty of water here, hurrying down in clear streams from the Hex River Mountains, which block the view ahead of us. There is a trade in dried fruit done at the towns we pass, but not so big a trade as to supply even the South Africans with all they consume. Brandy and wine are made here too. It is a charming country, and the prospects for an energetic fruit-grower are excellent. When you eat apricots or peaches at Christmas-time in London or Paris, the chances are that they come from one of these sunny Hex River farms.

We are climbing steadily upward. Evidently we are going to get through the mountains, but it does not yet appear how. There seems to be

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no break in their solid barrier formation. But the engineers wormed their way through! Soon we are in the heart of the range. Looking back you could fancy an Alpine village lay below. The dark trees, the white houses, the cultivated patches, and the river sparkling through, all help to make the resemblance complete.

The mountains themselves, though, have a character all their own. All around lie grey monsters of fantastic shape, not massive and gigantic, like Alps, but lithe and sinewy, couching as if to spring. Sheets of yellow flowers and pink-tipped shrubs supply the colour, and . . . the sun does the rest. The line squirms and wriggles up the side of a deep cup, on the other side tower summits where the snow still glistens in the spring heats. Etherealised, as I once saw them, by the shell-pink fingers of Dawn, they seemed to guard the Gates of Paradise.

There will grow up among these Hex River Mountains healthy little holiday resorts. Already there are places which lay themselves out to attract visitors. At Matjesfontein, near the top of the Pass, a good deal has been done, including the inevitable golf-links, for golf is becoming as popular a game in South Africa as it is in England. (They play a little in Scotland, too, I am told.)

After Matjesfontein the run down continues rapidly, and the scenery changes. It becomes less varied, more stony, flatter. The air has become

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far keener, clearer, far more stimulating since we left Cape Town. For now we are on the Karrooveld, the dry, barren plateau which runs east and west across Africa. For a distance of 850 miles we cross it as we go north. It is blazing hot in the daytime, yet never oppressive ; it is between two and three thousand feet above the sea.

South Africa is a series of steppes or plateaux. That must be remembered. Otherwise the varieties of climate are strangely puzzling. As you go further north towards the Equator, you would naturally expect the climate to become gradually hotter. It actually becomes, on the contrary, colder. The altitudes increase as you go on. In Cape Town they hardly ever get a frost. In Johannesburg, which is roughly a thousand miles nearer to the Equator, the water in winter is often frozen in bedroom jugs. Right under the Equator there is a steppe where nights are bitterly cold, because it is some 8000 feet high.

The Karroo is often denounced as dreary, monotonous, featureless. If one had to live on it, one might, I am free to admit, grow rather tired of it. But we can certainly pass over it several times without losing pleasure in its beauty and interest.

All day you jog along through flat valleys between low hills. The hills are of the strangest slopes. A few are conical, like fool's-caps, just what we imagined all mountains to be when we were children. But nearly all appear to have had

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their tops neatly sliced off. This is a peculiarity of South African mountains. They are mostly table-topped. If you believe that a race of giants once inhabited the earth, you can imagine that one of the tallest went through this country slashing off all the pointed tops he saw.

Otherwise there is plenty of variety among the slopes of the Karroo hills. There are bold bluffs and spurs, broken ridges, jagged sky-lines. Now and again the ranges which stand sentinel to the railway line open out and you see the same landscape stretching away into the blue distance where the peaks of the Black Mountains, the Zwaarteborgen, quiver in the haze.

The patchy dark growth of Karroo bush makes the nearer hills, light brown in colour, look like huge currant cakes. There is no continuous vegetation, the scrub grows in clumps on the light earth covered with loose stones. You would say from its appearance that an animal might as well try to exist on this as on the smell of an oil rag. Its appearance is deceptive. It provides feed for millions of sheep and goats. At long intervals you can see vast flocks of them browsing contentedly enough.

Wherever there is water this desert breaks out into plenteous vegetation. Here and there are patches of brilliant green, lucerne probably, or maize. The farms are poor in building mostly. The last thing a Dutch farmer cares about, as a

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rule, is a good house. But they have trees around them, and the precious water is led about in irrigation ditches, and there is an air of prosperity comforting to notice.

Now and then there are ostriches parading by the side of the line, walking two and two with that ridiculous mincing gait of theirs, and looking from side to side with brainless stare. Somehow they remind one of a sunny morning in Bond Street. The chief ostrich-farming district is round about Oudtshoorn, lying between the Karroo and the sea, without the railway anywhere near. The birds used to run free on the veld picking up what they could. Now they are more carefully looked after, kept in enclosures, given lucerne or rape for feed, paired selectively, and their eggs hatched in incubators. They are fierce creatures and those who go about among them must be wary. The only way to get hold of them is to pin their necks against a wall with a forked stick ; then they are powerless.

It is only since 1865 that this feather industry, which now brings in a yield of over two millions a year, has grown up. In that year there were only eighty tame ostriches in Cape Colony. Now the export of feathers amounts to some 800,000 lb. The process of plucking has been greatly improved. It does not hurt the birds at all, if properly carried out, and by choosing the right moment the feathers can be taken out in their best condition. The result of the enormous increase in the number of

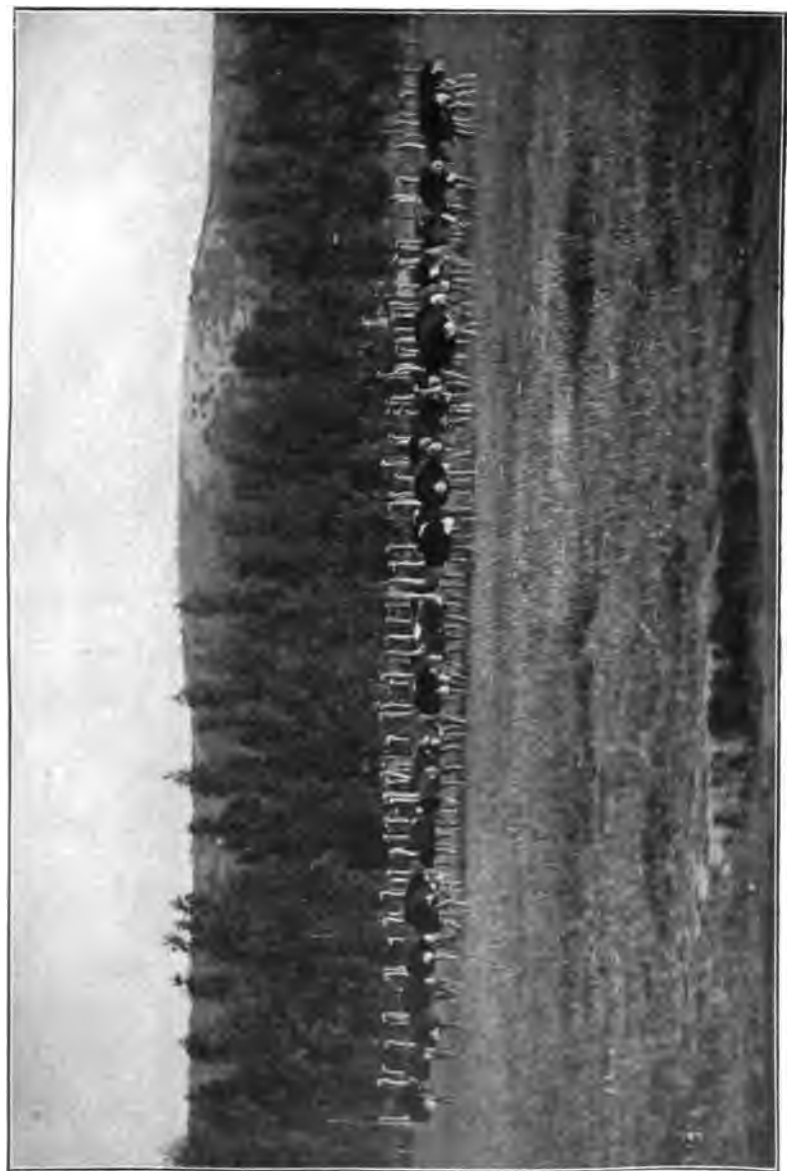
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ostriches farmed is that prices have fluctuated a good deal, although the demand has been well kept up. Ostrich feathers are no longer a luxury of adornment for the very few. "Every woman" wears them now, and the limit of the world's desire for these graceful plumes is not yet in sight, so experts say.

At Krom River there is a mixed farm reported to be a source of great wealth. There are bales and bales of wool waiting at the side of the line for a freight train to take them away. Numbers of water-wheels are to be seen here setting a good example of irrigation, and bringing to the surface the rich treasure of underground streams.

There are patches of other colours as well as green: sheets of pink and purple. A flower like sea-lavender lends a touch of dainty charm even to the Karroo. These breaks in the sameness of the landscape are not very frequent, though. For hours, sometimes, you seem to pass nothing—nothing but dust whirlwinds, dancing a lunatic jig until they suddenly topple over, nothing but the stony desert glowing under a brassy afternoon sun.

But then comes the welcome call of tea, and then a delicious coolness of early evening, as the shadows of the rocks stretch out on the yellow shale and the rose-colour of the distant hills turns first to purple, and later to a remote other-worldly blue. There is a scent of mimosa in the darkening



AN OSTEICH FARM NEAR OUDTSHOORN

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VINEYARD AND ORCHARD NEAR CAPE TOWN



IN THE MOUNTAINS NEAR CAPE TOWN

ACROSS THE KARROO

air. Its fragrant fluffy yellow hangs thick on the thorn-bushes. At another farm close to the track there is a group leaning over a gate to watch us pass, a cheerful evening sight, with the tinkle of running water for music, and a background of creamy sky—rich yellowy cream, with a flush of crimson low down where the sun fled.

No, the Karroo is not monotonous, unless you find mountains monotonous. Without the sun it would be appalling. But the play of shadow from the clouds, the golden light, the exhilaration of the champagne atmosphere, the changing shapes and colours of the hills, all help the time to pass. One can understand, though, the joy of the Boers when they came to the end of the Karroo and saw the green rolling veld with its promise of sweet pasture for their beasts. To trek across the desert seeking some fertile spot to settle in must have been torture. It must have seemed to those unlearned farmers that the stony hateful drylands would never cease. For a journey which takes us twelve hours took them many weeks. No wonder they compared the grassy plains beyond it to the Israelites' Promised Land.

These plains do not, it is true, produce precisely that impression upon people who have seen more of the world than had the founders of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State. My chief memory of De Aar, for instance, which lies in a bushy, green country, is Dust. No one who has

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not been in Africa can have any conception of what Dust is. The African dust is so peculiarly gritty and penetrating. It gets into your eyes, your mouth, your teeth, your throat, your lungs. You grind upon it when you eat. Your drinks are all solutions of dust. At night when you take your clothes off you find it sticking to your skin. I believe De Aar is the dustiest place in the world, and I attribute this to the tremendous amount of dust which was stored up when the British army made its main base here during the early stages of the war.

Many sad memories are met with all the way from the Hex River Mountains to the Rhodesian border. You see little groups of graves by the line, with wooden crosses or upright slabs of slate for headstones. The names of the places are wonderfully familiar. You recollect how on a dark December morning you read with sinking heart of Magersfontein. You can see from the train near Modder River a cross marking the spot where the battle raged. . . .

But regret is waste of time. My business is with the present and the future, not with the past. We are nearly in Kimberley. Look at those spidery pit-head erections. They are over the mines. The wheels are going round, and the trucks on an endless band are bringing out the blue ground which contains the diamonds. That is the process we are going to see.

CHAPTER V

KIMBERLEY

647 miles from Cape Town ; 4012 feet above sea-level. Population about 40,000. Hotel : Sanatorium

Do you not see what feigned prices are set upon little stones and rarities ?—Bacon's Essay "Of Riches "

THE diamond town ! What luxury, what magnificence it suggests ! You imagine all that goes with diamonds—expensive restaurants, splendid equipages (yes, "equipages" is the word), costly frocks, money spent recklessly on every form of self-indulgence. Quite wrong. Kimberley is not in the very least like that. It is a quiet, unpretentious little town, where sober, industrious men work hard for their living, and home-loving wives bring up families in a steady, unexciting way. My recollections of it are pleasant. I recall wide, green roads, good public buildings, one street of not unduly tempting shops, young men and women in white with tennis rackets, creeper-covered houses with groups of white-froaked children playing in the gardens or walking in the shady roads on their way home from school.

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On the verandahs there were glimpses to be had of their pretty mammas at afternoon tea-tables. Clipped hedges give the road an English appearance. It might be a suburb of some English provincial city but for the luxuriant trees and flowering plants, the sunshine, and the warm air straight off the Kalahari Desert. You feel it at midday hot upon your cheeks, yet it is so dry that it is not exhausting. It even seems to brace you up.

There are corners of Kimberley where the original miners' shacks of wood and tin still stand. The street leading to the Kimberley mine, "the biggest hole in the world," as they call it, is where many of the pioneers lived. The dirty little houses are now cheap stores. Natives in gaudy raiment shuffle in and out of them. The big hole is now merely a curiosity—the workings have been carried far below—but it gives one an idea of the conditions under which mining was carried on in the early days.

The soil in which the diamonds are found is a blue clay. This forms in pipes or columns running vertically to a very great depth. These pipes were dug at, to begin with, in the most elementary style. The big hole goes back to the days before elaborate machinery came into use, when you took a pick and tried your luck with your own muscles. The pipes, too, were hit upon by hazard. Nearly all were discovered accidentally. A meerkat scratching

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in the ground (the little creature is something like a squirrel) showed where one of the richest lay. The first "find" of all was made by a native who had no idea of its value, and was used as a plaything by a little Dutch child.

It was a hunter and trader named O'Reilly who first realised what it was. He saw the little girl playing with it. She had a number of stones, but this was different from the rest. He asked her father, a farmer, if he noticed anything peculiar about it. "It is a *veuerklip*," he said carelessly; "a firestone." He tossed it back to his child.

"I have taken a fancy to it," O'Reilly told him. "Will you sell it to me?" The farmer was amused. "The idea of selling a little stone like that," he replied; "you can have it." O'Reilly put it in his pocket. "I have an idea about it," he said. "If anything comes of it, you shall have half." The farmer thought he was a little mad.

So did the people to whom he showed it. They told him he was crazy to imagine he had a diamond. Sir J. B. Robinson heard the story many times from O'Reilly. On reaching Colesberg, where he had formed his business connections, he showed the stone to a firm of merchants. "Well," they asked, "what of it?" "Don't you see something peculiar about it?" said O'Reilly. The merchants merely laughed and threw the stone on the table amongst some papers. They then walked about their store, talking over business matters, and

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O'Reilly, on leaving, nearly forgot the stone. He returned for it, however, and went to the hotel in Colesberg. Here the same thing happened. He showed the stone, but was ridiculed for his pains. He then took up a tumbler, rubbed the stone against it and said: "Listen to this. Don't you hear how it's cutting the glass?" and he pointed out the mark, which was clearly visible. "But," said one of the men present, taking a flint and rubbing it against the glass in the same way as O'Reilly had rubbed the stone, "don't you hear that this makes the same sound, and there is the mark, too?" The difference, however, was this, that whilst a diamond cuts, a flint merely scratches.

This news caused great excitement all over South Africa. The stone was sent to Cape Town and bought by the Governor for £500. Faithful to his word, O'Reilly went back to the Dutch farmer and handed him over £250. "Now we must find some more," they both said. But the only one they could discover was a small one, not worth very much. The farmer remembered, though, that he had seen a little bushman carrying a stone of the same character in a bag round his neck as a talisman. He searched for the bushman everywhere, but without success.

At last one day the native came to him. He had heard of the hue and cry. "Where is that little bag you used to wear round your neck?" the farmer asked, breathless with anxiety. "Here,

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baas," said the little man. Yes, it was a diamond, and a very big one. "I keep this," said the Dutchman. "I give you plenty cattle, plenty sheep." Now the native thought the farmer had gone mad. He made the exchange gladly and went off a wealthy man, able to buy several wives, and live without working any more himself for the rest of his life.

That diamond, worn for years in the dirty little bag next to the bushman's skin was bought at once for £11,200. When it had been cut, its value was seen to be far higher. It was named the Star of South Africa and sold to Lady Dudley for £80,000. Thus the native made as much as he wanted to set him up for life. The farmer went home with a fortune far in excess of his simple needs. And the merchants who had the stone cut cleared for themselves a further profit of nearly £19,000.

The Vaal River diggings were the first to be worked. These were actually discovered by Sir J. B. Robinson. Trekking back to Cape Town after a journey far up-country, he heard of the diamond being sold for £11,200. Turning the news over in his mind he remembered seeing in the course of a dried-up river some stones which . . . well, at all events he would go back and have another look at them.

So back he drove for days and came to the drift (that is, the ford) which was his aim. He

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filled his pockets and a large bag with "pebbles" from the stony ground, then found a farmhouse where he asked for a night's lodging. Hospitality is a sacred virtue in all new countries. He was given supper and a room. But he did not undress and go to bed. He has told the story himself.*

"As soon as I saw the lights out in the front room I carefully arranged the bag of stones on the floor of the room, so that I could find them with my hand in the dark. I wiped a tumbler quite dry, and extinguished the light. I was seized with a great palpitation, and my excitement was intense. I had arranged the most likely looking pebbles, so that they could be tested first. Number one was taken, a perfect octahedron, so I thought, brilliant, glossy, and with perfect points. I began to rub, first gently, and then briskly. No light came. I rubbed the stone against the glass harder and harder, with still the same result. I could see no light. A feeling of wretchedness came over me. All my mental anxiety and bitter suspense were then, after all, to end in nothing. I sat still for some minutes, and then took the next stone and tried it on the glass. No better. It was a fraud, like the first. Stone after stone was taken, and hour after hour was spent by me that night in the rubbing process, but the result was every time the same. No light, and nothing

* "South Africa," Special Union Issue. January 1910.

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could be seen. I threw myself despondently on the bed. I lay thus for an hour, my mind brooding bitterly over the disappointment I had experienced.

“After a time I thought of the few pebbles in my pocket. I said to myself, ‘They are like the rest. However, one more effort. I will test them also.’ I got up again. There was no time to be lost. Daylight would soon return. I started to work again. It was the seventh stone, an ill-shapen thing, with rugged edges, not more than eight carats, which gave me a start. There was no light yet. I had only rubbed it twice on the glass, but it produced a certain grating sound which had come from no other stone. I lit the candle, and looked at the stone. It was impossible to believe it to be a diamond, being an irregularly shaped stone, with coarse, sharp edges. I tried to find a smooth surface to rub on the glass. It was difficult to find one. I wiped it quite dry, and put the flattish point against the glass, blew out the light, and began to rub again. After rubbing it a few times I suddenly saw a streak of light; it was there, and no mistake! I rubbed and rubbed again. The light was clear and distinct. I put the sharp edge to the glass and drew it along, and I felt it was cutting deep into the glass. I felt sure of the sound. I knew at once; instinct told me that it was a diamond. I could control myself no longer. In a moment of frenzy I shouted in a loud voice: ‘I have found it.’

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"I was still capering about the room when I was brought to my senses by a knock at the door, and a voice asking in Dutch, 'What is the matter?' I calmed down instantly, and opened the door. The patriarch of the family was standing there in his nightcap. My presence of mind did not forsake me. 'I have disturbed you Mijnheer, excuse me,' I said, 'I have been dreaming.' 'Yes,' he said, 'so it seems. You have made a great noise, and you are wet with perspiration. Have you had a nightmare?' 'It is the biltong I had for supper last night,' I replied; 'I have not been accustomed to such luxurious food of late, and I fear I have taken too much of it. But I feel better now, and if you will allow me I will sleep a little while.' 'I hope you will,' was the kind reply. 'Good-night,' I said. 'Good-morning, you mean,' said Mijnheer, with a smile, pointing to the front room, where the grey streaks of morning light were beginning to make their appearance."

This was in 1869. At once the rush to the diamond-diggings began. There was no railway then, no town. All transport had to be done by ox-waggon. To this day they are used still. I saw one in the market-place. Covered carts with fourteen or sixteen moist-eyed oxen harnessed to them. While they halt, some of the animals lie down. They are old campaigners; they know it is wise to rest whenever a chance offers. While I was

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looking at them, a smart motor-car came whizzing round the corner. The old Kimberley and the new !

When Cecil Rhodes arrived at the diamond-fields water was being sold at threepence a bucket ; a bath cost half-a-crown, almost as much as the price to-day in a fashionable London or Paris hotel. Here it was that Rhodes made acquaintance with Barney Barnato, and eventually formed the rich and powerful De Beers Company which has controlled the diamond output ever since. It watches the markets most carefully, and adjusts the supply to the demand, so that there may be no lowering of prices. A Coronation Year in England means an increase in the number of stones shipped. A financial panic in New York is the signal for slowing-up.

The village of Kenilworth, which the Company built for their white workers, is one of Kimberley's sights. It used to be bare veld. Now you drive through delightful woods. The houses are most of them prettily built, and placed engagingly among the trees. Each has its garden, and some of them look into orchards, planted as an object-lesson to show what can be done when the veld, once thought only serviceable for the grazing of hardy cattle, is fertilised with gold !

From Kenilworth starts one of the "siege avenues," which were laid out to give employment while the mines were closed. It has a very fine pergola a mile and a quarter long, with vines growing luxuriantly over it. Under these green arches,

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which millionaires envy, the working-man of Kimberley takes his family to walk on Sunday afternoons. The other siege avenues radiate from the Siege Memorial. Shaded by lines of gum and pepper-trees, they will some day be the principal streets of the place. As yet they are still rather bare and dry.

From the top of the memorial you can see the country round, and you marvel how a town with no natural defences, lying on flat ground, could withstand a long siege. Nowhere are memories of Rhodes more vivid than in Kimberley, for he was just as closely associated with the plucky operations which kept the Boers at bay as he was with the diamond fields. His statue, in a place where no one can miss seeing it, is one of the most characteristic. "He always turned to Kimberley," they tell one proudly, "when he wanted sympathy or felt he was misunderstood." Kimberley knew him. Kimberley had never any doubts.

He always liked to talk about his early days there. Once a man down on his luck, who had known him well on the diggings, looked him up at Groote Schuur, while he was Prime Minister of Cape Colony. They had a long hearty crack over old times, and the man went away with a cheque for a thousand pounds in his pocket, a loan to help him start afresh.

It was in those early days that Illicit Diamond Buying (I.D.B.) had to be checked by the severe

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penalties which still exist. Three years in prison is the punishment at Kimberley for dealing in diamonds which are not sold under licence and have not been through the De Beers office in the regular way. The methods of stealing them were both ingenious and revolting. One Kaffir in 1895 swallowed as many as £750 worth. Another cut a hole in his leg and filled it with stones wrapped in rag. A favourite trick was to send them away in books, making a small hole in the centre of the pages for the diamonds to repose in.

Every sort of trick was practised, and the losses were very heavy, at one time as much as a million pounds sterling a year. Now there is not much I.D.B. It is too dangerous. I expected to find shady-looking persons dogging my footsteps and inquiring in hoarse voices if I wanted a few diamonds cheap. Had I encountered any tradesmen of this description, they would almost certainly have been "traps." But Kimberley is so law-abiding, so respectable that even if the opportunity were offered, you would not feel inclined to take any risks.

It seems to have forgotten alike its early, feverish, adventurous days, and the hungry time of siege, when shell-dodging was a necessary exercise. It grows very little, and probably will not grow very much. It is comfortable and contented. Diamond-finding has long ceased to be a gamble, an excitement. The whole process is as regular and mechanical as the making of boots.

CHAPTER VI

DIAMONDS

So long as men make love to women, the diamond
business is all right *C. J. Rhodes*

BEFORE I went to Kimberley I imagined that diamond-mining was adventurous, haphazard, romantic. I figured to myself a groping-about in rocky soil, a breaking-up of ground with picks, a keen-eyed search among the fragments for the stones of great price.

I thought it would be a great moment when a diamond was found—a rare moment—an occasion for going off in a body to the nearest bar and drinking the finder's health in champagne.

At the same time, the buying of diamonds in shops appeared to me as an occurrence equally rare. It was the kind of thing a man might do once in a life-time. I supposed that a jeweller might sell a diamond-ring once a week perhaps; a tiara every six months.

Since I was at Kimberley my ideas have been violently reversed. I now understand that the capture of diamonds is a mechanical process, or rather, a series of processes, carried on in a grim,

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whirring, rapid manner like the getting of coal, or, as I said just now, like the manufacture of boots.

And, instead of the vision I had of men dropping into jewellers' shops every now and then to buy diamonds, I seem to see those shops full of people, jostling one another, shoving their way to the counters, clamouring to be served with diamonds. "More diamonds," they cry, "we want lots more. Turn them out quicker, quicker, quicker. We can't and won't wait."

In the hot sun at the Du Toits Pan Mine on a brilliant November morning there rang in my ears that cry, the cry of men and women all over the world starving for diamonds. It was to satisfy their hunger for the shining gems that all this machinery was turning, all these trucks running to and fro so busily, all this clatter being made; all these people, black and white, going about the business of the mine with set faces, rapid movements, an evident anxiety not to waste a second, in case some unfortunate, "dying for diamonds," should perish before the pangs could be appeased.

It was the trucks that fascinated me, first of all. They move apparently of their own will. No means of propelling them can be seen. Steadily, one after the other, they were running up a long incline. "Blue ground," said my guide. "From the floors."

Now the "floors" are big areas of veld where the diamond holding soil is dumped as it comes up from

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the pit. It is hard as well as "blue" (really the colour is more like grey). It must be broken up before it can be handled. So it stays out on the veld for months, sometimes for a year, occasionally more than a year, until the sun and the rain have made it friable and sufficiently soft.

If you walk at night near the floors you will see guards with shot-guns patrolling inside the barbed wire fences. The De Beers bill for barbed wire is a big one every year. There are hundreds of miles of it showing its ugly teeth, ready to bite and tear any thief. Not only the floors are protected by it. There are hills of "tailings," soil which in the past has been handled and cast aside, but which still contains diamonds, since the combs with which they used to go through the blue ground were not so effective as those employed to-day. These hills are surrounded by "entanglements" too. Some day their soil will be combed out again.

Imagine yourself standing upon a rather rickety erection at the top of the incline. The trucks are coming up one after the other with that appearance of absorption in their work which seems to say: "Can't stop. Don't ask me. Must keep at it. Think of all those poor shivering creatures with no diamonds to wear." The noise is terrific. The rather rickety erection trembles under you. Below huge pans are going round and round. Water is running in. Water is running out. Grim teeth are crunching up the blue ground, grinding it, then

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spitting it out for other smaller teeth to have their turn.

One way the gravel goes. That is where the diamonds are. (Hurry, hurry!) Another way the waste soil is carried off. Not a hand touches it. This mass of chains and cog-wheels, this slave of iron, does the whole work. It groans and rattles. Its teeth chew with a horrible noise. Every part of it is in motion. That is how the blue ground is washed. For every hundred trucks that come up the incline, only one truck goes away. That one is full of diamond-bearing gravel. The other 99 per cent. has been washed away.

Now follow the one truck with the load of gravel. It runs over to another part of the mine-yard, stops, tilts out its stuff, and runs off with a smug expression of conscious virtue to fetch some more. The gravel is given no rest. It has been tilted into a hopper. At once an endless band snatches it up, whirls it aloft, grades its stones into six sizes, sifts it. All done in the twinkling of an eye. Now it is ready for the pulsator.

The pulsator is uncanny. Its work is to sort out the heavy stones, among which the diamonds are, from the light stones, which are just gravel. It does it so cleverly. It seems so alive. The guide shows you a trough, about a couple of feet wide, and five or six feet long, filled with stones and water. The stones are moving, with a quick jerky motion. Put your hand on them. The beat

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of the pulse gives you a shiver down the spine. It feels like some animal, some sick animal, breathing in gasps.

Ugh! You take your hand out quickly. What does it mean? It means that by this pulsation the heavy stones are helped to sink to the bottom, where they fall through a grating; while the light stones are washed away at the end of the trough.

Now we are coming to the last process. A hundred truck-loads of blue-ground have been reduced to one truck-load of gravel. That one truck-load has been further reduced by sifting until only a fifth, less than a fifth, remains. Among this heap of pebbly stones are the diamonds. The moment has come for the final selection. The harvest is almost won.

A long shining, slightly tilted, jerkily moving slab with water and soil and small stones running over it. At one end a spasmodic movement of machinery letting all that is left of our hundred truck-loads fall on to the slab. You see now what makes the slab shine. It is grease. That slab is a diamond trap.

The diamonds being heavier than the mere pebbles stick to the grease. The mere pebbles are washed away. A switch is turned. The water stops. The gravel stops. Look at that row of stones near the top of the slab. They are dark, glistening; not round, but shaped as if delicate fingers had flattened them a little, a

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very little, on eight sides. The unpractised eye would hardly have picked them out from the other stones. But the grease knows the difference. They are diamonds. There are riches enough to make a man of small needs independent for the rest of his days.

After the first slab, a second, for the grease sometimes lets small diamonds slip by. These are held up on the second slab. And then, as even the best-laid schemes gang aft agley, the working of the grease-tables is constantly tested. Outside in the sun Kaffir "boys" have turned out a sack of the rejected stones and are going over them carefully to see if by bad chance any diamonds have escaped the grease.

Some of the "boys" are wearing suits marked with the penal broad arrow. Has that the same significance here as it has in England? Yes, they are convicts, hired out to the miners. There are no trade-unions to cry out against prison labour. They are not taking bread out of free men's mouths. They have a far better life than they would lead within the walls of a gaol, and the community is saved the expense of their keep. A capital common-sense plan.

But we have not yet seen the last of our diamonds. Back into the shed. All that was left of the single truck-load has been dropped on to the slabs. It only remains to gather up the precious residue. "Who picks them up?" I

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inquire. "Nobody. We haven't time for that." Of course not, with the knowledge that all those jewellers' shops are full of people. Must not waste a moment. What is the speediest way? Why, to scrape up grease and diamonds and put them together, a horrid sticky mass, into a pot.

Close by is a copper full of boiling water. Into the water goes the pot. There it is made to turn and turn and turn until all the grease has floated away. Now there are left only the diamonds and a few stones which are doubtful; impostors, perhaps, trying to palm themselves off as precious gems. What a theme for a sermon! Cannot you hear the preacher embroidering upon it? "And oh, my friends, how many there are among us who are striving to pass themselves off . . ." and so on. An old theme. Thackeray handled it from the text that "all claret would be port if it could." But the common stones are poor deceivers. They are soon found out.

In a light office, an office full of windows, six black men sit at a table, a table of white wood without a stain or speck. Before each is a heap of stones from the pot. With long knives they are rapidly sorting out the false from the true. At the head of the table sits a white man; a man with white hair and white moustache; a man with a weary vigilant face. It looks like a school scene, a teacher taking a class.

Never for an instant must that weary vigilance

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of his relax. His attention must be taut all the time. Spite of the lightness of the room, spite of the whiteness of the table, those black men might pluck up courage to flick a diamond into their moist palms if they were not conscious of an eye always upon them. A stoker has a hard life. A lift-man on a tube railway must sometimes wonder why he was born. But the stoker has hard use of his body and limbs. The lift man has motion and changing freights of passengers. That grim watchman at the sorting-table is worse-off than either. To sit all day, day after day, just watching. I wonder he keeps sane.

In an inner office a tin of diamonds is casually turned out for me to see. "Not a very good lot these. Only about three thousand pounds' worth. Go to the diamond office in town, at the big De Beers building. They'll show you some beauties, something worth looking at." But before I leave the mine enclosure there is the native compound to see. Through a locked gate, into a large yard with rooms all round. Everything clean and tidy. In the middle a covered bath-house. Shower-baths and a pool, and tubs for washing clothes. In constant use too, for most of these natives are of far cleaner habits than the city poor at home.

Some wash their own clothes; others pay the men who prefer odd jobbing to regular work in the mine. A shilling is the price for getting a pair of trousers washed. It seems a good deal, but they

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draw good wages and they spend their money freely. Here is the store, a big tempting place where everything necessary to native comfort (except strong drink) can be bought. A favourite luxury is Worcester sauce, and they are as particular about the flavour of their tea as any old maid in England. Books, too, are on sale, mostly religious or highly moral in tone, teaching them to bear patiently whatever befalls them, looking to be rewarded in the next world.

But I fancy you would say after visiting the hospital (excellently well-equipped and looked after by a most capable young doctor from "Bart's") that this kind of teaching is less needed by the native than by the civilised white Christian. As we become more complex, our nervous systems more intricate, we are less and less inclined to be patient and resigned to the buffets of fortune. We demand happiness as a right. We have little of the calm endurance of the fatalist. We kick against the pricks.

The Kaffir, on the contrary, has fatalism in his blood. He is stolid under suffering. A little wound with trifling smart, or sudden flow of blood, will sometimes frighten him out of his self-possession. But in the greater crises he is strangely stoic, almost uninterested. The cases here are mostly pneumonia, or surgical. Enteric is rare. The native's stomach accommodates itself, like an animal's, to almost any outrage. But his lungs are

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sensitive; the change from the mine to the upper air is apt to affect him.

The patients lie in their cots, quiet, apathetic, watching us with a dull indifferent eye. They are good patients in a way, but they do not help the doctor by being determined to get well. They do not seem to care much whether they live or die. To commend resignation to such natures is to preach to the converted. They need rather counsel in the other sense.

Once more in the motor-car, we rattle and bump over the road back to the town; and after a very pleasant lunch at the comfortable friendly club, I present myself at the De Beers Company's diamond office. One knocks at a closed door. A wicket opens, that is to say a small shutter is drawn aside. Part of a face peers through. I present my authorisation. At once the door is opened. I am free of the place now, so long as I obey the printed prohibition on the walls, "Visitors must not touch."

I was inclined to think the uncut diamond a more beautiful thing than the finished product. The sparkling wonders to be seen here shake that view. I still feel that the ordinary diamond in ring or hair ornament or neck pendent is soulless, incapable of stirring the imagination like pearl or opal. But in that Kimberley office you see diamonds extraordinary: diamonds of rare depth, of exquisite colour, brown, yellow, almost pink; of a tender

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translucency that has nothing in common with the hard glitter of the publican's scarf-pin.

From here they go to the railway station and there pass out of the company's hands. They are cut in Holland or Hatton Garden. Why not in South Africa? No one could tell me why. It would be a profitable industry in a country which needs industries. It ought to be encouraged.

Five million pounds' worth of diamonds were sold by De Beers in 1909-10. The profit was about half that. At the end of 1910 the market showed signs of expanding. This year the lines of eager buyers will be longer than ever, outside the jewellers' shops in Bond Street, in the Rue de la Paix, in Fifth Avenue, in the Graben of Vienna and the Nevsky Prospect of St. Petersburg. Those trucks must run faster, those teeth crunch harder, that pulsator pant more quickly, those black men sort out pebbles from diamonds with nimbler fingers still.

CHAPTER VII

BLOEMFONTEIN

750 miles from Cape Town; 103 from Kimberley; 263 from Johannesburg. 4518 feet above sea-level. Population about 35,000. Meaning of name in English: the spring among the flowers. Hotel: Imperial.

I am sick for Kloof and Kopje,
I am wan for spruit and vlei,
And the loveliest scenes of England
Cannot charm the ache away.

O the sweet mimosa blossom
And the long mimosa thorn!
O the sounds that fill the night-time
In the land where I was born!

F. E. Walrond

THE chief product of Bloemfontein is local pride. Not an offensive pride, nor a pride without reason. On the contrary. But still a pride that sometimes makes it hard for the visitor not to smile.

"You will find our town a shining example in such matters as sanitation, light, water, and road management," I was told. "It is the healthiest place in South Africa," was another boast; "people can't die here." "Have you seen our model slaughter-house, our laundry, our sewage farm?" "Have you been to our municipal swimming

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bath?" "Ah," they sigh, "those jealousies which prevented our being made the capital of the Union! How deplorable! Don't you consider this was the ideal spot?"

Certainly, so far as position goes, Bloemfontein would have been a good capital. It is pretty well in the centre of South Africa. A member of the Union Parliament could have done business easily in Johannesburg, and without great difficulty in Cape Town, while he was attending sittings in Bloemfontein. Parliament at Cape Town means that the Transvaal members have to leave their homes and their occupations for more than half the year.

Furthermore, Parliament at Cape Town with Government offices at Pretoria means that a large number of officials have to migrate a thousand miles every year, with their families, their papers, their staffs, so as to be at Cape Town while Parliament sits. The expense and inconvenience are equally great. It is hard to believe such an arrangement can last.

It was agreed to as a compromise between the different claims. Union would probably not have been ratified without it. "If we can't agree as to which place shall be the capital," said the makers of Union, "we will have no capital. Honours shall be divided." But in time, no doubt, this compromise will be found tiresome. Bloemfontein may have a chance yet.

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By way of awarding it a consolation prize, it was made the home of the Supreme Court of Appeal. But even that Court "may" sit elsewhere. Of course, it is the capital of the province. The Provincial Council of the Orange Free State (the old name restored in place of Orange River Colony) sits there. The Administrator lives there. But it "feels its position keenly." Both Bloemfontein and Pietermaritzburg (which used to be the Parliamentary and official capital of Natal) have sad faces when they reflect upon their loss of dignity, and of material prosperity, too.

The first thing I noticed, as I walked up the hot street which leads from Bloemfontein Railway Station to the market-place was this printed placard in a shop window :

COME IN.
DOOR CLOSED
BECAUSE OF DUST.

That told its own tale. However, there was no dust then. It was a delicious morning, and although it was only eight o'clock, the shops were all open, and women already about shopping in cool white frocks. So long as the air is clear of dust Bloemfontein is very pleasant indeed. It lies flatly on a plain, guarded by hills two or three hundred feet high. The sun beats down upon the plain certainly, but the wide streets are green and will be shady when the trees have grown bigger, which

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they do in this climate very quickly indeed. The air is fresh, too. It has found nothing to contaminate it as it blew across the clean veld. There are songs of birds in the gardens ; sweet heavy scent of languorous flowers. And if ever it is really too hot in the town, there is always a breeze on the hills, and a cooling view across a vast flatness of veld, edged by dim slopes of distant mountains quivering in the haze.

The town washes up around the bases of the hills and in between them. One looks down upon a vista of tin roofs, a few red, but mostly a dull grey. Here and there a tiled house makes the others uglier by contrast. The general use of tiles, as in Eastern cities, would make an immense difference in the direction of comeliness.

There you see a Rugby football ground. It belongs to the Ramblers, who, like the Wanderers in Johannesburg and the Pirates in Kimberley, have a club and a public hall as well as playing-fields, and fill a prominent place in the life of the community. You can easily trace the course of the river through the town. It is dry and brown now, but in winter the water comes down with a rush. That is why it is so strongly embanked with granite, while six bridges of stone cross it at two-hundred-yard intervals. In 1904 it broke loose, drowning and destroying. But that cannot happen again.

There are good public buildings in Bloemfontein ;

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a very pleasant club; a comfortable hotel. Both these are in the big market square, to which ox-waggons come creaking up at night laden with market produce. The houses have all an air of modest prosperity about them. There is an attractive little society composed mainly of British officials, with a sprinkling of soldier-men from the camp some four miles out. Out there, in much the same direction (we are still on the hill), are some fine blocks of buildings: these are Grey University College and Grey College School, foundations which have done excellent work.

In another direction there is a huddle of tin dwellings, fenced around, evidently a settlement apart. That is a Native Reservation. Here we have got away from the half-castes altogether. They are left behind in Cape Colony. From now northwards there are only genuine full-blooded natives.

There is no thought of giving them a vote, as it has been given to the "coloured people" at the Cape. They are kept in necessary subjection. No black person, for instance, is allowed in the streets after nine o'clock at night without a "pass" from an employer, giving permission to be abroad for some specific purpose. This law is strictly enforced. I happened to go to the police-court at Bloemfontein one morning with a friend who told me that he had cleaned his own boots, cooked his own breakfast, milked his own cows. His

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"boy" had slipped out after the house was locked up for the night and had not come back. He heard the police had a large number of "boys" and women in custody for being found in the Native Reservation without passes. He was going to see if his truant was among them.

The yard of the court was filled with culprits, squatting quite cheerfully in the sun. "Sure enough, there's my rascal," said my friend. "Well, now we're here, we may as well go inside." It was curiously like an English police-court. An Irish serjeant explained the charges. A glib policeman gave evidence. A tired magistrate murmured mechanically at intervals, "Ten shillings or seven days."

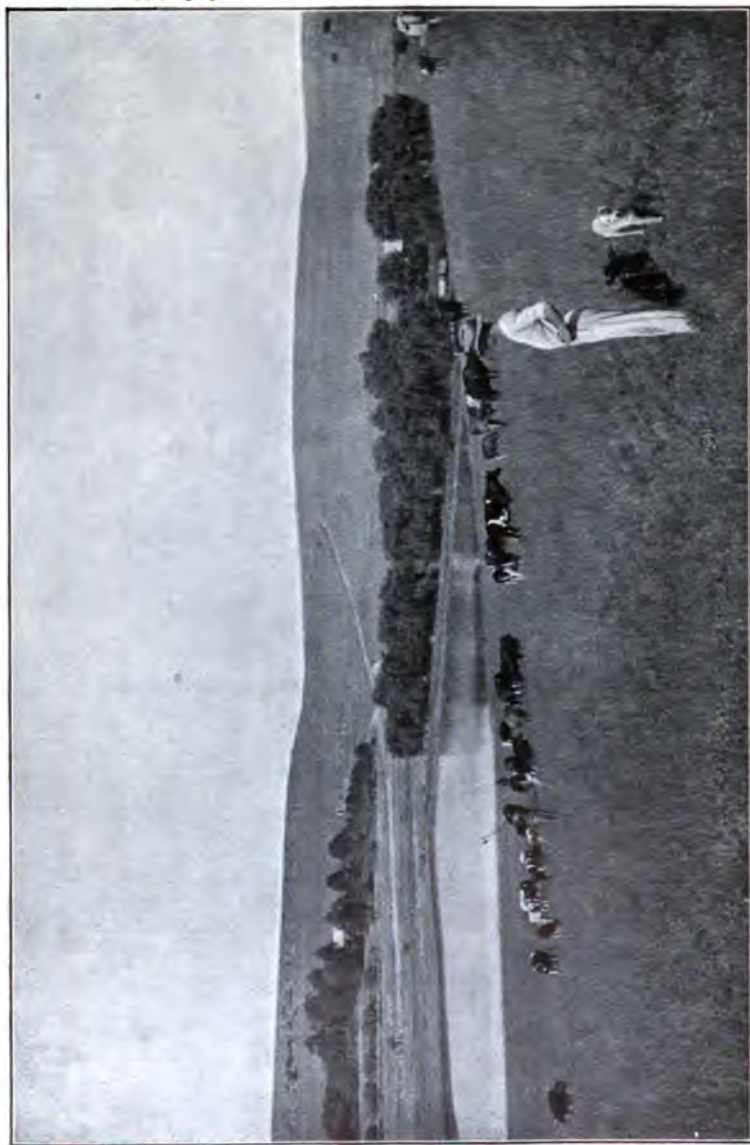
There were many differing types of natives. Some handsome, intelligent, clearly descendants of chiefs; others low-browed, animal of feature, dull-eyed. The women looked scared: did not seem to understand what was happening. A few of the men defended themselves through an obsequious interpreter. Mostly they said nothing, listened intently, and went out smiling. They knew their masters would pay their fines, and be glad to get them back. Half Bloemfontein that morning had, I believe, had to wait upon itself. There must have been a great beer-drinking up at the Reservation the night before.

In the Free State the natives are largely of Basuto blood. Basutoland, which lies to the east



A TYPICAL MARKET SQUARE

TO VINU
ABOOTHIAO



"THE LINES ARE FALLEN UNTO ME IN PLEASANT PLACES"

[LINDLEY]

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of the province, is outside the Union. It has a special, Imperial Government of its own, like Bechuanaland on the other side ; and the Basutos are most anxious to remain under Imperial authority. I have a vivid memory of a blazing day in Bloemfontein when the chiefs of the tribe laid their hopes and fears before the Duke of Connaught. It was a disappointment that they were all in European dress. We had hoped to see them wearing, with that magnificent dignity which all natives in their native costume possess, their blankets and feathers and cats' tails and bangles and necklaces. Instead of that we saw what might have been a gathering of cab washers or dock labourers.

Their reach-me-down suits were ill-fitting. They looked sloppy, squalid. Some wore riding-breeches and old military tunics, some frock-coats, but most were in shoddy tweeds. There was every variety of hat, the opera hat, sombrero, bowler, silk and straw. In only one respect uniformity prevailed : all wore white collars.

The attitude of the chiefs was dignified and impressive when the Duke entered. He was greeted with shouts of barbaric welcome, for which the signal was given by a chief who then addressed his Royal Highness. The burden of the speech, which was admirably interpreted by a native, was the hope that the Imperial Government would not hand over Basutoland to the

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Union authorities. The chiefs were afraid that their rights to possess land and rule the natives might be interfered with. Referring to King George as "our father," and trusting to his being a true son of King Edward, they implored the Duke to ask his nephew to leave them alone.

The reply was admirable, both in matter and delivery. First the Duke read a sentence slowly, distinctly, dramatically, then followed a rapid, musical flow of language from the interpreter. They must remember, the Duke said, that a father had much trouble in settling the affairs of his elder children. It was quite right of the Basutos to tell him their difficulties, but they must trust and obey their father, who would remember what was said, and arrange matters so as to conduce to the peace and advantage of the whole family.

The old chiefs in the front row nodded their heads in approval, but some of the younger appeared not well pleased with the result of the interview. The Basutos used to be a warlike people, and in their hilly country, mounted on their famous ponies, they could still give a great deal of trouble if they chose. There has been a pretty large importation of arms and ammunition into Basutoland. One scoundrel was caught gun-running, and fined £250 ; there was a feeling that death would have been the fit penalty for such a monstrous offence. But many of the rifles sold

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to the natives are of a very old pattern, and much of the ammunition is useless, so it is said.

One of their reasons for being afraid of Union Government is that they believe the Dutch would ill-treat them. Certainly the Boers have given natives cause to fear them. They decline altogether to regard the black as a "man and brother." They consider that God created him for their convenience, to do the hard and menial work, to be beaten whenever his master thinks fit. In the Free State the Dutch farmers (nearly all the farmers are Dutch) have lived especially remote from modern ideas. Their view of life is mediæval. Still, even they are beginning to enlarge their notions beyond the limits of their farms.

Those who were sent across the sea, as prisoners of war, to St. Helena, Ceylon or India, came back changed men. They had never seen the ocean. They had no conception that the world was so vast. They had no conception either of what the British Empire meant. One of them said to Lord Selborne, when he was High Commissioner, "I understood after my voyage why it was no European Power came to our aid, as we made so sure one would. It was because they could not bring their soldiers across the sea. All the ships I saw were flying the Union Jack."

The Boers are constitutionally slack ; disinclined to do hard, regular work. Their proverb, "Tomorrow is also a day," puts their philosophy into

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a pithy phrase. They have been accustomed to let black men toil for them. They have few needs, no ambitions. They believe literally in the Bible. They are convinced that anything which they do not want to do must be against the will of God. Yet they are intelligent, clever in certain ways, wonderfully like the English farmers of sixty years ago. They are hard to lead and they cannot be driven. Once arouse their obstinacy and you might as well batter with your knuckles at a brick wall.

Lord Selborne understood them. He met them on their own ground. He was simple and friendly and humorous. One day he was trying to persuade a group of them to drill for water and irrigate. They listened, smoking, saying nothing. Then one old fellow took his pipe out and said: "My father was a good man. He was a voortrekker.* He lived here fifty years. He did not irrigate. What was good enough for my father ought to be good enough for me." A deep murmur of approval followed.

Lord Selborne said nothing. He went on smoking his pipe. Presently he asked the old man who had spoken if he would shoot him a springbuck to take away with him for the camp pot. "With pleasure." The farmer went into the house and came back with a fine Mauser rifle. Lord Selborne asked if he might look at it;

* One of the original founders of the Boer Republics who "trekked forth" from Cape Colony.

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examined it carefully ; as he handed it back, said, " I suppose that belonged to your father before you."

The Boers sniggered. The old man looked surprised. " No, no," he said. " These were not invented when my father was alive. I will show you his gun." And he produced an old muzzle-loading fowling-piece. " I am surprised you do not use that," Lord Selborne told him, with a smile, " I thought you said that what was good enough for your father was good enough for you ! " In that district irrigation went ahead.

Another instance of Lord Selborne's method. He was urging a similar group of farmers to join in concerted measures against locusts, instead of sitting still and seeing their crops eaten away. " Where do the locusts come from ? " they asked solemnly. " God sends them. He sent them to punish the Egyptians for their sins. He does the same now."

Lord Selborne smoked on, made no reply. In a few minutes he asked what the speaker's farm was called.

" Leeuwfontein " (the Lions' spring).

" Ah, there used to be lions there then ? "

" When my father came here, many, many lions."

" What did he do ? "

" He shot them."

" Shot them ? But didn't he know that God sent them ? "

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This was a difficult thrust. But the Boer parried it.

"God sent no lions to plague the Egyptians."

"No, but He sent one to kill the false prophet, don't you remember? I am afraid your father must have been a very wicked man."

This time there was no turning the blade aside. The Boer acknowledged the hit.

Listening to these and other tales, we sat watching the gorgeous colours of the sunset reflected in a little pool fringed with trees, the only break we could see in a vast sweep of grey-green veld. The sun was going down in a real "glory." The word is often used, but never have I seen it realised as in South Africa. Evening after evening there you can watch a miracle of changing beauty at the change of lights.

The hills are smoky-blue, mysterious, poetical. The sky above them is at first a marvel of crimson, imperceptibly this fades to pink, and then to a warm yellow. A little breeze springs up. Along the track that runs away across the veld to the mountains, labours an ox-waggon with ten span of noble beasts. It is just at the end of the day's journey. Looking at it you feel a sudden vivid understanding of life; a sympathy with all who welcome the hours of rest; a fresh conception of the contentment that is born of existence in the open, on the wide-stretching, rain-washed, sun-dried spaces of the world.

Now quick-coming Night has flung his cloak

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over our cage. The bowl we call the sky is darkened now save for a line of rose so exquisite that its beauty is like a sharp stabbing sword, and even while you look there is washed in above it a line of pale yellow ; then a line of faint, tremulous blue. For a few moments all three colours blend in a nocturne of heavenly delight. Then they are gone. The spectacle is over. Now for supper, and, after that, sleep.

CHAPTER VIII

GENERAL HERTZOG'S BID FOR POWER

Mighty Lord of Nations,
We thy youngest born,
After toil and travail,
After feuds outworn,
Stand at last one people
Face the splendid morn.
Give us Faith, O Lord !

Great the task before us,
Ours to do and dare,
Lay the lines of progress,
'Stablish, build, prepare ;
For the sons who follow
Make our country fair.
Give us Strength, O Lord !

F. E. Walrond

THE Free State Boers being as I have described them, that province is naturally the stronghold of the back-veld view. And it is here that the Stay-as-we-are Party have found their leader in General Hertzog, at the present time the most prominent personality in South African politics.

He is the same type of politician as Mr. Lloyd George in England and Mr. Bourassa in Quebec.

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They are all three apostles of the Small View. They are Separatists rather than Unionists ; they dwell upon points of difference more gladly than on common features. All three are violent of speech, unbalanced in judgment, but exceedingly clever, and personally most agreeable.

Soon after I arrived in South Africa I was dining with a friend at a hotel. At the other end of the table was a little dark man—clever face, black moustache, bright eyes behind large spectacles. He was talking and laughing gaily. He was keeping those around him interested and amused. I wondered who he could be. "That?" said the women next me; "why, General Hertzog . . . such a nice little man. He scarcely ever goes out anywhere in public, but at dinner parties he is the greatest fun."

"Not *the* General Hertzog?" I gasped. I had pictured a stern, long-bearded, fiery-eyed fanatic, puritanical, unbending, unsocial. Could this witty diner-out be the man who was stirring up strife by his violent, impractical efforts to pit South African Dutch against English as the language of the new Union. "Yes, *the* General Hertzog ; there's only one," said my neighbour, and leaned forward to catch what he was saying. I never was more surprised in my life.

In private life every one likes this firebrand politician from the Orange Free State. In public he is hotly denounced, unsparingly ridiculed, cruelly

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caricatured. What is the secret of this dual personality? Can a fanatic be witty? Can a humorist really believe in such absurdities as teaching children the same lesson first in English, then in Dutch? Let us go into this mystery of Hertzogism, probing it to the core.

* * * * *

Nothing arouses passion more quickly than a language question. Nothing causes more bitterness. Wales, Ireland, Hungary, Poland, French-speaking Canada, Dutch-speaking South Africa . . . they all teach us the same lesson. Obviously it is a disadvantage to speak a language which only a few speak as against a language which is learnt all over the world. Yet in this matter of speech (as in most other matters) it is not utility but sentiment that wins. Language is the strongest symbol and bond of nationality. Take this away and the people who speak it cease to be a separate nation. They blend with some other nation. They are absorbed.

It is perfectly natural, then, that the Dutch in South Africa, still having nationality hot within their hearts, should wish to save their "taal." It is not a useful language, this dialect of Dutch. Equipped with it alone, a man could use his tongue nowhere but in South Africa; and in many parts even there he would find no one to use it with him. In Holland, where he might expect to talk freely, he would have great difficulty in under-

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standing those who speak the real Dutch language, and in making them understand him.

There is no literature in the "taal;" scarcely any syntax even. It is incapable of delicate inflexions, of fine shades. Yet it is very dear to the Dutch, and that was a factor which had to be taken into account when the Union was in the making.

No one capable of looking beyond his nose imagines that the "taal" can last long—unless, indeed, the pusillanimous back-veld policy of keeping South Africa Dutch and unimportant were to prevail. You cannot have a great country with a small language. Lord de Villiers is Dutch, but he sees that, and he says plainly (to the great annoyance of the language fanatics) "The fittest will survive." In the meantime, however, it would be folly to hasten the extinction of the unfit. Nature must take its course. The Dutch must be left to see for themselves that the "taal" is a handicap, and that English, the world-language, is the proper tongue for all members of the greatest of world-States.

Without an "equality of language" clause the Act of Union could never have been drawn up. The disadvantages of a bilingual system were clear enough to all who knew Canada. But there was no choice. Dutch and English, therefore were both declared to be "official languages of the Union . . . and shall be treated on a footing of

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equality, and possess and enjoy equal freedom, rights, and privileges."

In any event this must have been a source of trouble. Hardly had the Union Parliament met before attention was called to discrepancies between Dutch and English versions of a certain Bill. General Hertzog treated the matter in his usual airy way, but obviously it might lead to a very awkward situation. How can the courts decide what is the law if they have two different versions of an Act before them? There was great amusement when the Duke of Connaught was described in Dutch as "Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Stocking-Band." It was ridiculous, of course, to attempt to translate "Order of the Garter," but that only gave cause for laughter. It is quite possible that unskilful translators might blunder into serious trouble.

Again, the Dutch of Parliament and of the courts is High Dutch. When members address the House they are not supposed to use the "taal." But High Dutch, as I have said, is not the language of the Dutch people in South Africa. They do not in most cases understand it. All who are in public life, therefore, really need to know two kinds of Dutch: that which is used for official purposes, and the "taal," which is the common speech.

These difficulties, however, would have been bearable. Had the bi-lingual clause in the Act of Union been interpreted in good faith, and with

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common sense all would have been well. Unfortunately there is a strong section of the Dutch who hold that they, having won a small majority in the Union Parliament, are entitled to "steam-roller the English," in General Beyer's illuminating phrase. They want to see in action that detestable political maxim "To the victors the spoils." This section, which General Botha honourably declined to oblige, has found its leader and fugleman in General Hertzog.

The little lawyer from Bloemfontein has, as I have suggested, much in common with the little lawyer from Wales who has made himself the leading figure in politics at home. Both are individually charming; both are limited in their knowledge and their outlook. Both are in earnest when they are excited. Both are apt in the heat of oratory to say more than is prudent, even from their own point of view. Neither of them would go to the stake for their convictions. But in each case they see that by eagerly advocating certain principles, to which they are by temperament inclined, they can win their way to power. General Hertzog is ambitious. He has been a leading figure in the Orange Free State. He wants to be the leading figure in Union politics. He could only achieve this by becoming the leader of the Irreconcilables, who think Botha is "too English." The Chief Irreconcilable, therefore, he has become.

If one did not see the object of it, his education

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plan would seem idiotic. One can think of various ways in which the two languages could be "treated on a footing of equality" in schools. The most obvious would be to let parents decide which language their children should be taught in; and whether they should learn the other language or not, the schools being staffed with Dutch and English teachers accordingly. This obtains in the Transvaal, and it is worth noting that 90 per cent. of the parents, English as well as Dutch, ask for both languages. But this does not suit the Irreconcilables. There was not enough steam-roller about it. They, therefore, through General Hertzog, laid it down that all children up to the fourth standard must be actually taught in both languages. I do not mean "learn both languages." To that no objection would be raised. The Hertzog scheme ordains that all lessons shall be given—first in one language, then in the other. Thus, if an hour be allowed for geography, half an hour will be occupied by teaching the children in English what capes and bays and peninsulas are. Then the whole thing will be given over again in Dutch.

The arguments against this plan and the rejoinders of its advocates have been thus clearly summarised in *The Round Table*, the valuable quarterly review of Imperial affairs. The complainants say:

- (1) That it is impossible to educate children

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efficiently through the medium of the two languages simultaneously without serious waste of time, and that an attempt to do so means that the rest of the child's education is sacrificed to a knowledge of both languages ;

(2) That it is contrary to the Act of Union that parents should be compelled either to have their children taught through the medium of the two languages, or to lose the time during which instruction is being given through one or other of the two ;

(3) That it is unfair to teachers now in the service that they should be compelled to qualify themselves to give instruction through both languages, and that as South Africa is not yet supplied with sufficient bilingual teachers who are otherwise qualified to teach, the Free State Acts are bound to lead to the appointment of incompetent teachers, with obvious results on the education of the rising generation.

The advocates of the system reply (1) that it can be carried out without any loss of time or efficiency by teachers who are desirous of making it a success, and that it is the only system under which full effect is given to the principle of equality between the two languages laid down by the Act of Union ;

(2) That the State compels the parent to send his child to school and prescribes what he shall be taught, and, therefore, there is no special or

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unconstitutional compulsion about its prescribing also in what language he shall be taught ;

(8) That South Africa is a bilingual country, and, therefore, if teachers are to be really efficient they must as soon as possible qualify themselves to teach through the medium of both languages.

What are the actual results of the experiment ? Firstly, half the school time is wasted. Secondly, the children learn neither language properly (teachers who know both thoroughly being very few). But, thirdly, the system will enable the English teachers to be got rid of and their places to be taken by "OUR people," the Dutch. That is what the irreconcilables are really aiming at. No matter if the scheme leads, as it must lead, to confusion in the children's minds, to confusion in pronunciation, to confusion of idiom. No matter that the Dutch children who leave school early lose the little English they have so imperfectly learnt, and are handicapped all their lives. No matter if the class of teacher changes for the worse. The great thing is to "steam-roller the English," and that the scheme certainly would do.

I say "would do," because I do not believe it ever will. At present it is only in force in the Orange Free State. General Hertzog has declared he will fight for its extension all through the Union, and that he would "set the veld ablaze to carry his views." But force of protest compelled the Government, in December 1910, to appoint a
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Commission to inquire into the whole subject, and although the eight members were unable to agree, yet the Majority Report signed by six of them seems likely to be adopted. This recommends that up to Standard IV each child shall be taught in its home language, and after that according to its parents' choice. General Hertzog signed the Majority Report, but paradoxically explained that he really agreed with General Beyers and Mr. Fremantle, the fanatical "English Boer," who refused to sign it! There the matter for the present stands.

Even in the Transvaal, where more moderate counsels prevail, there is, according to the Director of Education, "a real danger that the purity of both languages may suffer from close juxtaposition in schools and in the common life of the community. This result is, I fear, unavoidable. Cape University examiners have frequently called attention to it, and one has only to spend an hour in a school class-room or playground to have it unpleasantly emphasised. There is need for a vigorous, continuous, and organised campaign against this deterioration of diction."

Boys and girls talk a strange uncouth English, mixed with Dutch words and Dutch idioms. This dialect is reproduced faithfully and with very amusing effect in the plays of Mr. Stephen Black, the dramatist of South African life. Nor can it be wondered at. Mr. Chris Botha, himself a Boer

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and a Free State member of the Union Parliament, has declared that the average Dutch teacher is not competent to teach in two languages.

Mr. Botha also hit upon another grave difficulty when he said, "I am a South African by birth, but I am under the difficulty of not knowing what particular Dutch General Hertzog would teach." The schools, in fact, use High Dutch. But this is not the language used in the Boer children's homes. Their parents, who have always spoken the taal, often do not understand High Dutch. There is, therefore, in their minds a muddle of three languages.

The results of bilingualism in schools are bad enough in Canada, where there are only two languages. Bishop Fallon of London (Ontario) reported in 1910 that in a district of Ontario where there are a number of French Canadians and where the two-language system obtains, "neither French nor English is properly taught or decently spoken." As a consequence many children are not sent to school at all. The Bishop's report continued :

"During my present confirmation tour the French-Canadian pastor of a French-Canadian parish in Essex County said to me, in the presence of witnesses : ' Half the boys whom you confirmed this morning (they ranged from eleven to fifteen years of age) can neither read nor write.'

"Another pastor made an equally appalling statement to me regarding the illiteracy of his

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children. Six of the eighteen French-Canadian priests in active service in my diocese have expressed to me their unqualified dissatisfaction with the manner in which the children are being educated in the so-called bilingual schools."

From the same causes follow the same results. What Bishop Fallon said of Ontario applies equally to the Orange Free State. "On the one side of the discussion are a certain number of French-Canadians, led by noisy agitators; on the other side are also French-Canadians in no small numbers, together with the rest of the population of the Province of Ontario, without distinction of creed or nationality. And let me hazard the prophecy that, when this second division awakes to the gravity of the situation, it will make short work of an alleged bilingual school system, which teaches neither English nor French, encourages incompetency, gives a prize to hypocrisy, and breeds ignorance."

Short work will have to be made of Hertzogism also or the results will be equally disastrous. Not until this obstacle to Union is removed can the creation of a South African nationality really begin.

CHAPTER IX

NO ENGLISH NEED APPLY

In matters of Commerce
The fault of the Dutch
Is giving too little
And asking too much.

Popular Rhyme

THE Dutch as a race have always been remarkable for keeping their eyes on the main chance. The South African Dutch have maintained this trait; have even developed it. Their desire to "steam-roller the English" is not mainly due to racial jealousy. They want as many offices as possible for "OUR people"; and they fancy, many of them, that with their own people in office there will be more opportunities for them all. Against this spirit the moderation of General Botha, the large views of General Smuts, struggle for the moment in vain. In a magazine, *De Goede Hoop* ("The Good Hope"), published at the Cape there appeared an article openly advising the Premier to say less about the Empire and the British flag. No doubt, the writer suggested, General Botha was merely protesting his loyalty to mislead the English. But

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if he dwelt so much on South Africa's partnership in the British Empire he might lead the Afrikaner to forget the loss of his independence, and that would injure the national character of the Dutch.

In any other country to suggest that a statesman was disloyally playing a double game of this kind would be considered the worst insult. The Afrikaner thinks nothing of such charges. He takes a curiously lenient view of deceit. He rather admires it . . . if it succeeds. Politicians, for instance, make a habit of saying violent things to the back-velders in far-away districts and of denying them afterwards if by any chance they get into the newspapers. It is therefore not at all uncommon to be told that General Botha is simply showing his "slimness" when he "pretends" to be anxious for Imperial interests, and not merely about those of the Dutch. Thus, while on the British side there is a genuine desire for the burying of all racial hatchets (for the reason, largely, that they hinder the progress of the country), the Dutch, for the most part, believe at present in keeping up racialism as an advantage to themselves. They do not care about the progress of the country. They would rather see it small and Dutch than British and great.

This parochial view will alter as soon as they realise that it is to their advantage to push their country ahead. Therefore it is of the utmost Imperial importance that South Africa

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shall have a series of prosperous years. If there is continual development and increase of wealth we shall hear very little of the "racial issue." Even the back-velders will be brought, by extensions of railways, into closer touch with the world as it really is. As in Canada, all energies will be devoted to making the earth yield her increase. There will be no time, no inclination for internal feuds.

But, for the moment, there is a spirit among the Dutch which makes Englishmen inclined to take a gloomy view. On our side the watchword is "conciliate." "It would not be wise," Lord Methuen wrote, "to emphasise events connected with the war." Yet in Cape Town shop-windows are exhibited cards lamenting the "Vierkleur," the four-coloured flag of the Transvaal, in verses such as these:

No longer may our standard wave,
And flaunt its colours to the sky ;
'Tis buried with our heroes brave
Who on the field of glory lie.

For ever be their story told
As long as there are men at all,
Until the very heavens grow old
And earth shall totter to her fall.

No delicacy about "emphasising events connected with the war" in that !

As I have shown in a previous chapter, the two-

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TELEGRAPH POLES FOR THE CAPE TO CAIRO LINE

Photo by DUDLEY KILBO

NO. 100



NATIVES FORDING A RIVER

Photo by D. B. A. K. K.

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language system set up by the Charter of Union provided a useful means of getting rid of British officials. "Equal rights and privileges" is interpreted as meaning that all officials must speak both languages. It was, it is true, laid down that no public servant should have his services dispensed with for want of knowledge of either English or Dutch. But the ingenuity of General Hertzog has found a way round that clause. It is quite possible not to dismiss officials and yet to make them feel that they are not wanted and had better go. It is possible to close the paths leading to promotion and to "freeze them out" in that way also. Both these "slim" methods have been at work in the Orange Free State. Here are some of the results.

Mr. Hugh Gunn, the very able Director of Orange Free State Education, has been worried into resignation. Three inspectors of unquestioned qualifications have been dismissed. It has been made perfectly clear to the British teachers that their room would be preferred to their company and that in future "No English need apply." This has been done in the following way. An Act was passed to provide for the grading of teachers into various classes. It looked harmless, even desirable. But note how the grading process has been carried out. Ten years ago a woman who took her M.A. degree at Dublin with honours and was placed well up in the History Tripos at Cambridge went

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out to become vice-principal of a girls' college in the Orange Free State. After nine years she was appointed principal. To this lady the Council of Examiners have awarded a provisional certificate in the second class! Before she can get even a professional second-class certificate she must "show proficiency" in a string of subjects. The first-class certificate is apparently out of her reach altogether.

This is not an isolated case of insult. It is only one of many. A man who has passed the highest European examinations in the art of teaching, has taught under the best inspectors in England, and has in all twenty years of experience behind him, is also "graded" into the second class. A woman who has taught for sixteen years in London and elsewhere, who holds University Extension and South Kensington diplomas, and who is entitled to train teachers, only gets a provisional certificate in Class III! She is told she can qualify for a professional certificate by "passing" in South African history. No notice is taken of the fact that a University Extension examiner in England commended her for her knowledge of Imperial (of course, including South African) development and progress. Another woman with valuable experience who went out three years ago to take charge of a country school (upon which most favourable reports have been made) is also put into the third class.

The meaning of this is clear. British teachers

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are to be got rid of. Defenders of this course say: "We didn't want them. You would send them out when you were on top. Now that we are on top we send them back." The answer to such a defence is that we were obliged to send out teachers from England. There were not enough competent Dutch to staff the schools. Nor are there enough now. Parents are complaining every day. For a man who says "dey" for "they" to teach English is ludicrous. Yet if teachers able to give lessons in both languages are insisted upon, that will be the case in nearly all schools. Nor is it only in schools that British public servants' places are wanted for Dutch candidates. Already it has been ordered (by General Hertzog, who is Minister of Justice) that summonses shall be issued in both languages. Already the Minister who has charge of the post offices has stated that "no man will be appointed unless he is familiar with both languages. . . All men in the post or telegraph service must be bilingual." Already in many places tramway tickets are being printed in both English and Dutch, a quite unnecessary expense. It was even proposed in the Pretoria Town Council that all the municipal officials must speak both tongues, and the deputy mayor strongly supported it. In fact, the idea is to close, as far as possible, both the Civil Service and all public appointments against any but the Dutch. Rightly is this denounced as a "monstrous abuse of power."

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It is simple to say "Why do not Englishmen learn Dutch?" Languages do not come easily to our race. It takes us a very long time to talk fluently in a tongue not our own. And, in any case, why should any one waste time in learning a language like the Taal when it is not really required? In the Transvaal the "retrenchments" that have been made in the police and other services, Englishmen being dispensed with of course, are plausibly excused on the ground of economy. No doubt some of the salaries were too high. But no reasonable plea is, or can be, raised in defence of the "South Africa for the Dutch" policy in other directions.

It is not necessary for all officials to speak both languages. In all public offices there must be some who do; and, of course, to send a man who only spoke English to take charge of a post office in a Dutch district would be unpardonable. But that has never been done. The only ground upon which the "steam-rollering" process can be justified is that of the maxim, so magnanimously disregarded by us in South Africa, "To the victors the spoils."

* * * * *

There are very few people to whom magnanimity appeals.

CHAPTER X

AGRICULTURE

Here in a large and sunlit land,
Where no wrong bites to the bone,
I will lay my hand in my neighbour's hand
And together we will atone
For the set folly and the red breach
And the black waste of it all,
Living and taking counsel of each
Over the cattle-kraal.

Rudyard Kipling

As the number of mouths to be fed in the world increases, so must the food-growers spread themselves more widely over the earth's surface. Lands which no one had dreamed of attempting to cultivate are made to yield plentiful harvests. In Canada the wheat area gets nearer and nearer the North Pole; the dry lands in Alberta are made fertile by irrigation. In South Africa the pressure of the world's needs is having the same effect. Methods are being improved; new ideas are taking root; lands which were looked upon as useless for anything but giving cattle a bite or two of skinny grass, are being successfully tilled and planted. If South Africa takes the right cross-road, that which

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leads to a place among the great nations, she will be one of the agricultural wonders of the world.

* * * * *

Bloemfontein weather can be, and usually is, delightful. If it is too hot in the town, climb up the kopje. You will feel a breeze gently fanning you, and the wide prospect that opens out of grey-green veld, bounded in the far distance by hills shimmering in the haze, will bring a sensation of spacious freedom that is almost as good as being cool.

But Bloemfontein in a dust-storm is hateful, and the morning I drove out to the Government Experimental Farm at Grootvlei (pronounced "flay") the dust was blotting out the landscape completely, and making it almost impossible to keep one's eyes open. Yet even in a dust-storm the sun is some comfort. It shone through the clouds of grit as we motored over the veld. It warmed me thoroughly, and one never feels really miserable so long as one is not cold.

Mr. Palmer, the energetic Canadian who directs Orange Free State agriculture, declared he was glad of the dust. "It will show you," he said, "why people laughed when Sir Hamilton Goold-Adams" (the late Administrator) "determined to start the farm here. It was just a large patch of veld. 'The worst land in the State,' it was called. It could be had for next to nothing, yet nobody would buy it. It was thought of once as a site for a settlement of lepers, but was pronounced even too desolate for

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them. 'Plant fruit trees in that wind-swept desert,' said Sir Hamilton's critics, 'it's absurd, sheer madness!'

That was only six years ago. Now there is a vast orchard of well-grown prolific apricots and plums. There are fields upon fields of experimental crops, grown to show the farmers what can be done. They can raise almost anything. Maize is splendid. Wheat does well, and bearded wheat, a coarser kind, does better. Oats and rye flourish. Potatoes, mangolds of huge size, and lupin beans yield excellent results. Various grasses for cattle-feed are being tried. Salt-bush (something like the Nevada sagebrush to look at) is grown for sheep. All on the "worst land" in the State!

Of course these crops are not raised by the old South African method of scratching the surface. Dry farming means a lot of work—deep ploughing and constant cultivation. The economical employment of manure must be studied. Rotation of crops must be skilfully planned. But the motto of a Farmers' Congress held in 1910 was "The destiny of South Africa lies on the dry lands." These experimental farms, which exist in each province are showing how all the difficulties of dryness can be met.

Another most useful work they do is to help farmers to breed better animals. At Grootvlei there are fine herds of South and North Devons, one lot looking in perfect condition after a course

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of picking up their feed on the veld. There are also some wonderful sheep bought by Government Agents in Australia. As much as 450 guineas apiece has been given for Wanganella and Tasmanian rams. Fine animals they are, with their curly horns, heavy "collars," row after row around their necks and breasts, and amazingly thick, firm wool.

The wool industry has made very great strides of late, and as good methods of gaining and preparing fleece spread more widely, so will the market enlarge itself and improve. A large number of Bradford mills are now spinning South African wool for worsted, and in the West Riding the demand for "Cape tops" is constant and high. This naturally encourages sheep-breeders to bestir themselves. Already the example set by the Government farms is being widely followed. In the North-Eastern Free State (the most enlightened district) the buyers of the Agricultural Department have lately supplied to farmers six thousand pounds' worth of Australian sheep for breeding. While I was in the office one day an old fellow with a patriarchal beard came in, mopping his brown, wrinkly forehead. He wanted a ram. "Never mind," he said, when he heard that there wouldn't be time for the buying agent to receive a letter before he left Australia. "Never mind, send a cable. I can pay."

That old farmer, I heard, was typical of the awakening Boer. He used to live in a neglected,

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untidy farm, with herds of cattle wandering free on the veld. He was slack and lazy, uncomfortable and poor. Now he buys expensive pedigree stock, breeds carefully, sells at a good price. He grows vegetables, he has planted an orchard. He even raises strawberries, a fruit he had never tasted in his life. He has a good home. He is alive to what is going on in the world.

He and his like have learnt to value the Agricultural Departments. When responsible Government was granted to the Orange River Colony the lawyers who managed to get hold of the administration wanted to abolish this branch of it. They knew nothing about farming. They did not understand the useful work it was doing with the small amount of money it spent.

Fortunately the farmers did understand, and refused to let this act of "retrenchment" be carried out. Now a Dutchman is in charge at Grootvlei; he is an active, able man, and manages it quite well.

Among his assistants I came across a nice-looking girl, unmistakably English, in a white blouse and short skirt. This was the Chicken Expert. She came from Swanley College in Kent, and she is showing what can be done with poultry in South Africa. If the wives and daughters of farmers could be persuaded to take up this not very difficult, but pleasantly profitable occupation, it would be good both for the country and for themselves.

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At present they have far too little to do. They could also occupy themselves most usefully with supervising dairies. This industry promises very well in the Free State. In time every farmer will either make butter or send his cream to a central factory. I went to see the plant of one of the dairy companies that have been started in recent years. Butter is, of course, made by machinery altogether. The appliances were up to date; and the whole place most businesslike and spotlessly clean. A hint in the feeding direction has been taken from the United States, where dairying was revolutionised by the use of maize. The whole plant is taken and put into a silo (at Grootvlei they have a round one made of tin), where it is pressed and turned into a nourishing and succulent cattle diet.

Maize is a great crop in the Free State, and will be, if the country goes ahead, a bringer of prosperity before very long to the whole of South Africa. Old Sir John Bennet Lawes called it the grandest crop in the world, and said the chief regret of his life had been that he would die without seeing the vast fields of it in America. It is a fine food both for beasts and for men. The Kaffirs live on it almost entirely. Mealie pap or porridge I found not at all unpalatable, with milk and sugar.

South America is the chief exporter of maize at present, but South African maize is better than that which comes from the Argentine. It is sun-

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dried, not kiln-dried; and it gets no rain when it is ripe.

At present only a few hundred thousand pounds' worth of mealies are exported from South Africa, and it would probably pay the country better to keep these and feed cattle or pigs with them, but capital is required, so they have to be sold. General Botha, however, looks confidently forward to a day when the Union will be exporting millions upon millions of bags of maize, besides having all it requires for itself.

"Maize and cattle, those are the chief lines for the Transvaal," I was told by Dr. Macdonald, the experienced Highlander who directs agriculture in that province with Celtic enthusiasm. He is most anxious to see smaller farms and closer cultivation. The average size of a Transvaal farm is about 5000 acres (against averages of 148 in the United States and 66 in Great Britain). Dr. Macdonald would like to see the country cut up into farms of 160 acres. His idea would be to portion out such a farm thus :

Maize or roots (turnips or swedes)	80 acres
Pasture	20 "
Lucerne	20 "
Orchard	20 "
Homestead (vegetables, &c.)	20 "

Lucerne does very well indeed on irrigated land, yielding three or four, sometimes five, crops a year. On dry land the Abyssinian "fet" grass is more

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suitable; this is a very good food for cattle. Wheat is not likely to be grown on a large scale in South Africa. In the Western Province of Cape Colony it does well in the winter rains and ripening summer sunshine. But over most of South Africa the rains come in summer.

It is quite possible that South African cotton may come into the market before very long. In the Zoutpansberg and Rustenburg districts (Northern Transvaal) there are 80,000 square miles with an average fall of from fifty to sixty inches of rain, where conditions are eminently favourable to cotton. Here as much could be produced as the whole of the Southern States raise (14,000,000 bales a year). Native labour is cheap here. The blacks soon learn how to pick. Only capital is wanted. It would reap a rich reward.

Here are some figures placed at my disposal by the chief of the Cotton and Tobacco Division of the Department of Agriculture. It costs, to grow cotton, about £2 an acre. Each acre should yield 1000 lbs. of seed cotton, with at least 800 lbs. of lint. At 5d. a pound, which is low, this would fetch about £5, leaving a profit of £3 per acre. South African cotton has over American cotton the same advantage that was mentioned in the case of maize. Planting and growing occur during the rainy season; picking when there is no rain.

Even now farming is a prosperous business for those who go about it the right way. In one dis-

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trict I came across three Scottish farmers who in seven years had bought their farms of some 3000 acres apiece ; had built substantial brick houses ; were bringing up families in comfort, with a good balance on the right side at the bank. Near Vereeniging (where the Conference took place which ended the war in 1902) the agent for a big firm of agricultural implement makers is farming 6000 acres with great success. Two Australians near Standerton have made as much as £1000 in one year out of potatoes and lucerne. They have 3000 acres and a good market at Johannesburg, not far away. A Canadian on the liner coming home said there was far more money to be made by farming in South Africa than in Canada. There were fortunes to be won by supplying the mining centres with meat.

But, as in Rhodesia, the man who thinks or farming in the Union needs capital ; at least £1000, and if possible £2000. A fruit-grower might start with a little less, perhaps. With co-operation fruit farming offers the small man a good chance. California exports fruit on a large scale to Australia and New Zealand ; these countries ought to be South Africa's markets. In the matter of dried fruit South Africa does not even yet supply herself. She imports it to the value of well over £20,000 a year, and as large a quantity of almonds and nuts. " Good heavens ! " exclaimed Mr. Merriman, formerly Premier of Cape Colony,

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in a recent speech, "why, this is a country where in certain parts almonds and nuts grow like weeds. We ought to be exporting instead of importing them!" California's dried-fruit exports amount altogether to three millions sterling a year. "There is no earthly reason," Mr. Merriman declared, "why we should not equal California. We have got the climate, we have got the soil, and we have got the sunshine, which is the thing that matters most. We have all these natural advantages; all we want to do is to use them."

The small amount of fresh fruit that South Africa sends to the United Kingdom and the Continent is only a beginning. She can grow as fine apricots and peaches and plums as any country in the world. Yet out of 29,000 cwt. of peaches and apricots imported by the United Kingdom in 1908 she only sent us 1117 cwt. Her grapes are famous. We in England import 600,000 cwt. of grapes every year. She only contributes 10,000 cwt. to that total. Or take oranges, which are delicious in South Africa. Five and a half million hundredweight of oranges are annually poured into England. From South Africa might come an enormous quantity. She actually exports to Great Britain only about 8000 cwt.

It is true that orange culture in Cape Colony was ravaged some thirty-five years ago by a pest, one of the many pests that she has had to contend with. But now a determined effort can be made,

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if the Government chooses, to conquer them all. What is needed is vigorous and above all united action. Hitherto there has been no unity. It is no use, in this or that part of the country alone, making spasmodic efforts to induce regular cattle dipping, or taking isolated measures here and there for the destruction of locusts, when they can only hop and not fly in devastating clouds, clearing off everything as they go. It is futile to expect to get rid of East Coast fever by days of humiliation and prayer, if the obvious means of fighting this cattle-scourge are neglected.

Against diseases, against locusts, against jackals and baboons, against drought, all must co-operate, and the victory will be won. "There is no reason," said the President of the thirteenth Annual Cape Agricultural Congress in 1910, "why this country should not be as free from plagues as any in the world, because it is naturally one of the healthiest for animals and plants. The fault does not rest with the country, but with the neglect and ignorance of the people."

Neglect and ignorance have kept back the fruit industry. Many growers are careless about gathering their crops. They gather them in the early morning mist and let them mildew. They do not think of cutting the nails of their Kaffir boys who do the picking. They will not use wool-lined baskets, and their fruit is bruised. Even when the grower puts his fruit on the train in good condition,

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it has often been damaged by not being carried in proper fruit trucks, or by being packed in such a way that boxes arrive broken. However, methods are improving every year, and the quantity of fruit shipped has increased enormously. In 1905 only 23,882 boxes were despatched. In 1910 the figures were 210,871.

This is nearly all expensive fruit, and it is possible that not much further increase in that direction is called for. More could be absorbed, no doubt, but a larger supply would mean lower prices, and the grower would be no better, possibly worse, off. A huge export trade, however, is waiting to be developed in oranges, cheap grapes, apples, and pine-apples, those delicious pine-apples which have the most perfect flavour and the juiciest flesh of all. And fruit farming, to quote Mr. Merriman again, "is just the industry we want for that closer settlement everybody is talking about." It gives "the small man" a chance.

Growing grapes for wine is an enterprise beyond the small man; but it is one that offers capital a very fair sum for its money and will in time yield a handsome profit. I first tasted South African wine on board ship and disliked it. But drunk in South Africa it is very pleasant and refreshing. There used to be a good deal of sweet Cape wine drunk in England, but the demand dropped away, and now the export of wine from South Africa is very small. There is no reason why it should not

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THE WOMAN WITH THE HOE

Photo by DUDLEY KIDD

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WHAT THE DRIVER SEES

Photo by DUDLEY KIDD

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be revived, but for the moment effort is chiefly centred on discovering the kind of grape from which a really light table-wine for local drinking can be made. Here the Government can give help if they choose. There is an official "viticulturist," a man of experience and ideas. There is a Government wine farm, too, a beautiful old Dutch homestead at Groot Constantia near Cape Town, nestling under glorious Table Mountain, and with its vineyards running down towards the brilliant sea. Neither the Dutch nor the English are wine-drinking nations, and the French element in South Africa is not very large, though it has modified in curious ways the "national" character. Yet, if a good cheap table-wine can be produced, there is little doubt that it will be used. For a country which grows grapes so easily not to become a wine-drinking country would seem like despising a good thing because it is too near home.

[Since this was written Mr. Palmer, Under-Secretary for Agriculture in the Orange Free State, has been dismissed after seven and a half years' service. No reason was offered, the sole ground for the action being, according to the general opinion in the Orange Free State, that Mr. Palmer was a Briton, not a Boer.]

CHAPTER XI

JOHANNESBURG

From Cape Town *via* Kimberley 957 miles; *via* Bloemfontein 1013 miles; fast train in thirty-six hours; ordinary train forty-eight hours. From the port of Delagoa Bay (Lourenço Marques) in Portuguese territory 396 miles. From Durban 483 miles. 5764 ft. above sea-level. Population some 200,000, of whom about half are whites. Hotel: Carlton.

In the end, I doubt not, we shall achieve the object of our Union, if we always try to remember that the best thing a country produces is Men, and that neither wealth nor intellect, but character makes men. *The Rt. Hon. J. X. Merriman*

IN Cape Town they speak of "Jew-hannesburg" with an accent which suggests a dainty woman fastidiously lifting her skirts as she passes a mud-heap. "A mining-camp," they tell you. "Never will be anything more. And then the people. . . !" When Lord de Villiers, Cape Colony's Chief Justice, spoke up for the Rand capital after a visit there, he was laughed at and sneered at as "scouting for Hoggenheimer."

To hear the Cape people talk, you would think Johannesburg was the wickedest city on earth, leaving Budapest far behind, and making San Francisco look like a Sunday-school treat. Yet

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a Canadian I met there described it as the most moral place he ever struck. Perhaps that was a slight exaggeration, too. Of course, Johannesburg retaliates. It calls Cape Town "Snoek-opolis," the snoek (pronounced "snook") being a fish caught in Cape waters. Inhabitants of Cape Town, which is also referred to as the "shank-end" (a glance at the map will show why), are represented by cartoonists with snoeks sticking out of their pockets, and so on.

But while this is merely chaff, there is a harsh note of bitterness in Cape Town's gibes. That is due partly to jealousy, but partly also to resentment at the bad name which Johannesburg in its early days earned for South Africa generally. Those days are left behind now. But it is always easier to acquire an evil reputation than to live it down. Not so long ago a really charming woman went to St. Moritz in the winter. She put herself down on the hotel register as coming from Johannesburg, where she lives. No one spoke to her. She began to feel pretty badly about it. Then a kind soul took pity and made friends. As soon as she found out what a mistake had been made all was well. "But never put Johannesburg down as your place of residence again," she said. "People know what to expect from there!"

That is a widely spread notion still. I suppose there was in years past justification for it—"Monte Carlo superimposed upon Sodom and Gomorrah,"

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was the epigram of a prominent Cape politician in 1898. "The central sin spot of civilisation," another pious Pharisee called it. "Houndsditch and the Stock Exchange are not the sources from which the redemption of South Africa is to be looked for," Sir William Butler wrote when he was Acting High Commissioner. He forgot that the fairest flowers and the sweetest fruits grow in earth made fertile by muck. When in future centuries the beginnings of the great South African nation are traced, it will be shown that it owed its beginnings to the discovery of gold.

But the Hoggenheimers, though they exist still here and there, are prominent no longer. Men who would take a high place in the affairs of any part of the Empire have swept away the "gold-bug" tradition. The Oxford accent has replaced the Yiddish lisp. Johannesburg is no longer a town of shacks, a place where men go only to make money and depart. It is a fine city, with beautiful suburbs, where in delightful houses pleasant, cultivated people dwell. Marvellous has been the development of the mines. The energy, the skill, the genius with which the gold has been attacked and captured, lend to this chapter in the history of industrial progress an interest of romance. But for the form of wealth which can be measured in money men will always put forth their best powers. It is because there are people in Johannesburg who know the value of wealth (which is literally

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“well-being”) in other forms, and who aim at making their city a place where they can be pleased and proud to live—it is because these people have not been content to let her remain a “mining camp” that Johannesburg has won her real distinction.

It is a great thing to turn out thirty million pounds' worth of gold a year. But it is a great thing also for almost the youngest city in the Empire to possess a municipal collection of pictures such as exist nowhere else. For some £20,000 Sir Hugh Lane has filled a small gallery with some of the finest examples of the Modern School. Here are characteristic works by Rodin, Monet, Mancini, Sargent, Wilson Steer, Orpen, C. H. Shannon, John Lavery, Nicholson, Buxton Knight, Mark Fisher, Frank Brangwyn, Charles Conder, Augustus John. Such a selection reflects real credit on a town, especially on those who took the lead in raising the money, Mrs. Lionel Phillips foremost of all.

As you approach Johannesburg by train, the mines are too much in evidence to let the view be picturesque. A rolling downland, varied by clumps of tall, dark trees, begins, more than twenty miles away, to be polluted by chimneys. The ground is scarred, soiled, savaged; it shows red gashes where Man has wounded it. Villages of tin huts and native compounds surrounded by corrugated iron walls, give a squalid air to the

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scene. Above them rise the vast dumps of powdered rock, white as snow mountains gleaming in the sun, flat-topped, smooth-sided, always increasing in bulk, save where they are using it to fill up disused workings, an excellent plan. After the quiet charm of the down country beyond the limits of the Rand, with its tree-sheltered farm-houses, making little islands of green in the light veld; its darker patches of cultivation, its groves of weeping willows along stream beds, its groups of cows at evenings by the pools—after the charm of this settled, homely landscape, the approaches to Johannesburg have rather a depressing effect.

But as soon as you run into the big, handsome station, shortly to be enlarged into one even more imposing; as soon as you drive through the broad, arcaded streets with their attractive shops, their substantial public and office buildings, your cheerfulness comes back. You feel at once you are in a city—the first modern city in Africa if it were not for the bare-legged black policemen carrying their knobkerries (for black people only, I need hardly say), and the rickshaw runners, with their feathered heads and painted shins—not so nightmarelike as the Durban “boys,” who wear horns on their heads, but still quite good “local colour.” I wonder how long they will last in competition with the excellent taxicabs. If you are going out to Parktown, though, and suffer at all from nervousness, you had better hire one of the fast

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two-horse Victorias. There are steep hills to go up and down, and the motors take them at a terrifying speed.

Parktown is "the most fashionable residential quarter" of Johannesburg, to quote from the house agents' bills. It is on the other side of the city from the mines. Up the slopes and about the foot of a high, rocky ridge houses peep out among masses of firs, which spring from the scanty soil with splendid energy, and stand out vividly along the sky-line. From the ridge you look down upon a wood. Twenty years ago it was not there. It was planted as a speculation to supply timber to the mines. Now it is one of the pleasantest features of the place. And a very useful feature, too, for it is said that these and other tree plantations round about Johannesburg have given the district three inches more rain every year. As we took our early morning rides through its leafy cloisters it was very hard to believe it could be of such recent growth. But here everything grows at a magical rate. The gardens are delicious, gay with flowers, cool with green lawns, bordered by tall, clipped hedges. Climbing roses smother arches with their exquisite bloom. Yet many of these gardens are only three to four years old!

The houses are of varying ages; the older ones pretentious and ugly, the more recent built with a rare charm by Herbert Baker, of whom it is not too much to say that he is one of the three best

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architects in the domestic style now living. He was taken out by Mr. Rhodes, and he has done South Africa an immense service by setting a high standard in this matter of home-building, so important in a new land. If the Government buildings at Pretoria approach the beauty and distinction of Mr. Baker's drawings and plans, he will assuredly be the leading architect of the Empire. Under his hand Forest Hill, which is beyond Parktown, is beginning to take on quite an Italian look. The house which Mr. Baker has built for Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Phillips is like a palazzo in the Apennines. In many gardens there are pergolas on squared stone pillars and groups of dark pines. Yet the general effect is too solid and comfortable to be anything but English. Above everything Herbert Baker's houses are homes. They are meant to be lived in as well as to be looked at; I can gratefully testify that they are equally satisfying without and within.

Beyond the Wood there is a wide prospect of well-timbered country, dotted with white farm-houses which shelter beneath rolling hills. Blue and faint in the distance are mountains, lending the view just that touch of imagination which makes it perfect. I cannot think of any suburb close to a city which can be compared with this for beauty and pleasantness. It is so harmonious, so unspoilt. I met last winter a woman staying in one of the loveliest old houses in England, who told me she

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was longing for her home on the edge of the Wood. Not only for the sunshine, but for the spaciousness, the morning and evening coolness, the crisp air, the invigorating cut-and-thrust of conversation in a society where every one must justify his existence by personal effort.

The climate, though good, is trying after a time. In that respect Johannesburg is like Winnipeg. Both cities make people feel energetic, but they both tire them out. A change to softer, more enervating air becomes necessary. From Winnipeg you go to British Columbia ; from Johannesburg to Natal. Durban in the winter months (May, June, and July) is a most popular resort for Johannesburgers. Even in December it is difficult to book rooms for the next season, so great is the demand. Winter in the Transvaal brings frosty nights. A climate which makes a fire a pleasant thing on most nights of the year scarcely sounds like Africa at all. But then the Rand is nearly six thousand feet above the sea.

It is its bracing air which has turned what was bare veld twenty-five years ago into a city of which the rateable value is now forty million pounds. Every one who went to Johannesburg was filled with energy and optimism. Now the old days of reckless plunging are spoken of with sorrowful shakings of the head. The gold industry has settled down. It is solid business, not speculation. Gone are the times when you could buy, say, Corona-

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tions at £10 apiece and sell them a week later at £100. There is still a good deal of gambling, however . . . in other ways. The lowest bridge points any one cares to play for are ten shillings a hundred. I saw a man one evening—not a rich man either—lose £80 at poker without worrying. There are constant race meetings, at which betting is pretty high, though, curiously enough, the newspapers are not allowed to publish the odds. The white miners bet a great deal, and gamble in shares, too. Many of them draw as much as £50 a month, and they spend freely.

The most careful, as a rule, are the Cornish miners. Still, even they are ready to “fork out” handsomely upon occasions. A few years ago a painter who runs an art school at Newlyn, close to Penzance, had a call from a young Cornishman, who said he wanted to be taught to paint St. Michael’s Mount. “I will teach you to paint anything,” said the artist, and told him the terms. “But that’s too much, and I don’t want to learn to paint anything,” the young man objected. “Couldn’t you teach me to paint St. Michael’s Mount and only charge me for that?” At last it came out that he was a miner from Johannesburg. He knew that almost every home-loving Cornishman on the Rand would give £5 at least for a painting of St. Michael’s Mount. It struck him he could make a good deal of money in his spare time by supplying them!

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Life in Johannesburg has few special features to distinguish it. The city reminded me a little of Toronto in appearance. It is full of bustling life. The newspapers, especially the *Star*, are wide awake. The city has a lively Suffragette agitation of its own; a Christian Science Church, which cost £5000; an Advanced Drama movement. Socially, in business, and in politics they "make things hum" in quite a transatlantic style. The famous Rand Club, which has more millionaires among its members than any other, was a little disappointing. There were no gold plates or dishes, no diamond-encrusted ink-stands.

One habit, strange to us, I did notice. It prevails in Johannesburg, as it does throughout South Africa. That is the middle-of-the-morning-tea habit. In Cape Town the teashops are well filled at eleven o'clock. In Johannesburg there is a recognised break at about the same time. It used to be whisky-and-soda which encouraged the worker to persevere till lunch. Now it is more often tea—another testimony to the changed spirit of the place. This habit of a morning drink led a prominent Transvaal official visiting London some years ago to descend upon the Colonial Office a little before noon and to invite the extremely correct clerk who received him to "come out and have something." Correctness looked horrified and coldly declined. When the prominent official returned to South Africa he spoke of the Colonial

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Office with extreme contempt. "Fellow I saw wouldn't come out for a drink," he grumbled, "and, will you believe it, he couldn't tell me which was the best bar in Whitehall!"

To say that Johannesburg will only last "as long as the gold lasts" is only another of Cape Town's Mesopotamic mumblings. In any case, the life of the gold is estimated at another seventy-five years, to put it low. But, long before there is any prospect of the reef being exhausted, Johannesburg will have become a great industrial centre. True, it has not the natural advantages which a manufacturing city ought to possess. No river. No port, though Delagoa Bay may some day—must some day—be British, and that is not very far off. But the lack of these advantages need daunt nobody who sees what the ingenuity of man has done for Johannesburg already. To walk beneath the green aisles of a forest, where twenty years ago was only the veld. To see grim, rocky hillsides turned into smiling gardens and crowned with homes as pleasant and as beautiful as any in the world. To pace the busy streets of a stately metropolis where recently the eye was offended by the ugliness and squalor of huts flung up for a temporary population. After such changes nothing is impossible. Johannesburg sends one away with increased respect and admiration for one's fellow-creatures' enterprise and pluck.

CHAPTER XII

GOLD

If you want honey,
You must have money,
So its money, money, money, everywhere.

Popular Song

"Put on old clothes," said my host in Johannesburg when he heard I was going down a mine. I put on my oldest. But the mine manager, fatherly and rather fat, cocked his eye at me in his cool office, and fished out blue overalls, trousers and jacket in one piece. I wriggled into them, buttoned the collar tight round my neck, wished I could have my photograph taken for my friends at home. I imagined myself saying casually, "Ah yes, had that done when I was going down a gold mine, on the Rand, you know." And the gentlemen of England who sit at home at ease would look at it respectfully, while my aunts would think admiringly what an adventurous dog I was.

Unfortunately I had taken no photographer with me. "Here," said the fatherly manager, tossing me a dirty old cap, as I stood before the glass. "Put that on. Ready?" We went across the

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yard. Flat-topped hills of shining white earth rose about us. Round tanks, like gasometers, towered above us. All sorts of machinery filled the air with all sorts of noises. "Steam no good," I heard shouted in my ear. "Going to scrap it. Use power instead." There is a vast electrical plant in Johannesburg. Some day it hopes to draw its energy from the Victoria Falls, nine hundred miles away. But the engineers must first learn how to lead the current without losing too much of it on the way. Possibly some form of wireless—who knows?

We have arrived at the top of the pit-shaft. The wheel is going round with that odd slow motion peculiar to wheels which work cages in mines of every kind. The cage is coming up. Here it is. Ugh! it is dripping wet. A drop falls on my neck in spite of my tightly-buttoned collar. All aboard? Ting-ting! Down we go into the darkness until the cage stops with a jerk. We step out into a large open space lit by arc lamps. Kaffirs as naked as you can be without being quite naked stand about, or push trucks along narrow gauge rails, or stalk off along the low-pitched "roads" shouldering iron bars. We take a road ourselves, the mine-captain leading, a handsome West-countryman, capable, friendly, a man accustomed to command. A good mine-captain gets £50 a month, and earns every shilling of it. Some have been miners. Some are trained engineers who

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find this pays them better than surveying. All are picked men.

We paddle along wet paths. I begin to wish the fatherly manager had lent me boots as well. One of mine goes into a pool, splosh! Then I hit my head against a pipe running across the roof, which is low enough, even without the pipe, to make us stoop as we walk. On and on, till movement becomes mechanical. I seem to have been plodding in these dim passages all my life, looking out for the electric lights and trying to avoid pools, hitting my head with rhythmic regularity. Every now and then there is an opening, and I see a cutting slope away downwards into darkness. That is where the gold-bearing reef has been worked.

After a while we come to one of these cuttings where there are voices and lights. They are working here. "Now then," says the manager. The mine-captain says nothing, but drops on his stomach and begins to wriggle his way down the slope. We must do the same. The roof of the cutting is only about three feet from the ground. My back and shoulders keep on hitting it, as I slither among the damp clay and loose shale. It is extremely uncomfortable. With the earth giving way beneath your feet, and the solid rock above squeezing down your head, it is like a nightmare.

The damp is artificial. Water is sprayed on to the workings as a precaution against phthisis, the

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disease which is caused by the inhaling of dust. The other conditions are natural, but I like them none the more for that. I have now ruined my other boot by tearing it upon a jagged rock-sherd. One of my hands is cut and bleeding. I am caked in mire. However, here we are at last.

Each under an electric light, four "boys" are driving shot-holes in the rock. They sit and work their iron bars like brown automata. Hammer, hammer, hammer! Some groan cheerfully, as they hollow out the cavities for the dynamite charges. One is talking wildly to himself. Hammer, hammer, hammer, never ceasing! When there are enough holes ready, the working will be cleared. The dynamite will be plugged in. An explosion will shake down more of the reef. The men with the trucks will clear it away. More shot-holes will be made, and so the process is repeated over and over again.

Another grovel over the sloping, sliding, loose shale and we come to a mechanical drill. This makes holes far more quickly, but the cost is greater. Those hand-drillers hammer, hammer, hammering their iron bars into the holes work for about £5 a month. The mechanical drills are supposed to be worked by white men, but, as a matter of convenience, they often let their black assistants manage them. Sometimes black men are even allowed to put in the dynamite. It is no use declaring that skilled work must be left to whites if in practice

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blacks are permitted by the whites themselves to do it.

Once more the passages. Somewhere a pump beats with regular muffled thud. Somewhere there are skips shooting up or rushing down making a rattle and a roar that begin and stop with curious suddenness. A little farther and we come upon the steep incline, up and down which these skips are working. About every thirty seconds they cross just where we are standing, one full going up, one empty coming down. Each disappears at once into impenetrable gloom; I feel like Dante in the Inferno. The fatherly manager is my Virgil. A *piova maledetta e fredda*, a rain accurst and cold, is falling on me, as it fell in the Third Circle. What a life the mine-captain must have led that he should be condemned to spend eternity down here!

A sharp ping-g-g of an electric bell. An empty skip stops before us. We pack in anyhow, feet and faces mixed up together, but all cheery and comfortable. Some infernal energy is applied to us and we shoot up to where the cage is waiting. Ouf! here is the daylight, the sunlight again. What a good place the upper world is! Thank Heaven I'm not a miner, black or white. I am glad to have gone down a gold mine once, but for any further visits my fee will be not less than twenty pounds.

Follow now the business of getting the gold out of the rock. As those sloping cuts are made into

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the reef, the fragments drop downwards, to be carried off along the lower passage—the cut slopes, you understand, from one “road” to another—and then further dropped to the bottom of the mine. Hence the skip whizzes them up the long incline. Then they are shot up again to the pit brow and dropped from a height into a shoot. This is one of the noises we could hear in the yard. Inside the sorting-room it is worse. Every few moments there is a deafening rattling roar as if the world had split asunder. I wonder if the Kaffir “boys” who stand inside the big crescent-shaped wooden table, picking out the pebbly ore which has gold in it, ever lose their hearing—or their power of speech. Happily for them, their nervous systems are not highly developed.

The worthless stuff being thrown out, the good rock travels on a moving band to a hopper where a pair of powerful jaws are waiting to grind it to a certain size. Until it is reduced to that size it cannot drop through.

Next, the small pieces of rock, scrunched small by those irresistible jaws go into a tube mill, a cylinder filled with other harder stones which grind them yet again. The hard stones had at first to be imported for the tube mills. Much money has been saved by using a local product. Sand the rock is now, and ready for the stamps, which do the final crushing. There are over a thousand stamps upon the Rand, and if you listen on a still night

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away over at Forest Hill or on the heights of Parktown, you can hear their thump, thump, thump quite plainly, as if the gnomes in the mountain were thumping to be let out.

Now look out for gold. As the sand comes from the stamps, it flows with water on to a pulsator-table, a table covered with mercury, which throbs and joggles about. To this "quicksilver," 50 per cent. of the gold in the ore sticks. There it is, glistening bright, the substance most sought after in the world. It was in this first process of sorting that thefts used to be practised on such a vast scale. Hundreds of thousands of pounds' worth used to be stolen and secretly disposed of every year. There are robberies still, but on nothing like the same scale. Six months' hard labour is the penalty for buying the stolen stuff; the seller may get five years or more.

With the mercury on the table the gold forms an "amalgam"; they are then separated by fire. The other 50 per cent. of gold is with the sand that has passed over the table. That must go to the cyanide vats which compel it to yield itself up.

In a quiet ground-floor room of another building there are a number of small tanks. They look like fish-hatchery tanks. The place strongly suggests an aquarium, and the tanks appear to be filled with seaweed. But that is not seaweed. That is tin shavings. The liquid from the cyanide vats is poured into these tanks, and the gold clings to the

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tin, which is fished out, put into a crucible and fired. Then presently you see a stream of gold come pouring out into a mould. Before we leave, the ingots have cooled down. "Would you care for one?" asks the fatherly manager. Have one by all means . . . *if you can carry it away.*"

As we walk back to the office I hear complaints of too little labour. After the war the natives would not work at all; that meant imported Chinese. Gradually they are being drawn to the mines, but there are still too few. "You should go and see the Native Labour Association Compound," advises the manager. So next day I present myself there.

On a big open space innumerable black men are sitting about, or lining up in a long queue to arrive at a little window where their passes are being stamped. These have only just come. Far away up country the Association has agents living lonely lives among native tribes, and making known the conditions of service. They send down from fourteen to fifteen hundred a month. The attraction is the good pay. By nine months' work the noble savage earns as much as he could scrape together at home in nine years. He can buy cattle, and with them provide the *lobolo* (purchase-money) for several wives.

He makes the journey in company with a troop of other recruits under the charge of a white man. They are fed on the way, and are supplied with



**NATIVE WOMEN ON THE VELD. HOW GREEK THEY
ARE IN MOVEMENT AND IN POSE!**

Photo by DUDLEY KIDD

THE
AFRICAN
ARTIST



A DANDY

Photo by DUDLEY KIDD

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flannel shirts and green jerseys. Below they wear short petticoats or kilts. That is when they arrive. Before they have been long on the Rand they begin to fancy themselves in European clothes ; and they go away, as a rule, resplendent in suits of tweed. In the Compound they stay for a few weeks till they have grown accustomed to the change of climate and been passed by the doctor as fit for work. The day I went there were as many as 8500 waiting to be drafted off to the mines, a very interesting collection. Many of them came from Portuguese East Africa and had scarcely ever seen white people. They did not seem to be at all impressed by us. They watched out of their large unthinking eyes and chattered among themselves, quite content to sit doing nothing in the sun all day ; nice healthy animals who in a short time will become unpleasant inferior men.

It was amusing to see their varied costumes. Many wore simply a blanket. The "bloods" among them could be distinguished by their tattooed faces, a great attraction to native ladies ; by filed teeth ; and by their peculiar style of hair-dressing—tight curls or rather sticks of hair all over their heads. The Compound was a pleasant place enough, roomy and well-kept, with a row of trees down the middle. The sleeping-places were clean and airy, too airy possibly for some of the natives accustomed to sleep six in a hut with no ventilation at all. I saw their food being prepared

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in a large tidy kitchen ; all materials of good quality ; care taken to make the best use of them. Their stew smelt excellent, and I tasted their "Kaffir beer," a slightly fermented liquor made of maize, which is food as well as drink, nourishing but not at first palatable. Yet many men have told me that after a hard day on the veld, a draught of it is a capital refreshment and pick-me-up.

In a yard which joined the Compound two or three hundred recruits were being taught to use drills (the iron bars I spoke of). Here was the hammer, hammer, hammer of the mine multiplied to infinity, and for the benefit of the visitor they brought their iron bars down on to their hammering blocks in unison, bringing at the same time rhythmical noises from their throats. These were the young bears with all their troubles before them (though I am bound to say it takes a great deal to trouble a Kaffir's mind). More entertaining still were the time-expired "boys" who were going home, and who trotted off to the railway station with their queer little tin boxes and bundles and blankets—full of belongings. One reminded me of the White Knight. He had so many oddments hung about his person for convenience of transport.

A tin box was opened to me. Its chief contents were rolls of coloured flannelette and cotton, no doubt presents for wives. There was also a cheese-cutter, which the black man was taking home for use as the head of a battle-axe. And in a corner

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was his little packet of money carefully tied up. "Shall you come back to the mines?" I asked him through an interpreter. "Yes, yes," was the answer, "come back next year." Life in the mine compounds has its attractions, and gradually a certain number of natives are acquiring the habit of work. It is upon this habit in the mass of people that civilisation is of necessity based.

CHAPTER XIII

PRETORIA

Formerly capital of the South African (Transvaal) Republic ; founded in 1855, named after Pretorius, first President of the Republic. From Johannesburg 46 miles ; from Cape Town 1008 miles ; 4474 ft. above sea-level. Population about 38,000

Meintje's Kopje, Meintje's Kopje,
Do the purple daisies grow
On your rugged slopes in springtime
As they did in years ago ?

F. E. Walrond

THE difference between Johannesburg and Pretoria is the difference between a modern city and an overgrown, old-fashioned village. Pretoria has some large buildings in the style which is labelled "handsome." It has some very fair shops in its one street. But the impression it leaves is that of a straggling, sleepy, untidy little town. It will be less untidy when the big Market Square is no longer an unkempt waste. It will become more compact as vacant "stands" (South African for sites) are occupied. But unless by a miracle its climate changes, it will continue, in summer at all events, to be sleepy. In a moist, warm atmosphere sleepiness is the natural state of man.

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Pretoria is in a hollow among hills. It is a delightfully green place. Luxuriant willows line the sidewalks, bearing witness to the damp soil. Flowers and fruits are grown with ease and abundance. But it has to pay for this. Its air is enervating. Activity is at a low ebb.

Up on the hill outside the town (to the left of the one street, as you journey towards the pretty quarters, Sunnyside, Arcadia, and Bryntirion, where "the best people" live) the new offices of the Union Government will look across the valley, and here one feels more fully awake. The winter, too, brings crisper, clearer weather. But Pretoria will have to struggle hard against its parochial beginnings if it is to deserve the honour of being South Africa's "administrative capital." It will also have to cheapen its standard of living. Its own prophets prophesy that. "So long as rents and the necessities of life cost in Pretoria nearly double what they cost in Cape Town, so long the tendency of every industry will be to drift towards the coast. The tendency of every administration, State or private, will be to concentrate on the spot where the work can be done cheaply." I take that from the *Pretoria News*.

That it is anxious to live up to its position is made clear by the ambitious schemes for a new post office, a new library, a new museum, and by the general agreement that the Church Square has been a disgrace too long. There are plans already

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for its amendment. On this square the new post office will stand. Already the Government buildings and the Law Courts face one another here, the former originally the meeting-place of President Kruger's Parliament. When they were built, some of the people of Pretoria were very bitter against the statue of Liberty which tops the central tower. They were not sure whom it was meant for. Some said Queen Victoria; others the Virgin Mary. It was equally objected to by both schools and a demand made for its removal. The statue had to be explained.

Already there is building on a scale which for Pretoria is most unusual. I saw in a shop-window of the long dusty road which leads from the railway station to Market Square a placard calling for bricksetters (we should call them bricklayers) and carpenters. White labour only is employed, though there are many who think that this rule will have to be relaxed, and rents brought down by cheaper black labour being used. This is strongly opposed, not only by the trade-unions, but by many who have no axe to grind and consider only the interest of the country. Here, for example, is an opinion from the *East Rand Express* :

“Should Pretoria once embark on a cheap coloured-labour policy it would affect the whole of the Transvaal in the most disastrous manner. It would be a thousand times better that the

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administrative capital and all the civil servants should go to Cape Town than that the white artisans and mechanics of this colony should be forced to other lands. What is the good of cheap houses if the country possesses no one to live in them, and this would assuredly result if skilled work became the preserve of the coloured man. On the Rand cheap coloured skilled labour is becoming increasingly prevalent, and to-day artisans' houses in Boksburg North are being constructed by coloured bricklayers. Could irony go further? The small landlord cutting his own throat by making it impossible for mechanics to live in the houses he is erecting by refusing to give them employment."

To this the reply of an able thoughtful man was worded thus: "In a very few months' time, say, at the most in a year or two, the trade-unions of this country will have to face the colour problem. They will have the alternative of refusing the coloured man admission to their unions, and facing the cut-throat competition which his lower standard of living will enable him to set up, or taking him into their unions and forcing him to demand for his labour trade-union rates. But the coloured man will not enter the trade-unions on those terms, because he knows that, other things being equal, employers of labour will employ white men instead of coloured. The coloured man will also fear local and national legislation against him. When the trade-unions

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invite him to come in, therefore, he will demand that they support his political aspirations as well as his industrial, and so long as the coloured man is able to work as well as the white, for less money, he will command the situation, and no white labour policy, or anti-colour laws, will prevent him eventually doing the work."

Thus the colour difficulty bobs up at every turn.

The magnificent block of new government offices—the designs, certainly, foreshadow magnificence, and beauty as well—would for years keep Pretoria's building trades busy, without any other works in hand. It was a glorious day when the Duke of Connaught declared the first stone well and truly laid; the view from Meintje's Kop, on the slope of which Herbert Baker's masterpiece will arise, was inspiring. The town lay in the hollow, dim in a golden haze. All around were the hill-tops. If Mr. Baker's plans and drawings, which I have studied, are realised, his noble pile will take a place naturally' among those green summits and not be starved by Nature's architecture.

For there will be in it a freedom, a freshness, a large harmonious simplicity akin to Nature herself. Terraces, colonnades, gardens, a sheet of water fed by a stream gushing out of the hill-side, an amphitheatre of vast proportions (to serve possibly as a public meeting-place), will lead the eye up the slope to where the buildings stand, majestic yet graceful;



**MR. HERBERT BAKER'S PLANS FOR THE NEW
GOVERNMENT OFFICES, PRETORIA**



HIS MAJESTY'S MAILS

Photo by DUDLEY KIDD

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and, still above them, will rise a Temple of Peace. The Union Government have shown no pinching anxiety to try and get a good thing cheap. The contracts for the buildings alone reach a total of £878,500. Not less than a million pounds will cover the whole expense.

In a flowery peroration to a paper on the new buildings read while I was in Cape Town before a learned society, Mr. William Lucas spoke raptuously of "the Kop of Meintjes ranking as a southern shrine for pilgrims of art, and adding to the theme of poet and painter." I thought he was probably forcing the note a little. But when I saw the designs and the site together I was infected with a like enthusiasm. I do believe that Pretoria will in days to come attract people who care for the beauty and dignity of builder's skill, not quite as the Acropolis draws us to Athens, but with the same magnet in a lesser degree—the appeal of a fine nature, stirred by worthy emotions, expressing itself through the first and greatest of the Arts.

Then Pretoria may become a capital, instead of what it is at present, a pretty provincial town.

CHAPTER XIV

OVER THE DRAKENSBERG

As I have travelled in your country I have seen the graves of British soldiers in many places, and very often these were side by side with those of Boers who had fought against them. Now both lie together in peace. Let us who live, live also in peace. *Mr. Chamberlain at Lichtenburg, 1903*

THE journey from Johannesburg to Durban begins with no hint of the horrors that are to come. You pass through spreading suburbs ; by mine chimneys and white mountains of refuse soil which has been deprived of its gold ; by native reservations of tin huts ; then on to the vast green veld. Away it rolls, flat as a pancake, to the distant hills.

It is restful to sit in a pleasant saloon and watch the featureless landscape. It is not dull ; it is soothing, although there is nothing to arouse interest or curiosity except the aeroplane birds, odd black creatures with long tails floating out behind them which look like miniature Antoinettes. They cannot fly much. They just skim for a dozen or so of yards and then drop. Their manner

OVER THE DRAKENSBERG

of rising is a frenzied wriggle. If you have not heard of them or seen them before, your first sight of one is puzzling. You think you have seen a giant tadpole, moving after the tadpole's wont. Then you think there must be something the matter with your eyes.

This unwieldy, cumbrous tail is a "courting appendage," and only afflicts the male birds. I do not pretend to understand it and I am still looking for a bird specialist who can explain it to me. I have even forgotten what the creatures are called. "Aeroplane birds" is merely my name for them. My own theory is that the males of this species are female-haters. Of their own will they would refuse to have anything to do with the annual process of pairing and love-making. So they are cursed every spring with these wretched tails which make them so helpless that the lady birds can catch them easily. I am not sure that a more apt name for them would not be "John Tanner birds," among those, at any rate, who recollect "Man and Superman," and who know their Bernard Shaw.

On the other hand the tail may be an ornament. The female birds may admire it. In either case the poor males compel sympathy. It is really fortunate for us men of to-day that women now outnumber us, and that it is no longer we who have to make ourselves attractive so as to secure brides. It would interfere so much with our habits

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and our business. Whereas the process of making themselves attractive so as to secure husbands is apparently not at all unpleasant to women ; indeed, in most cases quite the reverse.

About two hours from Johannesburg comes Heidelberg, a very pretty little town (as befits its name), nestling in a bower of green under the shelter of genial hills. Then, after another four hours or so, there is Standerton in the midst of wide grassy plains, on which cattle, sheep, and horses graze with great content. The last station in the Transvaal is Volksrust, growing quickly and already beginning to look quite like a town. It lies in a farming district of rich fertility : very good oats are grown hereabouts. Just across the border, only a few minutes' run, is Charlestown, the first place in Natal. If you want to climb Majuba Hill with its once bitter memories, now happily wiped out for ever by the union of Briton and Boer, you must get out here. A two hours' tramp will bring you to the top, and it will be plain to you how the British troops were caught on that fatal February morning in 1881.

The train goes round Majuba after running through the Laing's Nek tunnel, another name of gloomy associations. All this country is full of vague reminders of the war of 1881. Then downhill to the coal country, of which the centre is properly named Newcastle, a town that can boast, like its namesake, of healthy and invigorating air.

OVER THE DRAKENSBURG

Now there are names that stir more vivid recollections of another war, the most recent. Here is Glencoe, only a few miles from Dundee, where the first fighting in 1899 reddened British soil with Dutch and British blood. Then in quick succession Elandslaagte, Ladysmith (with Spion Kop only eighteen miles' drive), Colenso, the Tugela River, and Pieter's Hill, where the Boer force investing Ladysmith was at last pierced and broken.

All this while the country has been changing. Dim shapes of mountains are seen. Swift streams leap and gurgle by the railway-side. Instead of the flat veld we run through rocky gorges, panting ever upwards to the Drakensberg summits. The scenery becomes wild : a German would add, "and romantic." We are among the famous mountains of Natal. "Once seen never forgotten," they say. That, I can ruefully bear witness, is as true a word as ever was spoken. Up to the highest point, nearly five thousand feet, all is well. You notice that the line twists and turns unusually often ; writhing in and out among small hills in a serpentine, sinuous way. Houses and trees appear first on one side of the line, then on the other, shifting constantly. At night you see lights ahead, say, on the right ! "Ah," you think, "coming to some station." The lights disappear. "Surely not a tunnel." They reappear, and this time mingled with them you see the steam from the engine. They were the lights of the fore-part of the train,

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which is sometimes almost alongside the hinder coaches, so narrow are the curves.

But up to the point where descent begins, all, as I have said, is well. There is a good deal of jerky movement, but one can bear it. As soon, however, as the top of the pass has been reached and the train plunges downhill, you begin to understand why people never forget the mountains of Natal. The violent curves and the steep gradients acting together make the journey a horror, first of discomfort, then of apprehension, finally of downright nausea. The carriages swing and jolt and heave with most queasy effect. It is like being in the English Channel when wind meets tide and a choppy sea results. You wedge yourself into a corner of the carriage, but the moment your muscles relax you are shaken and jerked and battered again. Your head aches, your brow moistens, your lips are dry. . . . The rest is silence.

Why does Natal put up with such a line? The country is often accused of slackness, and surely they must be a slack folk who endure this journey. They talk about it quite casually. "Oh, yes; women are almost always sick. A good many men, too. Awful line, you know." Yet it remains. The story goes that a railway contractor undertook to make the line from the coast to the Transvaal border at so much a mile, and that, being allowed to make his own survey, he naturally made it as

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lengthy as he could! Here and there plans are drawn for improving it in places. But it can never be reformed more than indifferent well. It would be a little better if the coaches had two buffers each, one on either side, as in Europe. The South African trains are provided with only one buffer in the middle. The result of this is that they swing about much more. The two-buffer system would keep them a great deal steadier. Some day the South African railways will have also to alter their gauge. No great country can get along with narrow-gauge railways, upon which thirty miles an hour is a good speed and forty-five begins to be dangerous.

To appreciate the fine hilly scenery of Natal while one is trying to persuade oneself that one does not feel sick is difficult. But I saw it again as I came back, and that time I did not feel any qualms at all. The highlands of Natal have a delightful climate and can be cultivated to great advantage. They are also beautiful with varied charms. At this part of South Africa the steppes or plateaux, which I have described in the chapter on the Karroo, and which in Cape Colony are, each of them, vast in extent, narrow down to terraces. Thus in an hour or so from Durban, which is subtropical, you can get into a cool, invigorating atmosphere, as different as any atmosphere could be from the warm, depressing dampness you left behind. In winter, even on the coast, the con-

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ditions are as nearly perfect as can be found in this imperfect world. There is a rush to Durban from Johannesburg, beginning in May and June. All the hotels are full. Rooms are booked eight or nine months ahead. Possibly Trouville and Etretat might smile at the "gaiety" of Durban's season, but it is the gayest thing of the kind in South Africa.

Between Durban and Pietermaritzburg (which is a nice quiet little country town, with the usual pleasant club and unexciting local life) there are many woods of black wattle trees. Planting wattles is a profitable industry. The bark is used in the process of dressing leather, and the timber will pay, too, in time. Great flocks of sheep are another feature of the fine landscape. Wood and coal are the chief exports of Natal; and do not let us forget that she provides a large quantity of coal for the Navy as her contribution—a small one, but an earnest of more to come in future—towards Imperial Defence.

The province will be much more attractive to settlers if an agitation which is going on now succeeds in getting the huge undeveloped estates, which hinder the country's progress, broken up and divided into small plots for immediate sale. These estates are being held up for a rise in the price of land. Some of them belong to companies, ironically called "colonisation" companies, in England. Their idea of colonisation is to keep their land as it

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is until they can sell it at a good profit, or else to let it in the meanwhile to Indians, who just scratch a living out of it. That sort of company is no good either to Natal or to the Empire. Indeed, it does harm.

In the mountains above Durban there is an estate of this kind—six thousand acres of it. It lay idle, useless, until some one succeeded in buying two hundred acres, which he cut up into plots, building upon them country houses for Durban people. The fertility of this soil is amazing. Vegetables and flowers both grow very easily. One man bought three shillings' worth of sweet pea seed, and cleared a profit of £27 in one summer by selling the flowers it produced. So there is no doubt that, if small farms were advertised for sale and settlers attracted, the prosperity of the province could be vastly increased by making things grow in greater quantity and far greater variety than they grow now. Most of the cultivation at present is done by Indians—but I think the Natal Indians must have a chapter to themselves.

CHAPTER XV

THE INDIANISATION OF NATAL

They are representative of a civilisation older than our own, and the centuries of heredity which this implies have evolved thoughts which are not our thoughts, and ways which are not our ways. Hence . . . we have to choose between exclusion and extinction of our own type of civilisation. *Sydney Morning Herald*, August 27, 1910

As you run down the steep winding-slopes of the Drakensberg, you might think, as you look out of the window, that you were in the East. There are Indians working everywhere. Far more Indians than natives. Scarcely any white people at all. Two olive-skinned Madrassis squat beside a plough in the sunshine. There is one humping along the road, a chilly Parsee probably, with overcoat and umbrella! See those slender women in bright-coloured veils carrying loads upon their heads. It is an English-looking country. Rolling downland, potato fields, little woods, rose hedges. But it might be, you feel it ought to be, India.

The same impression is repeated when you get to Durban. Just outside the station is the big

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square full of palms, waving gracefully against the blue, and with gleaming white buildings around it. There are Indians on the seats in the public garden. Groups of dark Indian young men, in spectacles and tarbush, chatter volubly as they stroll about among the magnolias. Slim Indian wives, with large lustrous eyes and silver anklets, which tinkle as they walk, exquisite in their simple tightly drawn draperies, are shepherding herds of almost naked toddlers. You might be in Calcutta or Madras. In the poorer parts of the town nearly all the names in shops are Indian. That is so in Maritzburg too; and wherever there is a store out in the country the chances are three to one it will be kept by an Indian trader. On the tea plantations the labour is mainly Indian. Many work on farms, on sugar estates, in coal-mines, in the wattle woods, where trees are grown for bark, a most profitable industry.

Fifty years ago Natal wanted labour. Her climate, damp and hot all the summer, warm and bright all the winter, was not unlike the climate of India. She induced 1184 Indians to indenture themselves as workers on the plantations. That was the thin end of the wedge which is now causing all the trouble. To invite Asiatics into a country is very simple. To get them out again is a task passing the wit of man—unless the period of service is strictly limited, as it was in the case of the Chinese miners on the Rand; and unless the con-

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tract contains a clause, after the Rand pattern, enforcing the return of the indentured labourers to the place whence they came. From that small beginning with 1100 in 1860 the number of Indians in Natal has now swelled to 180,000. The whites in the province, remember, only amount to some 90,000. They are largely outnumbered by the Indians already.

Naturally the whites who employ labour find this state of things very much to their taste. The indentured coolie from India gets ten shillings a month. "The tea and sugar plantations could not go on without Asiatics," says Sir Liege Hulett, the "father of the tea-planting industry in Natal." Hulett's teas, advertised so widely, would cease to be grown—according to their grower. One can understand his point of view, but it is also possible to feel with the white people in Natal who are sellers, not buyers, of labour, and who are up against the perennial problem of cheap Asiatics. For a long time the world of white people has felt local twinges of this ailment, but has paid little attention to them. Soon it is going to develop into a serious complaint.

To the coolie labour the people of Natal do not so much object. They do not want to do the hard work of production. No white man in South Africa does. He is accustomed to having it done for him by natives or Indians. Besides the coolie is without ambition, a patient bearer of his lot in that state of

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life into which it has pleased God to call him. But the Arabs, the Mahommedans, have pushful ways. They want to get on. As traders they display a positive genius for small shopkeeping. They can live comfortably "on the smell of an oil-rag." It is they who are objected to—very much indeed. Thirteen years ago, soon after Natal had been given self-government, there was almost a revolution. Two shiploads of Indians arrived at Durban. They were brought by Arab speculators at ten shillings a head, about the cheapest voyage on record. The idea was that they should go about the country selling goods that were to be supplied to them. But the population of Durban rose, as that of Cape Town had risen many years earlier when it was proposed to land transported convicts there. The Government were overawed.

It was at this time that the licence system was introduced. Nowadays to enter Natal as a free man an Indian must be able to read and write some European language. But this does not by any means get rid of the difficulty. It is not the free Indians who are the bugbear, but those who come in under indentures and will not either return or reindenture when their period of service is over. The Government have tried taxing them heavily. In addition to ordinary taxation every free Indian has to pay £3 a year for a licence. This is an attempt to make them go back to India, and it has had some effect. But in good years wages rise;

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they can afford to pay their £8, and stop. Efforts have also been made to get indentures drawn so that they should not expire until the labourer had left the country. But to that the Indian Government will not agree.

The position is this, then. Either Natal will have to reconcile itself to a continual increase of Indians, or else to do without any further supplies of cheap labour from this source. The Indian Government has now stopped any further recruiting of Indians for work in Natal. That happened in January 1911, and it is significant that this action was hailed by all classes in Natal, except the class which employs Indians largely, with satisfaction. A few concessions would, no doubt, induce the Indian Government to allow emigration as before, but those concessions would have to include the right of the emigrant to remain in the country. The alternative is for Natal to make its natives work. There are a million of them, against the 90,000 whites and the 180,000 Indians. The tea and sugar planters say they cannot be relied upon. They are always wanting to go home to their kraals. Steady, continuous work is something the Kaffir does not yet understand. His idea is to work for a time and then live on the money he has earned, doing nothing until it is gone. Another plea put in by the planters is that the Transvaal takes away a large number of Natal's natives to work in the gold-mines. But the number is only some 65,000

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... out of a million ! The other provinces naturally say, " If we have to get along without Asiatic cheap labour, so must you."

The Transvaal, in particular, is very bitter against Indians, and against Natal for passing them on. They get across the border in spite of regulations, and they soon begin, with the perseverance and endurance of their race, to make fortunes in a small way. The Transvaal does not want them. They have made this clear in a manner which even to some Englishmen seems rather brutal. Here is a British view of the action which General Smuts and the late Government of the Transvaal took. Their action has been called "senseless," and the epithet was defended thus :

"We call the treatment referred to senseless, because it serves no practical object. The passive resisters are agreeable that we shall regulate Indian or Asiatic immigration ; as to the importation of indentured labour they desire its total prohibition. All the concession they ask as to the numbers and description of immigrants who may enter is that not more than six professional men of their race—doctors, lawyers, literati or clergy—may be allowed ingress in any one year. On the intrinsic concession General Smuts has never made any difficulty, only he stipulates that the six immigrants or less must take up their residence under ticket-of-leave conditions—that is to say, they must be liable to deportation at any instant on the order of

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a Government official and without the right of appeal to the magistrate. And this spirit breathes through the whole of his Government's policy in regard to the British Indians.

“Not content with blocking Indian immigration, they insist on excluding Indians under an Act which brands the whole nation as ‘undesirables.’ Our law-book insults under this appellation the rajahs of the Indian States, the Indian members of the Indian Legislative Council, the learned and professional classes of India, the Indian soldiers whose valour has extended and helps to maintain our Empire, and such Indians as those stretcher-bearers whose brave ministry to our troops in the war we have commemorated by a monument on the highest hill overlooking Johannesburg. These classes of Indians are branded by objectionable epithet quite as much as the coolie and trading classes whom we specially wish to exclude. As to these classes, the passive resisters say: ‘Exclude them if you wish, but do it by Governor's regulations applicable to undesirables of all nationalities. Use the non-insulting precaution which the rest of the Empire finds adequate; don't affix a stigma to a particular race whose civilisation, in its different way, is the equal of yours.’

“What the issue between the Government and the passive resisters is cannot be too clearly stated. Both sides agree to the restriction—the virtual total prohibition—of future immigration, but the

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Government wants the prohibition plus insult ; the passive resisters will only submit to it minus insult. They are martyrs who refuse to register under a law which puts a stigma on their manhood and their race."

These "passive resisters" are Indians, captained by a clever and pertinacious Hindu gentleman called Gandhi, who refuse to pay their taxes as a protest against the treatment of their countrymen which they consider unjust. They even go to prison and suffer, in some cases, hardship and contumely, for their cause. Of course, they make the most both of their own sufferings and of the harshness with which Indians generally are meeting in the Transvaal. A case of a boy refused leave to remain with his parents in South Africa was being actively used to work up sympathy while I was in Johannesburg. It certainly seemed to be a hard case. Mr. Gandhi gave this account of it:

"The boy is the son of Mr. A. E. Chotabhai, a prominent Indian merchant of Krugersdorp. His name is inscribed upon his father's registration certificate. On attaining the age of sixteen years, he applied for registration on his own behalf under the Act. He entered the colony as a minor with his father and with the knowledge and consent of the authorities, as he had a legal right to do under the Immigrants Registration Act. His application was rejected by the Registrar. He appealed to

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the magistrate, who upheld the Registrar's decision, and ordered his immediate removal from the province, which was suspended pending proceedings in the Supreme Court. The matter went before Justice Wessels in Chambers, who characterised the action of the Government as 'inhuman,' but decided that the Act did not provide for the registration of such boys, and therefore dismissed the application. The motion went on appeal before the full bench, which by a majority upheld Justice Wessels' decision."

Now that is, as I have admitted, a hard case. But hard cases notoriously make bad law. In this instance the mistake appears to have lain in enforcing the law inopportunely. That the law will be altered in favour of Indians I do not believe. It may, it ought to, be administered less offensively. But the Transvaal has quite made up its mind about Indians. It will not have them coming in any more beyond the permitted six a year.

It is easy for sentimental people at Home to pump up indignation over such an attitude. It is easy to declare rhetorically that Indians are our fellow countrymen. It is not true, but the words have a plausible sound. Indians are not, in any sense, our fellow countrymen. They are not even our fellow subjects. They are subject to us. Both of us acknowledge the sovereignty of the British Crown, but we are members of a free monarchy and they are subject by right of sword.

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No one can possibly speak with any right to be heard on this topic unless they have lived among Asiatics. The notion that all races ought to be treated equally in all countries is born of empty logic. Experience leads to a different conclusion. What that conclusion is Australia has told us, British Columbia has told us, South Africa has told us.

“In a white man’s country the black and brown and yellow races ought only to be allowed to do work that white people do not want to do. As competitors they are not to be tolerated; their needs are smaller; their standards are lower; their methods are meaner.”

That is the Transvaal view; it is the view of almost all people who have lived in countries which whites have shared with black or yellow or brown. It is likely to be the view of the white races generally as soon as they realise the danger they are in from the pressure of the others.

As to enforcing it, that can only be done so long as the whites keep up their unity, their power, and their prestige. This, the Transvaal people are resolved to do. They see that they must nip off the danger-shoots in good time. Natal let them grow too long. Now they have grown into branches which are too big to be lopped away. The Transvaal refuses to be “Indianised” after the manner of Natal.

And although one may respect the Indian

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Passive Resisters and even feel for them, no one who knows the differences between white standards of living and those of other races can doubt that the Transvaal is right. I am not saying that white standards are better. I draw no comparison. The very fact that they are different justifies any country which wants to remain a white man's country in keeping Asiatics out of competition with white men. For do not let us deceive ourselves. The Asiatic is bound to win.

Natal has found it out and wants to keep the coolies in their places as labourers. The Transvaal has found it out and wishes to have no Indians at all. San Francisco has found it out. British Columbia has found it out. When the white races realise that they are fighting for their existence, they may find it out too.

CHAPTER XVI

DURBAN

Named after Sir Benjamin d'Urban, a famous Governor. 1271 miles by rail from Cape Town, 823 by sea; 483 from Johannesburg. Population about 65,000, nearly half Europeans. Hotel: Marine

Were my heart as some men's are, thy errors
would not move me!
But thy faults I curious find, and speak because
I love thee.

DURBAN is the Brighton of South Africa, with a dash of Coney Island, a hint of Liverpool, a sniff of Calcutta, and a seasoning of the Tropics thrown in.

Perhaps it would give a better idea of the place to say there are several Durban. There is Pleasure-Resort Durban which you see on the Ocean Beach at bathing-time, or in the evening under the careful chaperonage of strong electric light. There is Shipping Durban down at the Point where the docks are. There is Business Durban up in West Street. There is Indian Durban in the Coolie Market on Covey Street by the Mosque, where, if you have not yet been to India, you get the nearest thing to it. And there is, for all who have eyes to see it with, picturesque, cosmopolitan Durban; the Durban

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of strange tongues and mixed races ; the Durban of wonderful hothouse flowers blooming in the moist, warm, conservatory air ; the Durban of rickshaws and grenadillas and magnolias ; subtle and exotic in flavour, like some curious yet delicate liqueur. .

The Point will be a good place to start from in our survey of the town. Stand looking out across the Indian Ocean, which lies glittering and heaving gently under brilliant morning sunshine. This is the way the liners come in from Australia and New Zealand ; from the Far East and India ; from England, either by way of the Cape, or through the Suez Canal and down the East Coast. From the Cape the voyage takes four or five days, and is often made uncomfortable by a heavy roll. It is interesting, for it gives one a day ashore, both at Port Elizabeth and at East London. But unless you are a good sailor and indifferent to rolling, it is hardly worth while. A voyage up the East Coast, on the other hand, now that the Union-Castle Line has begun to run regular steamers in competition with the Germans, ought to form part of every trip to South Africa. It would be harder to plan an easier, more varied, or more restful two months' tour than :

1. To Cape Town by sea.
2. From Cape Town to Kimberley, Johannesburg, and Durban by train.

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8. From Durban to England, touching at Delagoa Bay, Beira, Zanzibar, Mozambique, Mombasa, Aden, Suez, Port Said, Naples, and Marseilles.

This would take you all round Africa, show you the principal towns of the Union, and allow you, if time were no object, to extend your travel not only into Rhodesia, but also up the Uganda Railway, to see what Britain is doing in East Africa as well.

If there were a direct coast-line of railway between Durban and Cape Town, the journey would only take some thirty hours. There will be such a line before long. Already a good deal of it is in existence. The scattered pieces need connecting up, and the whole would then have to be straightened out a little. But it is a work which must be done soon, and the new Union Railway Department are thinking about taking it energetically in hand. At present the journey between the chief towns of Cape Colony and Natal takes three days. You have to go either through Johannesburg or through Bloemfontein. The second route is the shorter in distance, but it takes, as a rule, longer to go that way. Johannesburg is the centre for fast services and comfortable trains.

Here is a liner coming in now ; we are still at the Point. The entrance to the harbour, a land-

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locked lagoon, is narrow, but, once inside, the anchorage is snug and safe, while the docks offer every kind of convenience to every kind of ship. They are under a progressive management, which at this moment (1911) is constructing fifteen hundred feet of new quays. Coaling is done by the latest mechanical means. There are ranges of sheds that will hold 100,000 tons of freight goods. A floating and a huge graving dock offer every facility for repairs. Dredging goes on constantly to keep the anchorage deep. Durban is a port thoroughly well equipped and increasing its business all the time.

Turn now and walk by the side of the lagoon which runs along one side of the town ; the lagoon which is also called the Bay. Across on the other shore the wooded hills are drowsing in the heat. But there is almost always a little breeze from the Ocean. Looking down from the fine Esplanade you can see huge jelly-fish, shaped like open umbrellas and exquisitely coloured, floating in the warm clear water. Big palm-trees wave their arms to shade you. Faint tropical scents mingle with the salt air. Yachts flash whitely as they tack across the shining Bay.

It is scarcely the weather for walking. Take a rickshaw, and let the big Zulu who draws it run you along the whole length of the Esplanade. His costume makes up in splendour for what it lacks in quantity. His legs almost up to the thighs are

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bare; patterns in white are daubed on his black skin. His torso is mostly bare, too, except for strings of gaudy-coloured beads. But his head-dress is most elaborate. He wears a pair of horns, and his hair is dressed with a mass of feathers. That is the regular attire for rickshaw-men. Just as Paris coachmen wear shiny tall hats, and the St. Petersburg *isvostchiks* flat "toppers" and a kind of dressing-gown, padded out grotesquely and tied round with a cord, so the natives who pull one about in Durban and in Maritzburg have their uniform dress, but with a little more room left for the exercise of individual fancy.

The Esplanade is bordered by important buildings, among them the Club and the principal hotel. If you turn up the street which runs between these you come in a few hundred yards to the big square, a green pleasaunce of lawns and flower-beds and luxuriant tropical trees. Here is the new Town Hall, the pride of Durban. The inhabitants forget, while they gaze in admiration at its massive whiteness, topped by a great dome of good design, that it cost them close on £800,000. Next door is the old Town Hall, now the post office. For a population not exceeding 80,000 white people, with about as many natives and Asiatics, this town has the finest public buildings in the world.

In its domestic architecture Durban is less distinguished. Board an electric tramcar at the Town Hall and ride through the streets where the

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well-to-do whites live, mostly on the Berea, a range of hills behind the town with glorious views over the harbour and the ocean far out to sea. The note that the villas strike is the note of comfort rather than the note of taste. After the Herbert Baker houses in the charming suburbs of the Rand they seem commonplace.

Fortunately one can see little of the actual houses. They are swathed in richly flowering creepers; they are bowered in gardens of luscious profusion. Blossoms of every brilliant hue delight the eye. Ferns in damp corners grow with a vivid greenery and to a size unimaginable at Home. Every house of any size has its tennis-court. The life of Durban is a life of prosperous ease. There are few very rich people, but the average of well-being is high. You can imagine yourself settling down here to enjoy life on a moderate income, and soon forgetting that you ever wanted anything beyond material satisfactions to make your pleasure in existence complete.

The Scotch are in force more or less all over South Africa, but most of all in Durban. They have made it, and made Natal. Somehow the Natal Scotsman, with all his estimable qualities, his thrift, his business energy, his perseverance, his public spirit, is not an inspiring figure. His mind is severely practical. Natal has had a good deal of trouble with its natives, who do not seem to find the Scotsman sympathetic. "We can only

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make the black fellows respect us by the sjambok (whip)," the Boer is apt to say; and the Scotsman is apt to agree with him.

The native has had a harder time in Natal than elsewhere. You hear of them being struck at for not saluting or not getting out of the way. You hear of magistrates treating them more severely than they treat white offenders. For example, a native and a white man were charged with the same offence—moving cattle without a permit. The one was merely cautioned; the other fined. A prison overseer was dismissed not long ago for striking a black prisoner for a slight fault, not a fault of insubordination. These are incidents to be considered for what they are worth. I do not mean to suggest that they are common. But they do occur more often in Natal than elsewhere.

There is a class of business known in Natal as Native Labour Agencies. I have explained in an earlier chapter how there is an association in Johannesburg, supported by the big mining houses, which recruits "boys" for the mines; the work which it does is fair and humane: its recruits are well treated. But there are agencies which aim at working as much out of the natives as they can. There is an old Scotsman in Natal who is reputed to make £20,000 a year by sending "boys" up to the Transvaal. Not only is he paid by the mines to which they are sent: he also makes his profit out of the poor black, who is given a sovereign

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to go up to the Rand with, and has to pay back from £8 to £5 in instalments, which are deducted from his wages by an agent who receives them on his behalf.

Naturally the relations between black and white have been sometimes strained in Natal. The whites are not sure enough of their position. They remember angrily such words as those spoken by Mr. Justice Beaumont, judge of the Supreme Court, before a Royal Commission: "I think that Natal will never be a white man's country." Thus, when they are moved to strike, they strike wildly and viciously. Of course Mr. Justice Beaumont was wrong. Natal *is* going to be a white man's country, if white men are offered reasonable attractions in the way of land. But the old fear and doubt still rankle. There was fighting with the natives in 1906, and it left a stain upon Natal's character. Volunteers from the Transvaal went home sickened at the slaughter. I have heard them speak of it with indignation.

There are many, too, who contend that the Zulus rose in 1906 because they thought the authorities were not dealing squarely with them. Against individual whites who practised "slim" methods they felt some natural indignation: as, for example, the "clever" trader who, when mealies went up to a pound a bag just before the war, hurried out and bought all he could from the natives at ten shillings a bag before they heard of

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the rise. Such mean advantage taken of their ignorance made the Zulus distrustful. When they found, or thought they found, that the Government was trying to impose upon them as well, they grew desperate. It was a bad business, which could probably have been avoided by kindly explanations and common sense. One can only hope it will never be repeated, though "negrophilists" did prophesy to me another native rising within five years. But there is very little likelihood of that: none at all if the natives are treated with common justice and consideration.

Now, imagine yourself back at the Point. We have seen the esplanade and lagoon. We have admired the Town Hall and its delightful green square. We have been among the villas on the Berea, and we have come back through the wide business and shopping streets. We take a car from the Town Hall in an easterly direction and a few minutes' quick travelling brings us to the Ocean Beach.

The big powerful rollers, so quiet in their strength, are breaking on the sand. To battle among them you need to be a strong swimmer. But there is a bathing enclosure, cleverly contrived. Here there is no risk either of being battered by the breakers or of being eaten by a shark. After your bathe you can sun yourself on the lawns which come down close to the sea, or you can indulge yourself in a switchback railway ride,

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a turn on roller skates, or a shake-up in one of those uncomfortable pastimes, the wiggle-waggle, or the joggle-joggle, or the slither-slother, which appear to have been invented in order to give young women opportunities to clasp young men round the neck in public without losing their self-respect.

It is characteristic of Durban, so industrious, so pious itself, that it should provide abundantly the distractions craved for by its frivolous guests. It has a keen eye for the main chance.

CHAPTER XVII

RHODES'S HERITAGE

Living he was the Land, and dead
His soul shall be her soul.

Rudyard Kipling

I HAPPENED to be outside a big London railway station about nine o'clock one morning soon after I returned from Africa. The stream of young men coming to their work, thousands of them, all with pale faces, dressed in the same ugly clothes and hats, depressed me. They looked so grey and hopeless and uninterested.

They would go to their offices and sit on their stools all day. At night they would go home a little greyer, a little less interested. Every day they would go through the same routine, until one morning they would look into their glasses and see that they were old, old before their time. Old without having lived. Old without having seen the great free open spaces of the world. Old after wasting their youth, like rabbits in a dark stuffy cage.

My thoughts went back to the young men I had seen in Rhodesia only a few weeks before. Instead

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of gloom they had blue sky and glorious sunshine over their heads. Instead of ugly black clothes with hard knobby little "bowlers," they wore a natural costume, a shirt and a pair of trousers and a large shady felt hat. They had big shoulders and deep chests, bronzed faces and cheery laughing eyes. They were on good terms with the world and nature, because they were following the natural occupation of man—making things grow.

Now here is a curious situation. Rhodesia wants men. London has too many of them. There, they would have plenty of room. Here, they get in one another's way. I am always hearing complaints of the lowness of wages in England. "My boy," said a mother to me recently, "has been in the same office for twelve years, and only gets 30s. a week." Why is that?

The boy, as she called him—he is thirty, as a matter of fact—is a good clerk, honest, careful, hardworking. But there are hundreds of thousands like him. The firm which employs him could fill his place without the slightest difficulty at any moment. Plenty of clerks would be found to do his work for even less money. That is why clerks' pay is low. It is a hard-and-fast rule that wherever there are ten jobs and nine people, wages will be high. Ten people and nine jobs make them low.

The growth of a country's population depends upon the poverty or wealth of that country. Poor

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countries, like Scotland, are sparsely populated. Rich countries, like Belgium, are well-filled.

England in the "forties" and "fifties," up to the "eighties" even, was manufacturing for the world. Her wealth multiplied exceedingly. Her population increased accordingly. She was able to find work for more and more every year. She thought she would always be in that position. Now she sees that she made a mistake. Rival manufacturing nations have sprung up and become keen competitors. We have now more people than we can find work for. That is why there are always unemployed in England. Yes, always—not only when they are marching in procession, holding demonstrations; not only when there are debates about them in Parliament, but all the time.

Yet all this while there are vast regions of the Empire where they have not enough people. Canada for many years to come will have room and to spare. Australia is asking for settlers at last. Rhodesia, above all, offers great opportunities to those who can command a little capital and would rather have an open-air, healthy, useful life in a new country than a monotonous parasitical existence, haunted by the fear of falling out of work.

Most people know that Rhodesia is a country which lies to the north of the Union of South Africa. But very few indeed realise how big it is or how fine a climate it has. Put the British Isles,

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England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales together ; Rhodesia is a good deal bigger than the whole lot. Travel from London to Inverness and back, then there and back again. Rhodesia has as much railway line as you will have travelled over, more than two thousand miles. Not bad for a country which was entirely in the hands of savages until twenty-one years ago.

When the history of the nineteenth century is finally written by some future Gibbon, describing perhaps the rise and fall of the British Empire, one of the famous names in its roll of honour will be that of Cecil Rhodes. Rhodes was one of those men born with unusual power in them whose restless energy spurs them on to make great changes in the world. Such a man was Julius Cæsar. Such a man was Napoleon. Such a man was Bismarck. What their power, what their restlessness are due to, no one knows. They are bred usually of a commonplace, steady-going stock. As a rule they owe little or nothing to their education. There is some kink in their brains, or some excess of energy in their blood, which spurs them on to efforts that the normal man never dreams of. And generally they feel the voice early in life. Even while he was still at Oxford Rhodes was thinking hard about the British Empire.

If only we had more young men to-day thinking about their country as well as about the latest musical comedy or next Saturday's football match !

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Most people have no conception of what the Empire means. To Rhodes it was a splendid reality, a noble heritage, a great instrument for tidying-up and making use of the waste places of the earth. That is what it should be to all of us. It was the proudest boast of the ancient world to be able to say: "I am a citizen of Rome." It should be equally our pride to say: "I am a British subject."

Think what it means. It means: "I belong to the race which has subdued and civilised more than half the world. My kinsmen own the whole of the North American Continent. My flag flies over Australia and large parts of Africa. My king is Emperor of 800 millions of people in India. Wherever I travel I find the British name respected, the word of a Briton freely taken, the English language making its way."

That was how Rhodes felt, and his great desire was to do something for the Empire which had done so much for him. He went out to South Africa because his lungs were weak, and he chanced upon Kimberley just at the time when diamonds had begun to be found in large quantities there. He set to work to make money. He saw he needed money for his Imperial schemes. He wanted power; and he wanted money, because to a certain extent money is power. Money is no use without ideas behind it, without a steady will behind it, without a man behind it.

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But money in the hands of Cecil Rhodes, who cared nothing for it himself, whose own personal wants were few and simple, who only needed it for what it could do—in his hands money became power. Among other things it helped him to add this vast territory of Rhodesia to the British Empire. It enabled him to fit out the expedition which hoisted the Union Jack at Salisbury in 1890. From that date the Imperial history of Rhodesia begins.

Only 1890! Only twenty-one years ago! Never was a country more rapidly developed. In twenty-one years two thousand miles of railway. In twenty-one years a settled government. In twenty-one years fine townships, with banks, public buildings, clubs, hotels. This could not have been but for the money that Rhodes made.

There was something else needed besides money, however. That something was a man on the spot. Rhodes could not be that man; he had work in Cape Colony. Everything depended upon his finding the right man. He found him in Dr. L. S. Jameson, now Sir L. S. Jameson, a baronet of the United Kingdom, better known in South Africa as "The Doctor" or "Dr. Jim."

He was a doctor at Kimberley when Rhodes was making his fortune. They were friends and shared a house. Jameson became an enthusiast for Rhodes's scheme. When Rhodes asked him if he would go to the Matabele King, Lobengula,

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and try to secure a "concession" for a company to work the country, he threw up his practice (worth, so it is said, £10,000 a year), and started within twelve hours.

He secured the concession by curing Lobengula of gout. The British South African Company was formed, with a Royal Charter permitting them to administer the territory "conceded." Then Jameson led a small column of five hundred men into the country; managed to avoid any fighting, although the Matabele were decidedly hostile; and planted the British flag where Salisbury now stands.

But that is not the whole of Rhodesia's debt to "The Doctor." He took over the office of Administrator and organised the government upon a firm basis. When the Matabele rose, in anger at being prevented from harrying a weaker race, the Mashonas, as they had been accustomed to do, Dr. Jameson raised a force of a thousand settlers and crushed the revolt. After this achievement he was one of the most famous men in the Empire. He came to London and lectured on Rhodesia, the Prince of Wales presiding. He had made himself an enduring place in history.

Then came the Jameson Raid, and for the moment all his fame crumbled away. For a time his ability found no outlet. Then he went into politics at the Cape, and, starting afresh, made a second career which led him to the Premiership

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of Cape Colony. He was thus unable to play any further direct part in the development of the country he loved. But he never ceased to give counsel and guidance to those who had taken up his work there.

The Chartered Company which has governed it so ably and with so much enterprise was infected with his and with Rhodes's enthusiasm. For many years they were sneered at. "As soon as they stopped spoon-feeding it," people said, "the country would collapse. There were no minerals. It was no good for farming. It was no good at all."

Now the sneerers are silenced. Many mining engineers think that there is as much gold in Rhodesia as on the Rand, which turns out thirty million pounds' worth a year. Cattle breeders say it has a great future as a stock-raising country. Experts in dairy-farming have declared that it can produce the finest cheese and butter in the world. All kinds of crops are flourishing. It has turned the corner. Every year its value to the Empire becomes more certain.

No wonder Cecil Rhodes is looked up to all over South Africa almost as a god. His tomb in the lonely Matoppo Hills is a place of pilgrimage. On a rocky summit lies a plain slab with his name upon it. Away as far as the eye can reach stretch the irregular granite hills, in a formation like a heavy sea frozen suddenly into stone. In between the huge billows of rock lie quiet green valleys, like troughs of the giant waves.

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Sometimes it is all sunny and peaceful, all blue and gold. But more impressive still are the hours when dark rain-clouds hang low and threatening. From their gloomy depths flash vivid distant lightnings. Deep rolls of thunder reverberate with muffled roar from peak to peak. Moved by the weird beauty and the solemn associations of this world's view, you feel, "Here is the fitting spot for a hero's tomb." You can imagine Rhodes's spirit brooding still amid the turmoil of Nature, the roar of Heaven's artillery, over the land he won from savagery to add it to the dominions of the British Crown.

In Bulawayo, in Cape Town, in Kimberley, there are statues of Rhodes. High up on the side of Table Mountain there is a memorial to him, the "Physical Energy" statue by G. F. Watts, R.A. In every club you go into you find either a portrait or a bust of him. All who worked with him or for him speak with affection and admiration of his great ideals, his power of thought, his driving force, his simplicity of character, his kindness, his generosity.

Well, he has left us this goodly heritage, called after him, Rhodesia. Its future depends upon whether we appreciate it or not. That it will be filled up some day is beyond all question. As the number of people in the world increases, the area from which they draw their food supplies must be enlarged also. That is why the fertile

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prairies of Canada have been cultivated, which twenty-five years ago were laughed at as waste lands.

Mr. Labouchere said in *Truth* that if the Canadian Pacific Railway were ever finished it would run through a country "about as forbidding as any on the face of the earth!" Now that railway company is the greatest corporation in the world, and two other railways have been laid from West to East to carry off the golden grain which ripens on those sun-steeped fields where, it was said, nothing could ever by any possibility be made to grow.

In twenty-five years from now, Rhodesia, like Canada, will be sending out food for the world in vast quantities. The question is whether the people who breed its cattle and raise its crops shall be British or not.

The actual tending of the beasts and the actual tilling of the soil will be done, to a very great extent, by the natives. That is what makes Rhodesia different from Canada. In Canada any man with a strong back and a good appetite for work can make a living as a labourer. But in Rhodesia the labourers are black. White people are wanted to manage and direct rather than to dig and plough themselves, though on many small farms the owner does a great deal of actual sowing and gathering, while he must be frequently among his cattle to see that they are doing well.

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A man can go to Canada with nothing in the way of capital. To settle with good prospect of success in Rhodesia he needs from £1000 to £1500. That sounds discouraging in many ears, no doubt. But what do we find? Many fathers or mothers could well spare as much as £1500 to start their sons in life. That mother I mentioned who complained about her boy only getting thirty shillings a week—she has a capital of several thousands. But fathers and mothers are not alive to the conditions of the age. Many sons, too, are unadventurous, apathetic. That is the fault largely of our dreary half-hearted methods of education. Boys are not made to realise that they can make their lives what they will. Their imaginations are not fired by the thought of beginning their careers in a new country. They are not taught to hate the reek and din of cities, to despise the drudgery of office-stools. They drift from school to work only half awake.

When one does hear of a young man going out into the world to carve his future, choosing a distant part of the Empire, feeling confident that a good heart and a good pair of hands will carry him through, one feels proud of being his countryman. If there were more boys with that bold spirit we should hear less about the decadence of the British race.

To all parents and to all sons I would say: "Form the habit of thinking big. When you are wondering, and when you hear other people won-

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dering 'what to do with our boys,' do not think of your country merely as these foggy, rainy little islands in the North Sea. Think of Canada, 8000 miles from end to end. Think of Australia. Think of New Zealand. Think of South Africa. Think of Rhodesia." In all these there is a career open to energy and determination, a career in which a man may be his own master, may have a free life in the sunshine, reap the full fruit of his endeavours, and may grow old without anxiety, seeing his children around him, healthy, happy and strong.

One of our most urgent needs to-day is an education which will fit our young men and women to go out and take advantage of their opportunities. What kind of product do our elementary schools turn out? Not the kind that would be of much use in a new country. They do not like the idea of life away from the lights and the flashy attractions of a town. They are afraid it would be dull.

We ought to have farm-schools where children could be brought up to love the country, and to make themselves useful on the land. Then they would be glad to go out and people these vast regions which offer them homes and a good living and a grand open-air life. They would shrink from crowded, dirty, noisy cities.

Then education would be fulfilling its chief object . . . to make good citizens . . . citizens whose lives and labours would help to keep their country great.

CHAPTER XVIII

KIMBERLEY TO BULAWAYO

What siren has taught you to call us
Where wind-swept lands sigh for the rains?
Who gave you the lures to enthrall us,
O drought-stricken plains?
Ah, but the clear light of dawning!
Ah, but the freedom it spelt!
The limitless width of life's morning,
The call of the veld! *Mary Byron*

THE railway line from Cape Town to Rhodesia runs up to Kimberley (that stage has been described already), then keeps just outside the Transvaal border for some 250 miles. Plunging through the Bechuanaland Protectorate it enters the British South African Company's Territory near the Matoppo Hills, among which lies the grave of Cecil Rhodes.

North of Kimberley the bush-veld begins. In places the bush is merely low scrub, but it includes a good sprinkling of fair-sized trees. All of it is spiky and harsh, yet in the mass and seen from a distance it is green and pleasant to look upon. There is a delicious almondy scent in the warm air. The sun is bringing out the perfume of the

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mimosa-thorn blossom, balls of fragrant gold. The mimosa we get in England seems, after this, like a poor imitation.

Sometimes the bush clears off to the horizon and leaves stretches of green undulating country, with clumps of trees dotted about, and herds of long-horned cattle or lean sheep grazing upon it. A good part of British Bechuanaland is rather like the Harz Mountains or the Black Forest, attractive wooded hills, looking as if they had been lately planted with a variety of trees; small tempting valleys which look as if they needed only tickling to make them laugh with plenteous crops. But the soil is arid and poor, judging from the thin and thorny trees, although it yields an excellent sweet grass for animals. As a pastoral country it does very well.

The Bechuanas are a peaceable tribe. In the Protectorate, which is further north than British Bechuanaland, they are ruled without difficulty by an Imperial Commissioner with assistants, young men from the Universities who are very keen about their interesting work. These natives, like the Basutos, are nervous about being handed over to the Union Government. They understand being ruled by their father, the King of England, the grandson of Queen Victoria who received so kindly Khama, the chief of one of their tribes, and often sent them messages telling how she thought about their welfare.

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When the Duke of Connaught stopped at Gaborones during his tour in order to receive loyal addresses from the Bechuanas, they implored him to ask his nephew, King George, to leave them as they were. They must have been in earnest about this, for they kept on repeating it one after another until we almost ran mad with boredom and prickly heat. It was a scorching day even at half-past nine when we arrived. The Commissioner, looking very hot and uncomfortable in full dress, was waiting to receive the party. His gold-braided coat and cocked hat were rather a grotesque contrast to the cool khaki uniforms of the Duke and suite.

In a long line of Cape carts drawn by mules we drove to the spot, a little distance from the station, where the native chiefs were mustered, with small trains of followers. There would have been more, but more could not have found enough water to support life. The principal chiefs were waiting in a small stuffy tent, mopping their brown woolly heads. We all crowded into it. The atmosphere at once became unspeakable. However, the flow of musical speech, something like Italian, had a soothing effect, so between sleeping and waking we lived through it.

When at last the reading of addresses ceased, the Duke, using the same fatherly tone as he did in addressing the Basutos, told them they must understand that the King would only do what was best for all his subjects, and would not order them to

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join the Union until he was confident that it was to their advantage.

The hoped-for picturesqueness of the proceedings was again spoilt by all wearing shabby European clothes instead of the dignified native costume. The only one striking figure was Gaberone, after whom the place is called, an old man of eighty-five, with a deeply-wrinkled face and a charming smile. All the others shook the Duke's hand in an awkward, constrained manner. Gaberone bent over with a natural grace, and took the Duke's hand between both of his own, and held it for a moment, as if giving a blessing.

While the others were offering as gifts beautiful lion and leopard karosses (that is, rugs of skins), the old man was busily undoing a package, very carefully tied up, which he had with him. He only succeeded in extracting two walking-sticks, after all the other presents had been accepted. The Duke saw the poor old fellow standing up and holding out the sticks with a trembling hand and a wistful expression. This quickly changed to a radiant pleasure when the Duke took them, telling the interpreter to inquire what was the wood, and whether the sticks were made by himself, and then to say how much touched and grateful he was. It was a pretty little incident. I shall not forget dear old Chief Gaberone with that beautiful smile.

Before Gaberone's is passed, however, there is Mafeking to be seen. There really is not much

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to see. It is a thriving little town, and that is all one can say about it. Siege memories and the apotheosis of Baden-Powell lead one to expect something more striking than the reality. But Fame scatters her medals with a careless hand. Famous people are often insignificant to look at and dull to talk with. Famous places sometimes play us the same trick.

Ramathlabama, just beyond Mafeking, I shall recollect, both because its name trips so pleasantly upon the tongue and because an amusing episode occurred there as the Duke of Connaught's train passed through. An officious policeman, fearing that the sight of natives wearing only blankets might shock the Duchess and Princess, had ordered them all to keep in their huts. In the opening of every hut, therefore (it could hardly be called a doorway) we saw bunches of woolly heads and eager black faces peering out. The Royal ladies, who have travelled and hunted so much in wildest Africa, were vastly amused.

A few miles further north is Lobatsi, where the line which is to shorten the journey from Johannesburg to Rhodesia will come out. Only thirty-two miles of railway are needed, but they will have to pass through mountainous country to Zeerust; that is already connected with the Rand. At present a traveller from Johannesburg to Buluwayo or the Falls has to join the north-bound train at Kimberley. That is twelve hours from Johannesburg by the

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quickest service. Then from Kimberley to Lobatsi is another twelve. From Johannesburg to Lobatsi by way of Zeerust would only be a six or seven hours' journey, so the saving would be of the best part of eighteen hours.

Still, I am bound to say that in Africa one does not strain to save time as we do in Europe and America. The distances are so great and the trains so slow—or, rather, the slowness of the trains makes the distances seem so great—that eighteen hours more or less is hardly worth thinking about. The sunshine disposes one to take things as they come. Worry and a warm, yet bracing air are antagonists, and the air wins.

It is because South Africans do not worry that they appear to us to be slack. The Boers are certainly inclined to be lazy, but so would any race be which had natives to do all the hard work, and a climate that makes it easy to exist with very little exertion of the mind. Britons grow lazy, too, and if they have married Dutch wives, they are apt to become Dutch in sentiment and habit very quickly indeed. I recall one Englishman who had been in the Army and fought in the war. He settled in the country, married into a Dutch family, through their influence obtained an office under Government, and is now in his sympathies entirely Dutch.

Over there in the mountains of the Northern Transvaal, eastward from Gaberones, there is an old

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farmer called McGregor. He arrived sixty years ago from somewhere near Glasgow. He was a shepherd. Soon by tending skilfully the sheep of others he gained a flock of his own. He married a Dutch woman, and now if you go into his farm you would take him for a Boer. His wife cannot speak English. Dutch is the language of the home, though I believe he is glad to talk "braid Scots" when a visitor turns up who can understand it.

One evening three visitors to whom the tongue of Burns is dear did turn up at the fine old Dutch farmhouse where he lives. Could they stay the night? Certainly, certainly. And have some supper? That was not so sure. However, while they sat and smoked with the old man, who showed them a weekly Glasgow newspaper which he still reads, the old woman got busy in the kitchen. Before long she produced an omelette made with two dozen eggs; meat balls, which were excellent, and steaming coffee, which was a welcome change; it is usually drunk half-cold. Before the visitors went to bed McGregor had told his life history, and given a rough inventory of his possessions.

He had 200,000 acres, he said. He had sheep, cattle, hundreds of horses and mules. He had mealie fields and orange groves, and did well with the produce of both. He had a store, and he took in boarders. All his sons and daughters with the other white people about the place had gone off

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to a Bioscope performance ten miles away. His daughters were well-educated, and would like to get married. But he set his face against that. He wanted them to serve in the store, to sort the wool, and so forth. A selfish old patriarch !

Next morning he thought he had put his acreage too high. He really had only 44,000 acres ! (The measure of land in South Africa is a "morgen," a little more than two acres, but for convenience I reckon in our English way.) But I heard afterwards that he really owns more than 200,000 acres, and is worth half a million of money. He cannot have made it by hotel-keeping, for he only charged twelve shillings for the suppers, beds, and breakfasts of the three !

All this digression arose out of my remark about the slowness of railway travel. In course of time, when the gauge is broadened, journeys will, of course, be quickened up. But it will never be possible for us to travel very long distances at a rapid speed with any comfort. It is true you can go from New York to Chicago (which is just about the same distance as from Cape Town to Johannesburg—roughly, a thousand miles) in eighteen hours, while the fastest train between the South African cities can only do it in thirty-six hours, just double the time. But the wear and tear of sixty miles an hour upon the nerves tells on all except the strongest, even though it is only for a night and half a day.

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To travel at that pace for a longer time would be exhausting. The eye-strain is painful, the sense of effort burdensome. Jogging along northward, on the way to Rhodesia, stopping at little stations to take water, both for the engine and for the use of passengers, you travel restfully enough, and why be in a hurry? As the Boer proverb teaches, there is always another day to-morrow.

Crossing the edge of the Kalahari Desert is hot and dusty, it is true. Everything in your compartment is coated with grit. You doze and dream uneasily

Of ice and glass that tinkle,
Pellucid, silver-shrill ;
Peaches without a wrinkle ;
Cherries and snow, at will
From china bowls that fill
The senses with a sweet
Incuriousness of heat ;
A melon's dripping sherds ;
Cream-clothed strawberries ;
Dusk dairies set with curds—
To live, I think of these !

But this torment is not for long. The sun drops, and the shadows come out from their hiding-places, and a delicious freshness is fanned into the world by the wings of Night. Perhaps, after a spectacular sunset, colours more marvellous than ever painter could come near to copying, the moon will shine, showing the great empty spaces of bush or bare hills more clearly even than the noonday sun.

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Or else there are dark masses of cloud, strangely solid and distinct, riven incessantly by jagged quivers of lightning.

At sunset it seemed as if a gate of Heaven were opened, and the glory shining through, an unearthly glory of vivid yellow light. Then there was a powdery crimson after-glow, with the final rays of the hidden sun slanting half across the sky. Now there is a truly South African storm lighting up the darkness with the most amazing flashes of vivid violet brilliance, not every few minutes, but every few seconds. So closely they follow, now in one place now in another, that they are only just not continuous. If you hold a book or paper ready, you can read by these throbbing flashes in the veil of Night. The display fascinates. You watch it enraptured. Then suddenly there follow furious gusts of wind. The tempest is off the chain now. The rain thuds furiously on the roof. All the better: to-morrow's dawn will be a clean-washed, exquisite cool harmony of opal. As you get into bed, you shiver luxuriously. How splendid to feel even a little chilly once more!

CHAPTER XIX

BULAWAYO

1362 miles from Cape Town; 715 miles from Kimberley.
4469 feet above sea-level. Name means in Matabele language, The Place of Slaughter. Hotel: Grand

For the last three centuries the great phenomenon of mankind has been the growth of the English-speaking people; and their spread over the world's waste spaces. *Theodore Roosevelt*

EVERYBODY can understand the appeal of an ancient city like Athens, Cairo, or Damascus. Here Pericles walked; here was civilisation while Britons ran naked in the woods; there the East, gorgeous in colour and romance, flowered before the West was yet in bud. It needs small imagination to realise in some degree their interest and charm.

But to be thrilled by a new settlement, a fresh centre of man's activities, a village that may some day grow into a city as great as those of old—this is only given to the imaginative, to those whose minds can wander, freed from to-day's trammels, picturing the days that are to be. For this reason it is the new countries which appeal to intellects that are easily kindled. The other kind of intel-

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lect, that which strikes only on the accustomed box, sees in a new country simply the rawness, the squalor ; and pines for the sheltered existence of older communities where, for those who have money in the bank, all that is ugly and discordant can be kept out of sight.

The tin-can hillocks, the litter of hastily-erected homes ; the roads ankle-deep in dust, and sometimes knee-deep in mud ; the concentration of energy upon practical things ; the judging of a man, not by whether he can talk about Henry James and Debussy, not by the amount of gold his father left him, not by his clothes or his friends in high places, but by what he can do : all this to the over-cultivated, who are always also the unimaginative, is abhorrent. They cannot see beyond it. They cannot understand what it means.

To see a country or a city in the making : does not that really hold more of healthy interest than to watch one decay ? Our faces should be turned towards the Future, not screwed round dismally to catch the last glimpses, often quite illusory, of a confused medley of Pasts. In Rome, in Greece, in Spain, it is the contrast between what was once and what is now that fills the nostrils with the odour of death. In Rhodesia one feels the stimulus of vivid life, the charm of springtime, the flushed delight of youth in freedom and sunshine. One learns to say " Yes " to Nature, instead of meeting her at every turn with a petulant or a horrified " No."

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Salisbury was the first settlement in Rhodesia, and Salisbury is the capital. But Bulawayo is more of a town, and Salisbury will have a stiff chase even to catch up with it. To begin with, Bulawayo is and must remain an important place so far as railways are concerned. From it two lines branch off, one north-eastward to Salisbury and the rapidly-developing district near the frontier of Portuguese East Africa; the other to the Falls, to Livingstone, to the Congo State, and at some future date to . . . Cairo! The coal from Wankies, the copper from Katanga, a large portion of the gold from the north-east, all pass through Bulawayo, not to mention the produce of the land, the mealies, oranges and lemons, the tobacco, the cattle and sheep.

Some day Rhodesia will, in the natural course of probabilities, have a port on the East Coast. At present she uses Beira a good deal. There will also be before very long a line connecting North-Western Rhodesia with Lobito Bay, a port in Portuguese West Africa, which will become an important place of shipment. But Bulawayo will still be the principal railway centre, the southern gateway of the country, busy with factories and "shops."

The first vivid impression I received there was one of warmth. The station is a sun-trap. On the platform there is always a blinding glare. The whole place slopes to the south a little, so it ought

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not to be so very hot; a south aspect in South Africa having the same character as a north aspect with us. But it is undeniably warm in summer. The punkah in the Club dining-room told me what to expect; the covers on milk-jugs and sugar-basins spoke with businesslike eloquence of that hot-weather nuisance, the common fly.

But it is seldom an exhausting heat; only when thunderstorms are about. The air is fresh, keen, brilliant, with a healthy breeze, and in the winter (May to September) a coldish southerly wind. The climate partly accounts for the cheerful, hopeful nature of the Bulawayo people. They are as good as a tonic or a tumbler of champagne. And with all their certainty of progress, all their pride in their adopted country, they are still so magnificently British. Britons with a difference: Britons without that apologetic, politely listless, under-vitalised air which has become the stamp of the educated Englishman at home.

The Briton overseas regains his keenness. The Rhodesian is keen beyond the measure of the Canadian; yet withal no boaster, no "hot-air merchant," but a modest, gentle mannered, charming person, with his enthusiasm well under control. You feel that, if you put him suddenly down in Piccadilly, he would stroll along to his club. You are sure that in the hunting-field or among the partridges he would give a good account of himself. As he talks, you reflect that the voice of the well-



THE FIRST BRITISH FLAG AT BULAWAYO



AN AWKWARD "DRIFT" (DRY BED OF A RIVER)

Photo by DUDLEY KIDD

BULAWAYO

bred Englishman cannot be bettered the world over. It calls up such pleasant visions of country homes, ivied rectories, historic playing-fields and class-rooms, streets of ancient, beautiful colleges dreaming in their gardens and quads.

Some of the men you meet in Rhodesia have been in the Army, most have been at public schools, many at Oxford or Cambridge. One I came across, very happy on his farm, had been a schoolmaster, an "usher," as he scornfully called it, in a private school, preparatory for Eton. Another had read law at Cambridge and got himself called to the Bar, only to find that there were about twenty-five barristers to every brief that solicitors had to distribute. A third had been a clerk in a stockbroker's office, one of those sleek-headed, nice-looking boys you see in the purlieus round about the Bank, walking about with no hats on and their hands deep in their elegant trousers-pockets. It is hard to get him to talk of those days. He hates to think of them.

"Come out to our farm," he said, as he got on his horse outside the Bulawayo Club, "and I'll tell you all about our plans for getting rich, and going home for the Coronation. But don't talk about Throgmorton Avenue. The very thought of it makes me feel sick."

The Club is at the centre of the town, which, for the main part, consists of two very wide streets, forming a cross. They were made wide so that a sixteen span of oxen could turn in them. Already

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the trees planted in 1894, gum trees of rapid growth, make a welcome shade, and vacant lots (or "stands," as they are called in Rhodesia) are becoming scarce. The streets, therefore, begin to have an impressive appearance, though their width tends to dwarf the builder's attempt to make banks and blocks of offices look dignified; and when you look along from a little distance at the fine Rhodes statue, placed where the ways cross, and at the other tall memorial to the Shangani heroes, with its Gatling gun atop, they both seem curiously insignificant. The best way to build towns in hot countries would be to follow the Italian plan of narrow streets (as in Florence) or arcades (as in Padua) to give shelter from the sun. There are some arcades in Bulawayo, but anything like town-planning is made difficult by blocks of land being bought and held by speculators while buildings grow up all around.

The buildings, however, if not beautiful, are substantial and imposing. There are some good stores, and I found a capital book shop. The theatre, the public library, the new museum (now being built), the drill-hall, and the schools, all do credit to the place, especially the schools. I went over them all, and never have I seen pleasanter class-rooms or better equipment of every kind. Children have every chance in Rhodesia to grow up with well-trained minds as well as with strong, well-nourished little bodies. The British South

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Africa Company have spent with a free hand to give them that.

All these institutions, quite as good as one would find in a European town many times the size of Bulawayo, strike the visitor with astonishment when he reflects that the town has only been in existence seventeen years. Up to then it was the Matabele "place of slaughter." Drive out to the charming Government House, built after the old Dutch farm style on a hill three miles away from the Rhodes statue, and you will find yourself on the site of Lobengula's kraal. Only one tree is left now to link up the old rule of blood and whimsical tyranny with the new rule of peace, order, and goodwill.

Beneath that tree Lobengula used to sit in judgment. Whenever he suspected a chief of growing restless, or coveted the cattle of a wealthy subject, he would send for him. Sometimes the poor wretch was felled at once by a blow with a "knobkerry" delivered from behind as he walked with the messenger to the king's kraal. Sometimes a more formal procedure was used. "Witch-doctors" were hired to "smell out" the doomed victim, and to accuse him of black magic. The end was always the same, death.

Inconvenient female relatives or wives who had lost their charm were strangled. A hill over against the town of Bulawayo would have blood running down its slopes when there had been a

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great capture of prisoners in war, or an unusually heavy assize to try under Lobengula's tree. Yet the Matabele seldom even murmured. Whatever the king did was right. These are the noble savages with whom gold-spectacled, Jaeger-clad "Radicals" sympathised so unctuously when they resisted the effort of the Chartered Company to put an end to their system of superstition and gore.

A "Radical" began by being one who went to the root of every matter he discussed. That was a long time ago. Now he is content with surface aspects as they appear to his short-sighted, sentimental gaze.

Long before the Matabele, a branch of the Zulu race, occupied this part of Africa, there were inhabitants of a higher stamp. That is proved by the Zimbabwe ruins and also by the Khami ruins near Bulawayo. Zimbabwe is hard to get at. Train to Gwelo takes the best part of a day, then there is another short train journey to Selukwe; after that ninety-seven miles' trek in a horse-cart. Khami is nothing like so interesting, but it has the advantage of being more easily reached. I motored out one day before breakfast, starting about six in the delicious freshness of an exquisite morning after a night of rain.

The country we drove through on a fairly decent road began by being pastoral with a good deal of cultivation. Then it grew wilder. Kopjes like

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heaps of stone piled up by Titans' hands waved their feathery trees above us. Whoever built the forts and dwellings, of which walls and passages still remain, chose a delightful spot for their settlement. Some attribute them to a negroid people which had learnt civilised arts. Some suggest that Arabs trading in "black ivory" and other wares from the East Coast must have had their depôt here. More may be known for certain when there is further digging.

Within reach of Bulawayo, too, is Dhlo-dhlo, whither the Mombo ruins have attracted many archaeologists. When Mr. James Bryce was there in 1895 nothing had been discovered to lead him to accept the theory that the buildings here were in the nature of a religious temple. But Dr. Schlichter has since declared them to have had a threefold purpose, sun-worship, gold production, and defence. All the natives know is that the ghosts of chiefs (Mombos) haunt the ruins; for that reason it is difficult to get them to go near after dark.

Whoever the mysterious people were who worked the gold and worshipped the sun here, and at Zimbabwe and Khami and other places where ruins tell of civilised occupation, they left no enduring traditions. The natives, being only one remove from the non-human animals, have no folklore, no legends of the past. The Phœnician hypothesis has been weakened. It was fascinating

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to think that these might be the workings of the mines which supplied Solomon with the gold for the Temple at Jerusalem. It was ingenious to connect these early inhabitants of Rhodesia with the people who shipped ivory, apes, and peacocks for the Queen of Sheba to present to the great King.

The sculpture on the left hand of the Terrace Temple of Deir-el-Bahari near Luxor in Egypt gives a vivid picture of an expedition returning in ships from the Land of Punt, evidently somewhere down the East Coast of Africa. To seek to identify Punt with Rhodesia was irresistible. But the attempt has failed. Far more likely does it seem to be that the ruins mark the sites of Arab settlements. It is known that this ingenious race brought gold from the interior. Traces of ancient irrigation have been found : the Arabs were famous for their skill in this art. Underground dwellings have been unearthed, in which it is supposed they kept their slaves. But it is all supposition and theory. How little we know of history beyond our own national back gardens ! So far as earlier days are concerned, Africa still remains Darkest Africa, and probably always will.

To the Matoppo Hills and the tomb of Rhodes is a longer drive than to the Khami ruins, fuller of interest and charm. Leaving the town by a road bordered by small houses standing in orange groves and gardens prolific of fruit and vegetables, as well

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as gay with flowers, you pass at first through a wooded region, furrowed by deep streams. These are crossed at "drifts" or fords. Down you slide, with locked wheels, into the river-bed, a steep drop, then struggle up the other side. After a while the country opens out. Fields of grain are passed, orchards, vegetable gardens. We are nearing the big Matoppo Dam.

The word "dam," by the way, is applied in South Africa not merely to the actual obstruction which holds back the water, but to the reservoir of water held back. Thus you hear talk of boating and fishing "on the dam."

It cost a great deal to make, but it was made as an object-lesson, and it has taught Rhodesia what irrigation can do. From the hotel above the dam there is a view of rich country, yielding famous crops. Then as you drive on towards the hills, the way lies through a vast nursery for the raising of all kinds of trees. Both are parts of Rhodes' legacy to his country. There are also four square miles of wild animal Reserve near here, just on the edge of the Matoppos.

This way it was that the long funeral procession came which carried the body to its resting-place. No picture of the tomb can give any idea of it, for it is the view which lends the spot its majesty and stamps it for ever on the mind. The actual plateau of rock with its huge round stones would be in itself nothing to remember.

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But of the view and of the stirrings of spirit experienced at that lonely grave I have spoken already.

Close by is Mr. Tweed's beautiful memorial of Major Alan Wilson and the men who died with him at the Shangani in December 1893. It was Rhodes's intention that this spot should serve as the burial-place for those who had deserved well of their country. But one could better appreciate this memorial if it stood somewhere else. That commanding plateau should have been left to Rhodes alone.

There were thirty-eight of these heroes. They were pursuing Lobengula, and were cut off from the main force by a strong *impi* of tried Matabele warriors. The odds were at least a hundred to one. Yet for a time the British troopers held their own. The blacks charged again and again, and every charge was beaten off. Then they tried stalking tactics. They took what cover they could and used the rifles supplied to them by English firms composed of men who, if there be a burning Hell, will assuredly have front seats around the hottest fire.

It was clear that the thirty-eight must die. They soon had no more cartridges. There were too few of them left for a last charge. How true it is that the end came to them singing I do not know. This is an account given of the end by a South African writer*:

* "South Africa," January 1910.

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“The last shot was fired. The rifles in their hands were useless as toys. Their foes crowded round them in demoniacal glee. Some breathed a prayer. Some murmured the namedearest to them. All bade silent farewell to earth, and the things they loved. Then, with one accord they sprang to their feet. Casting from them their empty rifles, they joined hand in hand, and faced defiant their front and rear. For a moment they stood silent, awaiting the looming word of command to pass to another and mystic sphere. Then there arose, amid the yet lingering din of battle, sounds as of singing. Soft and doubtful at first, they gradually strengthened out into sonorous strains. The Zulus paused. Assegais, balanced for casting, fell from their poise, as spellbound they caught the strange refrains. These solitudes had known no such sounds before. They were the notes and words of our National Anthem: ‘*God Save the Queen,*’ in clear rhythmic chords, soared upwards from these shambles of death-doomed heroes. Loud and measured as the pæan whose chant records, with martial rolls, a victory won, it dominated the whole blood-stained scene. Its power was felt by the savage hordes around. Forced from their lips by the gallant mien of those about to die, they saluted. The old order was reversed. It was not: ‘Those about to die salute thee, Cæsar!’ Those about to kill saluted. Cries of ‘*Bayete*’ fluttered the leaves, as an

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aspen trembles, and vibrated through the ground like the pulsing of an earthquake. Spears were uplifted high to import that each man there was a great warrior and mighty chief. Having paid this spontaneous and unwonted homage, the victorious hordes stood silently listening, while tuneful throats filled the air with harmony and sanctified the scene with the solemn chords of the hymn.

“Then as ‘*Our Gracious Queen*’ passed away skywards in rolling reverberations, and the last notes of the funeral ode died upon their lips, the spell broke. The inevitable reaction swiftly transformed the mien of the encircling hosts. From spellbound, almost reverent, auditors they became fierce, untamed savages, lusting for blood. The wild yells of the *indodas* split the air with furious clamour. War-cries, more frantic and clangorous than before, thundered from the red throats and foaming mouths of the dusky mob. Assegais rattled on their hard hide shields with clattering discord. If the doomed men were still singing, the sounds were lost in Satanic uproar. Each bedizened brave vied to be first in the slaughter. The ranks closed in with a furious rush. Stabbing spears flashed in the sullen sun, and descending with the steely shimmer of lightning, plunged with sickening hiss into quivering bodies. Crushed beneath the weight of the slaughterous host, with the last

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whisper of '*Queen*' still lingering on their lips, their course was run.

“And so, with hand joined to hand, they went to their rest; and with their face to the sky their mutilated bodies lay tangled in the gruesome carnage. Truly a fitting release for such a loyal band; to depart together as they fought, and none to stay behind and evade the common fate.”

In any case it is known that they made a gallant stand, and they merit a noble memorial. But it should not have been placed here.

CHAPTER XX

A MAP

There is more valuable material waiting to be developed in Rhodesia than in any other part of the British Empire. . . . Rhodesia can produce the finest cheese and butter in the world. *Principal of the Durham County Dairy School, after a Rhodesian tour*

MAPS are always entertaining, but I saw a map on the wall of an office in Bulawayo which interested me beyond any map I had ever seen. It opened a window upon the future. It showed me what Rhodesia will some day be.

It was unfortunate for Rhodesia that it became very early in its history a counter in the Party game. Because the Liberals distrusted Rhodes after the Raid, they disliked the idea of Rhodesia. Because the shares of the British South Africa Company did not crown speculators' hopes by rising rapidly in value, a discontented rumour got about that Rhodesia was worthless. That prejudice persists still to this day.

I have even heard grumblers say, when forced to admit that the country had rich possibilities:

A MAP

“But look how slowly it has gone ahead.” Of all the strange views of Imperial affairs taken by arm-chair critics in London clubs, that is, I think, the strangest and the most absurd. To any one who has seen new countries in the growth, the development of Rhodesia has been marvellously rapid. Possibly Mr. Rhodes was himself to blame for some part of the arm-chair critics’ disappointment. He saw ahead so clearly and so far that he sometimes spoke as if Rhodesia would begin to pay handsomely at once.

That is one objection to the development of territories by chartered companies. Their shareholders are inclined to be impatient for dividends. Their progress is apt to be judged by the test of yearly profit. But against that objection there are many advantages to be set off, in cases, at all events, where the business of chartered companies is as ably and patriotically directed as that of the British South Africa Company has always been. There is no doubt in my mind that, if Rhodesia had been administered as a Crown Colony, its development would have been very much slower; in fact, it would scarcely have begun.

For while, on the one hand, the directors of the British South Africa Company have resisted the desire of hungry speculators that the country should be milked as quickly as possible without regard to the future, they have, on the other hand, pushed forward the work of development

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in all directions in a manner which Government officials, controlled by the Colonial Office, would have had neither the funds nor the energy to adopt.

It thrills me always, as I walk down London Wall, to look up at the fine building of the Chartered Company, and to think that from here, this noisy, grimy centre of a rushing great city, those vast sunny regions in Africa are being governed. In 1914 the Charter which gives the British South Africa Company control over Rhodesia will lapse, but in all probability it will be renewed for another term. At the same time the country, the southern part of it at any rate, will very likely be given greater powers of self-government. At present each division of Rhodesia is governed by an Administrator with an Executive Council of not less than four members; and a Legislative Council, of whom seven are elected and seven nominated by the Company. Both Salisbury and Bulawayo, by the way, elect their own municipalities; and there is gradually growing up a feeling that the people ought before long to have the semblance of fuller control over the management of the affairs of the whole country. To that the Company will, no doubt, agree.

Every year now the public at home will become more and more familiar with Rhodesian prospects and progress. From the way it is usually talked about at present one would suppose that it appeared

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on the map as a vast, unoccupied, unexplored country with dots here and there to represent farms or mines, and a few small groups of dots to show where towns are. Nor does travelling through Rhodesia correct this impression to any great extent. You see little but bush. Sometimes the prospect opens out. You can catch sight of a farmhouse and grazing cattle amid pleasant rolling country. Or you stop at a little station where there are groups of miners in shirts and trousers and "double terais," big felt hats, one within the other, to keep off the blazing sun. From the further left-hand brace-button hangs invariably a bag of loose, dry tobacco. Not until you adopt this habit and can let flies crawl over your face without taking any notice of them are you considered properly acclimatised.

Close to the line at these mining centres the tops of shafts with winding-gear and tall chimneys stand out against the hot blue of the sky. You ask what mines they are, and are supplied with names vaguely familiar from the financial column of your daily paper. Then you go on, and it is a long time before another little mining centre crops up. The impression you get is of a country where attempts at colonisation are few and far between—and, like most railway-carriage-window impressions, it is wrong. That map in Bulawayo showed me how wrong. The map was on a large scale. It took up the whole of one wall of a

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decent-sized room. And it was covered, or it seemed at first glance to be covered, with little red and blue and black and green and pink squares.

When I came to look into it I found there was a good deal as yet uncovered. But there were nevertheless quite enough patches to make the whole map seem warm with human interest. For obviously they had something to do with settlers. The pink were the most numerous. "What are those?" I inquired. "Those are farms." "But surely there aren't as many farms as that actually taken up?" "Each of those pink patches represents an occupied farm," said my friend Captain Jesser-Coope firmly. "And the others?" "The black patches are the native reserves, where no land is at present available for white men. They take up a quarter of the country. The blue are lands bought by land companies, either to be worked or as a speculation. The red mark Liebig's property. Ever heard of Liebig's Extract of Beef? Before long, when you drink that after influenza, you'll probably be drinking a Rhodesian product. To the south and east of Bulawayo Liebig's have bought over a million acres for cattle. Now see the green patches. As this is to be mainly a cattle country, provision had to be made for helping breeders when they drive their stock. So about every ten miles (that is, a day's drive) there are big blocks of common land, six thousand acres

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each, where the driven cattle can be halted and grazed. The green patches are those blocks."

Yes, there is no doubt about it. Southern Rhodesia is filling up. What is hoped of the gold mines may come true. The country may turn out to be as rich in mineral wealth as the Transvaal. But, whether that happens or not, it is well on its way to become a rich and well-populated land by reason of the prosperity which lies, ready to be tapped, in its sunshine and its soil.

First, it will feed millions of cattle. Secondly, it will be the home of the greatest cheese and butter industry in the world. Now they import dairy produce to the amount of £30,000 odd a year. There is a market, therefore, almost at the dairy-farmer's door. The native demand for cheese is very large and on the increase. Soon they will be exporting to England and (with a preference) driving Danish butter and American cheese out of English homes. Thirdly, Rhodesia will grow rich by raising tobacco. There are hundreds of thousands of acres on which this valuable crop can be planted with every prospect of success. The soil needs fertilising, but the fertiliser is not expensive. Rain falls both in sufficient quantity and at the right time. Already there is an output estimated this year at 250,000 lb. In Salisbury I went to the Government tobacco factory, saw the bales arrive from the plantations, watched the black fellows sorting out and "grading" the leaves,

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sniffed into the rooms where the stuff is hung up before being pressed and tied in bales for market. Pipe tobacco and cigarettes they make ; no cigars. It smokes well. I tried it many times.

Now, suppose a young man goes out to take up a farm of a thousand acres. For this he needs, if possible, £1000. He might just manage with £750, but it would be a struggle. Imagine him arriving, having paid, as a settler, a reduced railway fare to Bulawayo. He goes to the estates office (where I saw the map), and it is suggested to him that he might like to learn a little about Rhodesian farming before he takes up his land. There are several Government farms. Perhaps he goes to one of these, getting his board and lodging free as soon as he has learnt to make himself useful ; or perhaps he goes to some private farmer. When he feels that he would like to begin for himself he has to choose between a farm on a settlement—that is, as one of a community of farmers—and an isolated situation. He has to buy two, three, or four span of oxen for ploughing, a span being sometimes sixteen, sometimes fourteen, sometimes twelve. He has to start with a small herd for breeding. He sows some ground with mealies (maize) and from twenty to forty acres with tobacco. He builds a barn for drying the tobacco-leaf at a cost of about £120. Then, with industry and reasonable luck, he will do well.

At first he lives in a wattle-and-daub hut : it is

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built of blue gum-wood and mud and it has a thatched roof. For a ceiling a piece of linen is stretched across. This catches the insects which drop from the roof and also the dust which is caused by their incessant boring. Another similar hut serves for his bedroom, and there are two or three more for his "boys." He lives mainly on tinned food, with tea at every meal and in between as well. Milk he gets at first—not very clean milk—from a native village, or else he keeps a goat. If there are mines near he can dispose well of his mealies and in time supply them with meat. Gradually he raises a host of vegetables. He plants an orange grove and lemon trees (citrous fruits do very well indeed in Rhodesia and will soon be exported in large quantities). He starts a dairy. He builds a brick house. He goes home to fetch a wife out. Now he lives in very different style, comfortably and pleasantly, working hard, but seeing the reward of his labour and thanking God every day that he did not remain in the old overcrowded country, where he would have passed his life looking through dingy windows at a dingy City, perched on an office-stool.

"This is an ideal 'second son's' country," some one at Salisbury said to me; and many second sons of good families have gone out there. There is a public-school atmosphere. Perhaps if they were Americans, full of steam and hustle, things might move more quickly. But it would not be

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such a pleasant place. England sends Rhodesia of her best. Oxford or Cambridge men are sought for to take service with the Government. They may not be so pushful or at first so businesslike as men with a commercial training might be. But they have the larger outlook, the wider range. With the natives, too, who know the difference at once between one who "is quite" and one who "isn't quite," they have the advantage. Rhodesia is never likely to have an indiscriminate flood of humanity poured into it, after the fashion of American and Canadian immigration. It needs settlers with a little money. The Chartered Company have done as much as can reasonably be expected. There is already almost a mile of railway to every white adult in the country, and two thousand miles of light lines are planned to carry farm produce. Each district will have a centre where a cheese factory will be built; to that the farmers will send in their butter. But to take moneyless people out and set them up is beyond the Company's means.

The Argentine Republic did that, and filled up at the rate of a quarter of a million settlers a year; and the Government was repaid by instalments almost all the money it had advanced. Rhodesia, I repeat, does not want to be settled in that way. Still, it would be a fine thing if some millionaire, anxious to dispose of his money usefully, would do something of the kind on a smaller scale. There

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are numbers of young men, just the kind Rhodesia requires, who have not got a thousand pounds, or even their passage-money. The Duke of Westminster took a fine, imaginative step when he set up his colony in the Orange Free State. That example wants following. Rhodesia is filling up; that is beyond question. Round about Marandella's, west of Salisbury, there were six years ago three farmers; now they number nearly a hundred. Rusapi, a neighbouring district, is a keen competitor. In Lomagundi farms are being taken up almost as quickly as they are surveyed. But it is equally beyond question that it would benefit Rhodesia to get a steadier, more abundant flow of men and women of British blood. She cannot with advantage enter the Union of South Africa until she does so on her own terms, with a weight of population behind her. Yet efforts will certainly be made to induce her to join before long. The more quickly she can attract settlers, then, the better.

She offers a glorious climate, a magnificent country, prospects of success in many different enterprises, for, besides those which I have mentioned, wheat can be grown and other cereals; in certain parts cotton, coffee, and rice do well, ostriches and sheep can be bred as well as cattle. The history of Rhodesia in the next half-century will be that of Canada over again. So that map in Bulawayo suggests.

CHAPTER XXI

SALISBURY

Capital of Southern Rhodesia. Founded in 1890. 1668 miles from Cape Town ; 301 miles from Bulawayo ; 374 miles from the port of Beira in Portuguese territory. White population about 2000

The time cannot be far remote when the British Empire must, if it remain united, exercise a controlling authority in the world. To that trust our sons are born. *Lord Rosebery*

NORTH-WEST of Bulawayo, on the way to Salisbury, the country is open and attractive, a rolling grass country, wooded here and there, a country which to English people has a homely look. The air is fresh and tonic. Farms are seen at pretty frequent intervals, the homesteads peeping over hill shoulders or standing, belted with trees, by the side of a hurrying stream.

Both the Shangani and the Selukwe Rivers are crossed before the train runs into Gwelo, which first reveals itself as a row of tin stores and boarding-houses fronting the station across a strip of common, very much like the beginnings of a Canadian or American town. But that is not really Gwelo at all. Take the pretty road which runs between

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A SETTLER'S FIRST HOME

[RHODESIA]



AFTER THREE YEARS

[RHODESIA]

THE
ZAMBESI
RIVER



LEADING THE BLIND IN A ZAMBESI VILLAGE

Photo by DEUSA, KIDP

SALISBURY

neat little houses hung with creeper, and you come to a well laid-out township, with school and library, hospital, Stock Exchange, and three or four churches. This is the supply town for a number of mines, the Selukwe and Sebakwe groups, which lie fairly near. With its thickly wooded sheltering hill at the back and its brisk, invigorating climate, it leaves a memory pleasant to recall.

I remember very well a moonrise at Gwelo. The silver disc shone with marvellous clearness as it mounted up, while daylight lingered, above a pink glow. Below the pink the sky was limpid blue; against this the dark hill-tops stood out black and wonderful. A few minutes later the western sky was all reds and yellows, like an October sunset in England, while eastward the lamp of the moon hung brilliant in the already darkened sky.

Here it is a peaceful, prairielike landscape. Further on it becomes more thickly wooded. Now the trees are no longer stunted, prickly, but tall and spreading. A splendid country this, with rich grasses and luxuriant shrubs, a country of wide prospects which cries out for settlers. Water cannot be far below the surface, for the trees do not lack moisture even before the rains come. The cultivated patches are fat and fertile, yielding plenteous crops.

Just the region for settlers, for between Gwelo and Gadzema stretches the gold belt. Mining towns have sprung up and are growing. Globe

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and Phoenix is the most populous, but Hartley runs it close, and Gatooma is girding up its loins. These are the older Rhodesian mines, which are on a firm basis, and therefore not so interesting to the speculator as the newer properties farther north (though still in Southern Rhodesia). The value of gold taken out in that territory during 1910 was £2,568,198, rather less than during 1909, because (1) labour was scarce, and (2) many of the mines near Salisbury are being "developed" by big companies, and while that process is going on they do not turn out gold.

In the first eight years of Rhodesia, 1890 to 1898, the value of gold mined was only £88,000. That was the period during which people sneered and said the country would never be any good. Since then the yearly figures have been :

	£		£
1899	205,690	1905	1,449,985
1900	308,249	1906	1,985,099
1901	610,389	1907	2,178,886
1902	687,096	1908	2,526,007
1903	827,729	1909	2,623,709
1904	969,343	1910	2,568,198

It is upon the groups of mines near Selukwe and Salisbury that the eyes of those who believe Rhodesia to be as rich as the Rand are mostly fixed. (The Rand produces £30,000,000 worth a year.) Among these there has been, and there still is in many regions, a chance for the small capitalist



RHODESIAN CATTLE



TAKING TOBACCO TO THE RAILWAY FROM A PLANTATION

[RHODESIA]

SALISBURY

who is content to work a small plant. Here is a case to illustrate what I mean. Three carpenters near Selukwe fancied a claim which had been abandoned. They pegged it out. They bought and fixed a second-hand stamp for crushing the ore (I described the process in chapter xii). They brought the water they required for crushing across a sluic in a clumsy kind of home-made aqueduct. They lived in a tent on tinned pork and beans, and they took out gold to the value of several thousands a year. Then they thought they would like to go home. Two are Swedes and one Norwegian. I wish I could claim them as fellow-countrymen. So they looked about for a buyer, and the last I heard was that a syndicate had an option on the property for £51,000.

In another district a prospector sold a "find," a claim where he had struck gold-bearing ore, for £100. The two men who bought it have taken out in six years a quarter of a million pounds' worth of gold, and recently turned the mine into a company, receiving for their interest in it £300,000. That particular mine may still be valuable, though shrewd observers permit themselves to wonder why the owners sold it. But over-capitalisation is a danger to be watched. In 1905 there was a boom; the inflation was kept up too long, the bubble burst; there was a dismal reaction. There is a risk of that happening again. When one hears of a property being bought for £100,000, and being

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floated, after £80,000 had been spent on it, with a capital of £500,000, one fears the worst. However, that flotation did not succeed. Too many dishonest companies have succeeded, however, in deluding the foolish investor and giving Rhodesia a bad financial name.

From Salisbury I motored out one day to a group of mines about twenty-five miles away. Motoring across the veld is a strange pastime. The passengers do not exactly sit in the car. They spend most of their time in the air. What puzzled me was why we always fell back into our seats. You feel like a ball which is being used for cup-and-ball by a very expert player. I have voyaged in an airship and weathered a pretty stiff wind. I have flown in an aeroplane. But for a mode of travelling which keeps "the bright face of danger" in full view all the time, commend me to motoring in Rhodesia.

As soon as you get beyond the suburbs, there is nothing which you could call a "road." Every now and then even the track vanishes, and you plough through deep sand or cannon off rocky boulders. Then you find the spoor of other cars, and soon you are tearing along a narrow path with not a spare yard on either hand; or whizzing down a breakneck hill where you feel sure no brake on earth would act if for any reason you wanted to ease up. Fortunately you do not want. That the motor has speeded up the advance of Rhodesia is beyond

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doubt. With a moderately good car a man can do as much in one day as he could with mules in seven. So a little discomfort, a little risk (more apparent than real) are amply rewarded.

It was magnificent country we drove through: rich glens among wooded hills, dotted with farmsteads; views opening out of fine granite ranges in the far distance. We stopped in a flat valley at the Jesuit mission named Chishawasha, and were most kindly entertained by some of the fathers. These industrious priests have shown what this country may become if it is intelligently cultivated. They raise their own crops, they eat the fruit of their flourishing orchards, they drink wine from their own vineyard. And they assured me that they made their lands pay. An amazing and most encouraging sight is this green abundance in the midst of bare veld. But it does not stand by any means alone. Round about Salisbury is grand farming country. Mr. Newton, the Government Treasurer, has a flourishing tobacco plantation and stock-breeding establishment about twenty miles out. Borrowdale is a famous farm not so far off—famous both for its lessons in agriculture and for the charming hospitality dispensed there by Mrs. Dobbin ("Gertrude Page"), whose picturesque novels have helped to make Rhodesia known to people at home. Developed farms within ten miles of the town cannot be bought for less than £4000, and run up to as much as £10,000.

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The Chishawasha fathers teach the natives to work, but do not press the civilising process too hard. The Roman Catholic missions, by the way, seem the only ones which understand how to keep the native in his place. The more evangelical they are, the farther do they carry the "man and brother" idea, and when the black man is once convinced that he is the white man's equal, he becomes either a dangerous nuisance or a canting pietist.

They appeared to be perfectly happy in their labours, these clever Jesuits, some of them scholars of the front rank. I never understood the significance of that phrase, "the peace of God which passeth all understanding" until I grew familiar with the steady glance and calm, peaceful faces of regulars and nuns. Their secret is, in truth, beyond our understanding. We can only guess at their Vision Splendid, and maybe envy them their Certainty Divine.

We came upon the Enterprise group of mines suddenly, turning a corner round a rocky shoulder and having the gear of pit-heads in view. From a little eminence we climbed we could see twelve mines, several of them familiar from the Stock Exchange quotations. And there were others hidden in the folds and hollows of the hills. Most of them were being "developed," that is, a big company had bought them from small men and was testing, experimenting, and installing new plant. An engineer took us round, showed us the tidy

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native compound, had some gold "panned" for us, and gave us tea, made and served by a solemn black butler about twelve years old, in his wattle-and-daub hut. Panning is the process of sieving the gold-bearing earth with water until the bright grains show through and enable the stuff to be valued. The natives are well looked after. The Government—that is, the Chartered Company—sees to that; keeps inspectors going round to enforce regulations. There were married quarters here, which is not common. On eighteenpence a day, the black miner's wage, a couple of wives can be supported in luxury it seems.

Scarcity of native labour, however, still heavily handicaps Rhodesian mining, and tobacco planting, too. A tax has been put upon the black fellows, and they go to work just long enough to earn it. But as many can earn £3 a month, they do not work long. A sensible proposal to engage them only for periods of six months has some chance of being adopted; that would improve the situation a little. The mines would gladly employ white miners if they could afford it (and if white men would engage in such deadly monotonous toil). But that is out of the question. In Salisbury a white bricklayer gets 27s. 6d. a day, and is already demanding 30s.; a plasterer draws £8 a week and wants £9. White drillers in the mines would expect at least eight times as much as the black ones. At that rate the richest properties would

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pay away all their gold in wages ; the others would have to shut down.

Driving back we saw many little tin plates in the grass marking prospectors' claims. We saw trenches, too, dug by the adventurers who come and smell out the precious soil. Not often do they share in the riches which it eventually yields up. Prospecting is not a business, but an art. It is loved and practised for its own sake. The "finds" that might make the adventurer rich, if he handled them as a business man would, are sold for a few pounds. Then the prospector moves on and plies his lonely calling still further from the busy haunts of men. They are a silent race, with eyes that seem to look beyond the small concerns of ordinary life.

A few years ago on a train running to Cape Town a man sat in his shirt at table in the dining-car. The conductor asked him politely to put his coat on ; reminded him of the presence of ladies. The man said he was very sorry, but he had not got a coat. He had not worn such a thing for seventeen years. That was the true prospector type. Habits have changed a little : civilisation makes a more insistent claim. But the men who go on ahead to tell the smart mining engineers and the big financial houses where to find more gold are still, and always will be, apart from other men. They live very close to Nature. They have something of her shy charm clinging about them, something of her simplicity, and she teaches them

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something of her magic so that they may find what they go forth to seek.

Before we got back to Salisbury we passed the "outspan" or common which lies a little way outside the town, open to all trekkers for pasturage and a night's halt. Coming to it we noticed several "Outspanners will be prosecuted" boards. Such things remind one that, spite of railways and newspapers and skating-rinks and picture theatres (both these forms of amusement abound), Africa is still a healthily primitive land where a great number of people, when they have occasion to travel, simply hitch their mules or oxen to their waggon and start off across country, sleeping under the stars and pasturing their animals as they go. That is the call which takes men—and women, too—back to Africa again and again. The meal at sundown, the gossip over the camp-fire, the last sleepy glance at the blue immensity of space powdered by diamonds: then the awaking in the clear sweet air, the start at sunrise after fragrant coffee, the freshness and the vastness and the fitness—how can we endure the fetid squalor of a city, letting its wearisome turmoil deafen us to the Call of the Veld?

After the veld, even Salisbury seems at first sight rather sordid, untidy. The buildings and houses look as if they had been shaken out of a pepper-castor. But that is only because the plan on which the town is laid out remains as yet incomplete. A "street" may consist of one house,

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or of two houses and a shop with gaps of fifty yards or so between them. It is a place of big ideas; it is thinking ahead. But already the vacant stands are being quickly let. In one month alone (September 1910) plans were passed for twenty new buildings, which were to cost £10,840. In the main street, Manica Road they call it, there are some capital shops which supply all ordinary needs at surprisingly moderate prices. There are also many offices. Nearly all the buildings are of one storey. Many of them are tin structures; most are brick and tin. But more imposing blocks are springing up; one which contains both offices and chambers would not be out of place in any large town.

In the centre a marsh, which used to divide Salisbury into two parts, has been filled up. The fine avenue made larger has been named Kingsway, and will do credit to its sponsor in a very little while. This business part of the place has a bustling, prosperous air. Every one seems to have business worth attending to, and to be devoting his whole energy to it. There are no loafers. Nearly every one goes about his business on a bicycle. The wide sunny roads are full of them, in spite of the red dust. I shall never forget the hundreds of machines leaning against the fence of the polo ground on the day of the gymkhana in honour of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. Nobody should go to Rhodesia without a bicycle. They can be used

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even in the bush. There may be no roads through it, but there are always Kaffir paths, along which the natives walk in single file (a habit they keep up even on ordinary roads with amusing effect). These are hard enough to cycle on, and one can ride fairly quickly, so long as one looks out for the stumps of trees which occasionally stand on the path.

But, though the town is busy and interesting, it is the outskirts of Salisbury which leave the deeper impression. I think of cool verandahs, dim even in the glare of noon. I think of gardens gay with bougainvillæas and purple clematis; green with leaves and shady trees; sweet-scented; and promising rich crops of peaches, plums, and pears from their orchard closes. The houses are so embowered that they can scarcely be seen from the broad roads, along which you may see a motor-van pass, delivering parcels from the stores! It is a charming society that these villa-dwellers compose—official mainly, but not in our sense of the word. The Rhodesian official is like the English in culture, in his pleasant quiet manners; but more like the Canadian or American in his cheery desire to help rather than hinder, his enthusiasm for his country, his certainty that it will go ahead.

There is naturally a racecourse, and in the town I saw the offices of several "Turf accountants," those pests of decent sport. But it is for the racing, not for betting, that most people go. There is a

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pack of foxhounds which hunts the jackal on the encircling hills. The biggest of these hills is The Kopje, whose wooded summit dominates the town and whose shady paths are much in favour for early-morning rides. I was shaken out of delicious sleep at half-past four o'clock one morning to go to a "meet." At five sharp the master in pink trotted off, and a field of about twenty followed him. There was very little scent that day; it was too hot, too late in the year. But they do get good runs in the proper season.

Behind the polo ground is the Games Club with a number of tennis-courts—earth, of course; croquet lawns; bowling alleys; a golf-links; and a comfortable clubhouse. I thought it pathetic that I was shown here a patch of "English grass" with clover in it, religiously watered, and watched over like the vestals' flame. Yet the very Rhodesians who sigh as they pass that little grass patch spend their time in England longing for the sunshine and the spaciousness of their adoptive home. What if the black-and-white crows do pilfer the golf-balls? What if there is red dust? What though you may tread on a cobra or a black momba in your garden and die within the hour? The climate and the exhilaration and the free vivid life far more than compensate for the drawbacks. And every year the drawbacks grow fewer: snakes are exterminated; roads are made firm. Whereas the advantages remain the same.

CHAPTER XXII

THE VICTORIA FALLS

The Leeambije! Nobody knows
Whence it comes and whither it goes.
*Old native canoe-song about the
Zambesi (also called Leeambije)*

SOME day there will be a railway from Salisbury across to the Victoria Falls. (Salisbury, the Falls, and Bulawayo are the points of an almost equilateral triangle.) But at present Bulawayo is the connecting-link between the other two; instead of 350 miles you have to travel nearly 600. You must go along two sides of the triangle instead of one.

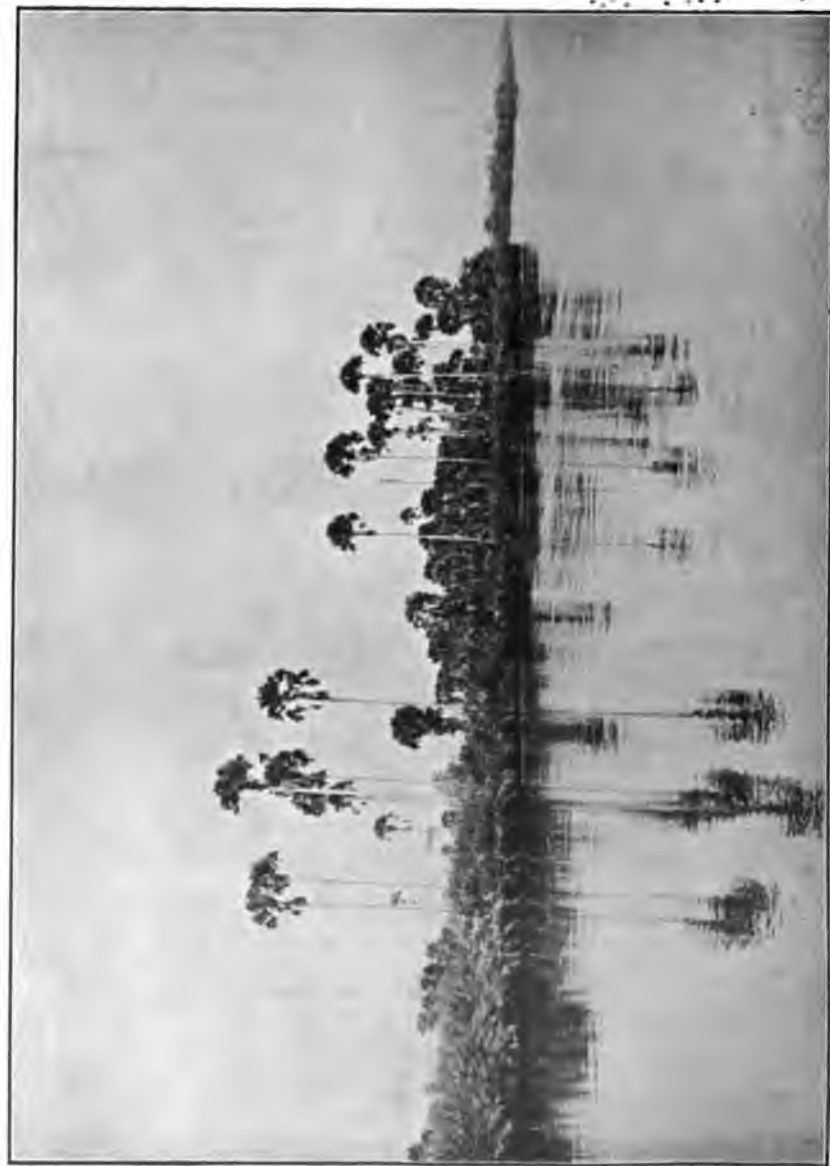
As you journey north-west from Bulawayo the scenery soon begins to look more tropical. Of course, all Rhodesia lies within the Tropics, but there are many regions so high that no one would guess it. On the Zambesi the latitude "talks." Long before the Zambesi is reached even, the red-leaved fever trees, the wild orange trees, the brilliant butterflies, the strange insects, and the heavy atmosphere all help to tell you that you have left the temperate clime of Southern Rhodesia.

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Running across the edge of the Kalahari Desert, you are lucky if you have a rain-storm. Rain is most uncertain here. When it does come, it is as likely as not to wash a bit of the line away. But even if it did that, you would escape the dust and the sweltering heat of the sun beating down upon the dead flat of the sandy waste. After rain there is plenty of grass and plenty of bush. This desert is not like a North African desert. The prevailing colour is not brown but green, and you have the song of birds.

Big game is often seen on or near the line after the Kalahari has been crossed. At one station they show the skull and bones of an elephant which held up a train for five hours. The evening I went up several giraffes had been seen on the metals near this station. We kept a sharp look-out for them, but saw no trace. It was regular elephant-bush country, covered with big, thick trees; we might even have started a lion. But there was no game to be seen at all. We could only watch the blue-wooded distance, and think how like it was to the stretch of Surrey which is viewed from Hindhead. As we drew nearer to the Zambesi Valley the leafage became even more luxuriant. Some trees wore still their winter suits of brown, but most were arrayed in a vivid feathery green.

About half-way from Bulawayo to the Falls comes Wankies where there is an output of
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PALMS MIRRORED IN THE ZAMBESI

Photo by DUDLEY KIDD

THE
ZAMBESI

A black and white photograph of a massive waterfall, likely Niagara Falls, viewed from a high vantage point. The water cascades over a wide ledge, creating a dense mist that fills the air. The foreground shows dark, rocky cliffs on either side of the falls, and the bottom of the gorge is visible, showing turbulent water and some vegetation.

[VICTORIA FALLS]

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500 tons of coal a day. There are 500 "boys" employed in the mines, and a population of some seventy whites. It is a bad place for fever, but that will be remedied when the mosquito has been banished. Still, I doubt whether Wankies will ever belie its name so far as to be a pleasant place to live. It must be content (like, shall we say, Wigan?) with its prosperity. Two trains laden with coal leave it every day. The coal is used by the railway engines instead of Welsh, and fetches 18s. 6d. a ton, unless it has already come down to 12s. 6d.

Long before the Falls are reached every one is on the platforms at the ends of the coaches looking out for the first signs of the "Smoke that Sounds." That was the native name for this world's wonder. The Arabs called it more imaginatively, "the end of the world." When a great river suddenly pours over a four-hundred-feet-deep precipice and disappears in a four-hundred-feet-deep gorge, it might well be falling over the edge of the earth into the immensity of unoccupied space.

These were the only names the Falls had until Dr. Livingstone came upon them in 1855. He was the first white man who had ever seen them. Only fifty-five years ago! Now tourists with special cheap tickets go to see them in comfortable trains with sleeping-berths and restaurant-cars. A well-appointed hotel receives them at their journey's end. Yet so well are the Falls guarded that there

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are no unpleasant trippery associations to jar one's sense of fitness. Niagara is made partly a show, partly an industrial machine. The Victoria Falls have been left a marvel of Nature.

"There," cries some one who has been to the Falls before, "see those three columns of spray." Sure enough, the sun is glistening on three tall clouds of vaporous water in particles. By this time the train is winding along the edge of the Zambesi Valley, and we look down into a vast cup of green. Far away below that greenery flows the river in its deep canyon, of which now and then we can see the banks four hundred feet high. Once we catch a glimpse of a shining sheet of water. The white smoke-like pillar appears and disappears according to the strength of the puffs of wind. Now we are on the bridge over the gorge. There are the Falls right opposite—part of them, at any rate. We have arrived.

From the bridge we look down and see far below a racing stream penned in a narrow channel. Looking ahead we almost face the Falls. In the winter there is so vast a volume of water that little can be seen but clouds of spray. In summer the view is really more perfect, for it allows the spectator to appreciate the exquisite beauty of the scene. One's first impression is of its quite untropical character. Only in the Palm Grove, through which a steep path leads down to the Boiling Pot of water struggling to escape by the

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narrow channel, and in the Rain Forest, which lies opposite the Falls some little way to the left of the bridge, and which is always wet with showers of spray, does one realise how near one is to the Equator. The green tops of the forest which show all around might be in Europe. There are no garish or violent effects, as there usually are in a tropical landscape. All is quiet in tone, harmonious, charming. From the Palm Grove—but before it is described in any detail, I must try to give some idea of the general plan.

The Zambesi at this point is nearly a mile wide, a quiet, pleasant river, with low banks which in places might be the banks of the Thames. It flows gently, peacefully, with a tragic unconsciousness of the destiny that lies in wait for it. Gliding past wooded islets, it finds itself suddenly among smooth rounded rocks. Still it moves onward among these, stately to the last. Then, of a sudden, the precipice yawns before it—a precipice extending along the whole of its width, a chasm four hundred feet deep. The river plunges over the edge. Instantly its waters become a falling mass of foam.

As soon as it reaches the bottom of the chasm, the foam becomes water once more. But it is no longer the quiet, peaceful stream it was above. It struggles madly to free itself. It rages and surges to find a way out. There is only one way. All the water which falls over that mile of

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precipice must pass through the narrow channel which leads out of the chasm about a third of a mile from the right-hand end. It is over this channel or gorge that the railway bridge passes. The sides of the gorge are the same height as the chasm itself, four hundred feet. It zigzags away to the south, and at the bottom rushes the river, now savage and strenuous, fighting for its life between the rocky walls, swirling with terrific force and sweeping everything before it.

Many images occur to the imagination, stimulated by this astonishing freak of Nature. The most apt, I think, is that which compares the river to a man leading an affluent, easy, untroubled life, who is suddenly by harsh circumstances compelled to fling himself into the arena of fierce competition and to struggle for his very existence. His character is entirely changed. He loses his gentle manners. He jostles and elbows and pushes. Only by violent energy and brute force can he make his way.

How the chasm and the gorge were formed—huge cracks in the earth-crust—it is very hard even to guess. It looks as if some Titan's children had been playing here in the world's youth, and had made them with their spades, as children to-day make castles and moats and rivers on the sea-shore.

The roar and crash of the falling water are tremendous, even when the river is at its summer level. Naturally one tries to compare it with

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Niagara. But there is really no comparison to be made. Each is magnificent in its different way. In size the Victoria Falls are far greater. Niagara is only half as wide and not nearly half as high. The exact figures are :

	HEIGHT	WIDTH
Victoria Falls	420 ft.	One mile
Niagara	158 ft.	Half a mile

Visitors to the Victoria Falls in the dry season are often annoyed at not finding what they imagined they would find. Mr. Lemieux, the Canadian Postmaster-general, for instance, was at first inclined to be disappointed. I met him just after he had arrived, and he was surprised at there being "so little water"; he had expected an immense mass, as at Niagara. But before he left he was full of enthusiasm for the beauty and variety of the Victoria Falls. Niagara one can see in an afternoon and go away willingly by the evening train. I have never known any one who had visited the Victoria Falls not regret, however long he had stayed, that he was not able to stay longer. A week is the shortest time that should be allowed for them ; and that week should be one in which the moon is at the full. For marvellous as the Falls are in sunshine, they are even more wonderful by moonlight.

For my own part I would rather see them when there is not the full volume of water coming over. The veils of dropping foam which make the chasm fairy-like in summer are infinitely more beautiful

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than the thunderous solid cascade of the fuller season. The latter is merely large, the former are lovely. In winter there is little variety. In summer you can walk to a hundred different points of vantage and get a fresh view from each. To decide which is the finest when all are so fine is impossible. But the most perfectly complete feature of the spectacle is the Devil's Cataract, a torrent of terrific swiftness which rushes down a sloping bed at the extreme left of the Falls (looking at them from the opposite bank).

Almost all along this opposite bank you can walk or clamber, now lying down to peer over, now watching the rainbow effects of sun and spray, steeping your vision in the different aspects of the Falls until your mind positively aches with the grandeur. For rest and refreshment you have then to concentrate attention upon some one little point of beauty, after which you can make another effort to appreciate the marvel as a whole.

Looking along the chasm from the left end, near the Devil's Cataract, you get glorious kaleidoscopic effects of changing colour. The space between the towering cliffs of rock is filled with fine spray. At one moment the clouds of moisture are white, the next blue, the next yellow, as the wind blows them about and as sun and shade influence them by turns. Now the breeze, for an instant, clears all the clouds away. You have tantalising glimpses of falling water, white and exquisite, like rockets

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shooting downwards into the abyss. But the instant is over already, and the spray bursts forth again, like steam from some giant's cauldron, or fumes from the very mouth of Hell.

Then cross over to Cataract Island, which lies on the edge of the precipice with the Devil's Cataract swirling round it. Now you see the back of the chasm where you have been standing and walking. Its red earth and green turf remind you of Devonshire. A little lower down, where no sun falls, there is a sudden transition to Dante! Huge gloomy rocks and changing shapes of mist recall scenes in the Inferno. You shiver and turn away, eager for the sunshine again. You are still a little chilly perhaps from your wetting in the Rain Forest. The best costume for this experience is pyjamas with a mackintosh over them. Parties from the hotel go through the forest in this airy kit before breakfast and before they have dressed for the day. If you go in ordinary clothes you must have a waterproof coat and an umbrella or you soon get wet through. Naturally there is deliciously green and luxuriant vegetation in a wood where it is always raining, or, to be accurate, where the spray from the Falls is always falling. Great ferns stretch out their fronds across the pathway, mosses grow with unimagined vigour, big coloured fungi lend a touch of dream-like unreality to the scene.

If you are fortunate enough to be the guest of

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the Administrator of North-Western Rhodesia, whose residence is at the town of Livingstone seven miles away, you will, when you have visited Cataract Island, be paddled away up river above the Falls by vigorous natives in comfortable canoes of the Canadian pattern. The natives wear a kind of Jack-Tar uniform of white with broad blue sailor collar and sailor hat. Very smart and trim they look. Perhaps you will land at a boat-house whence a driving road and a private line of railway run to Livingstone. Or you may go still farther up the broad stream, whose banks are now palm-fringed, to an island where picnics are a popular form of excursion for the Livingstone people. They take their chance of being interrupted at tea or lunch by the appearance of a hippopotamus. These beasts abound in the Zambesi. It is nothing out of the common to see their heads bobbing in the water. In the summer of 1910 a boat was upset by one, and a man and a woman were drowned.

For the entertainment and instruction of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught a party of natives gave a realistic performance (which we watched from this picnic-island) showing how they hunt and spear the hippo. A bale of straw represented the dreaded river-horse. In three dug-out canoes, which looked as if they must turn over, but were most skilfully handled by the crew of paddlers, the hunters crouched, holding their long

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spears in readiness to fling. Entering into the spirit of the drama with childlike intensity, they drew gradually nearer to their prey. As soon as they came within range, they hurled their spears with all the force of their brown quivering frames. The hippo was done for. Now it only remained to tow his body home, which they did with songs of triumph, accompanied by the tom-tom and a very primitive piano, played with little hammers by a Barotse Leonard Borwick, who squatted on his haunches in the stern.

There are many crocodiles in the Zambesi also. On the very day I arrived a native boy from a riverside village was seized by one, as he bent to fill a crock with water, and almost pulled under. He was saved just in time by some fellow-villagers, but in the tug-of-war he suffered severely and lay in the Livingstone Hospital (a marvel of cool airiness and orderly equipment) for I know not how long.

TROPICAL RHODESLA

It's in England that they are,
And it's England that's so far,
Oh, so many, many weary miles away ;
I can hear them call to me,
"Come, oh come across the sea,"
I can hear them calling, calling night and day.

It was the evening of a hot day in Northern Rhodesia. For hours the train had been ploughing along through a sandy country, well wooded and growing a coarse grass, but interminably the same. Just about sundown we had a welcome stop, "Twenty minutes for water." We got out and stretched our weary frames, snuffing up the clean, fresh evening air.

Close by the line was a native village. The inhabitants had turned out in force. The young

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bloods swaggered around. One wore a costume which can only be described as bathing-drawers ; that was all. But he carried a walking-stick with quite a Bond Street grace. They were Matabele, whose usual costume is a short cotton kilt with a low-necked vest, or perhaps an old European jacket. Up and down the train went an old blind man, led by a naked boy, rattling a shell for alms. Though the skirts of civilisation brushed so closely past them four times a week (two up trains and two down), these natives were little removed from the primitive state in which they have lived for thousands of years. Their dwellings are bee-hive-shaped huts, in which they curl themselves up and sleep on the ground. Their possessions are a few pots, a store of mealies (maize), possibly a few rolls of gaudily printed calico. Their women cultivate a little patch of soil. They live sparingly on "mealie pap," a kind of porridge ; a few infrequent vegetables ; and meat occasionally when hunting is good. They miss the fighting of the times before the Chartered Company came, when they harried the hapless Mashonas, slitting the throats of hundreds of these gentler creatures and carrying their young women away. Yes, that they think of wistfully. But otherwise they are contented. The sun warms them. They take no thought for the morrow. They are easy in their minds.

Next day we were in Livingstone, the little town built in a forest clearing near the Victoria

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Falls. Here we could see the first doubtful steps which the native is being made to take towards civilisation. Up there in North-western and North-eastern Rhodesia, where the whites are a few hundred against the natives' hundreds of thousands, the black problem can be studied in its very early stage. One's first feeling is of amazement at what white teaching has done. Outside Government House, during dinner on the verandah, a band was playing popular tunes. All the members of that band are natives, taught by ear. Two years ago most of them were running wild in the bush. To hear them play "I love a lassie" you would suppose they had been at it all their lives. They are the band of the Barotse Native Police, whose bugles ring out pleasantly through the steamy early-morning atmosphere and the velvety tropical darkness. On parade they are a joy to behold. In loose khaki knickerbockers and tunics, topped by tarbushes of the same, they go through their drill with vibrant energy. When they mark time their bare black knees reach almost to their chins. They salute smartly. They obey their English words of command with instantaneous precision. A number of them can use the heliograph; take off a message correctly without knowing a word of the language.

Wherever we are training black troops, we are making a good job of it, and giving natives an education which is well suited to their state of

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mind. But this is not all that Livingstone does. There are native typists and telegraphists who get thirty shillings a week. There are skilled black electricians. There are post-runners, in tunics and "shorts" of red, who carry letters to the furthest outposts of the white race with the same punctual regularity as the mail train from the Cape. I know men far away in the wilds whose letters are carried by these red runners, and who reckon with confidence, scarcely ever misplaced, upon getting them at the same time every week. If the post is late, they complain, just as if their letters were delivered from round the corner instead of from a place hundreds of miles away. Once lions "treed" his Majesty's mails for Fort Jameson (which is fifteen days north of Livingstone). The grass was set on fire to scare the beasts away, but they were hungry and kept up the chase. The bags had to be dropped. Some were burnt. Upon others the lions tried their teeth before they went disappointed away. In a country where lions eat your letters, elephants hold up trains, and giraffes carry away telegraph wires, a regular service of communication has been a little difficult to keep up.

Then, of course, there are the native servants in Livingstone. Throughout Rhodesia "boys" do everything. They are butlers, valets, cooks, housemaids, parlourmaids. My particular "boy" was called Pungolani. He wore a white garment exactly like "the old-fashioned night-gown," with

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a clergyman's collar and a little round cap. As he moved about my room on his bare feet he was noiseless. I found it rather creepy. Other things were creepy in my room though, including a black animal seven inches long, which I found crawling about on a very large number of legs one morning just before I had my bath. It was harmless, I found out afterwards, but it made me careful not to put a foot to the ground without a shoe on it. These native servants live in their employers' gardens, like the "compound" system in India. It was odd, after I had pleased a number of residents one evening by saying I thought Livingstone was very British, to walk across the garden to my quarters and pass a group of natives, almost naked, squatting round a fire with a pot on it just as if they were in the village where the train stopped on the evening of that hot day.

Livingstone is from one point of view the most interesting town in Rhodesia. It is an exotic. Bulawayo and Salisbury seem natural. Livingstone seems forced. It has most of those condiments which lend a subtle flavour to civilised existence—electric light, for instance, the telephone, an ice factory, a soda-water plant. There is an exceedingly pleasant club, an admirably equipped hospital, a cathedral on the stocks. There are roads of good brick houses, with wide, shady verandahs and plenty of ground about them. In each house you know there are dainty rooms looking like England ;

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solid comfort, books and pictures to give evidence of well-cultivated minds. At dinner, when the lamps discreetly conceal so much ; when the glass and silver glitter on the polished table with its lace mats ; when the talk of women in pretty frocks and of men in dinner-jackets is about theatre-going in London, fishing in Scotland, hunting in Leicestershire, shopping in Paris—you suddenly recollect with a start where you are—in a community of three hundred white people among a population of three hundred thousand blacks.

It is only the visitor who can ever forget it. Those who live there have it impressed upon them every moment of the day. For example, I just now mentioned that a cathedral is being built at Livingstone, an Anglican cathedral to which King George has subscribed. When I was there a "native question" had arisen over this even. The Bishop of Northern Rhodesia, Dr. Hine, is really more interested in the black people than the white. He walks about all over the country, unarmed and with only black "boys" to "carry" for him. He speaks many languages, and always gets on exceedingly well with the natives. His mind is a storehouse of fascinating information about them.

He contends that the cathedral must be for both races. The committee which has collected the building fund takes the view that, as the natives have a church of their own, the cathedral should only be used by white people. They base their

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objection to the other course on "hygiene and policy." The Bishop did not propose that both should worship together, but only that the cathedral should be sometimes open for native services. The committee contended that even this would be both unpleasant and unwise. Unwise, because it is dangerous to let the natives imagine they are "as good as the white people." If they once got that idea firmly into their heads, the white people would soon be driven out.

So difficult did this disagreement become that the Bishop refused to consecrate the cathedral unless he was advised to do so by the Archbishop either of Canterbury or Cape Town. In that event he would obey the monition, but would afterwards pack up his traps and go. People in England hear of an Anglican cathedral being built, and think of its being filled every Sunday by the same sort of worshippers as they are themselves, all in their best clothes. The idea of any one—most of all a bishop—proposing to fill it with woolly-heads in blankets fills them with dismay.

The same contrast between appearance and reality is presented by the very landscape of the place. As the train approaches Livingstone it might be running through Richmond Park. An Old Etonian compared the Parade Ground to the famous playing-fields by the side of the Thames. From the high part of the town there are glorious views which suggest memories of the New Forest. Yet

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THE NATIVE BAND AT LIVINGSTONE



THE RAW MATERIAL



THE FINISHED PRODUCT

TROPICAL RHODESIA

the hand of Africa is heavy upon you. You cannot cast it off. You know that those boundless stretches of forest, which your eye follows as far as the horizon, are not friendly, warm with human associations. There is a cruel hardness in the glare of sunshine, a threatening, exasperating discomfort in the gathering of clouds before rain. Dawn is not cool and pearly. Evening brings no freshness. After sundown it is more instead of less oppressive, for the breeze drops and the baked earth gives off a sweltering heat. Winter does bring relief at nights, but in summer it is a bad climate for whites.

"The future of Northern Rhodesia depends on quinine," a witty Irish doctor told me. Every evening before dinner the Livingstone people take their five grains or more, and when you have wakened up half a dozen times through the night to hear the mosquito "wind his small but sullen horn," you are glad to join them.

Malaria is happily being met and fought with outright; in time it will disappear from Livingstone, as it has disappeared from Khartum. In other ways, too, the conditions of those who exile themselves in Northern Rhodesia are improving every year. The railway is now extended beyond the Congo Border. Long journeys for women in "machillas" (carrying hammocks) or in carts are not so frequent as they were. When we think of the pioneers of Empire we have visions of men,

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axe in hand, clearing the forest, or ploughing the prairie, or digging the prospector's trench. Few of us think of the women pioneers, the wives who follow their husbands into the great silence of the wilderness, the sisters who go out to make homes for brothers at the back of beyond. Gently nurtured, with no experience of roughing it, these are the Colonists who bear the full brunt of hardship in a "new country." The journeys in Northern Rhodesia used to be terribly hard upon them. There was a river voyage in abominable little steamboats. I know of a man whose lips swelled so that his appearance was completely changed. I know a woman whose two-year-old baby ate nothing for several days on this dreadful trip, but cried incessantly for water, of which there was a limited supply.

It is not many years either since awful stories of massacre filtered up from the south, filling every woman's heart with shuddering terror. Happily, the relations between whites and blacks are excellent now all over Rhodesia. In the north the management of native questions is very skilful and wise. The Belgians in the Congo State watch it with despairing admiration. Not long ago it was decided, as a move in the warfare against sleeping sickness, to shift some villages (where 14,000 people lived) several miles back from the bank of the river which divides British and Belgian territory. The British authorities asked the Belgians if they would take

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precautions against any of the natives getting across the river. They promised, but they laughed at the idea of carrying such an operation through. To their great surprise, it was done with complete success. The Belgians have difficulty already in getting labour. Probably when the copper region about Katanga is developed it will depend almost entirely upon Rhodesia for food. In nothing is the difference between the two administrations—between the two nationalities, indeed—more strikingly displayed than in their medical services.

The Belgians have chiefly Italian, Spanish, or Portuguese doctors; their own are too comfortable at home. Very few of these doctors can help in the fight with sleeping sickness. Very few of them are skilled in microscopic work, which is essential. In Rhodesia, on the other hand, the medical staff is everywhere fully adequate, and in many places includes brilliant men. There is one in Livingstone who spends six months each year walking thousands of miles by himself (with "boys," of course, as carriers) to organise the campaign against tropical diseases.

What will be the future of this vast spread of territory? Southern Rhodesia is a white man's country, a land where splendid harvests await settlers with a little money and a lot of pluck. But Northern Rhodesia—will that ever be the same, or will it be a planter's, miner's country,

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where whites direct and natives do the work ? The difficulty at present is to induce the latter to bestir themselves. The Barotse are a proud, independent race. They have an interesting civilisation of their own, based largely upon their keen sense of dramatic effect. For example, their Chief Justice, when he had tried a man, used not to deliver sentence in set form. If he considered the prisoner guilty, he would thoughtfully take snuff, and the convict was hurried away. When the Chief Justice decided to let the accused man off, he rose, stretched himself, and walked out of court, lightly touching him on the shoulder as he left. Then the prisoner went free.

Lewanika, the Barotse chief, has been in England. When I asked him through an interpreter what had struck him most, he thought for a few moments and replied, "Everything." There is an amusing story told about his visit to Queen Victoria. He had been told by people of the class called in Africa "negrophilists" that he ought not to prostrate himself. He therefore entered her Majesty's presence on his feet. She looked at him and said nothing, but just made a little imperious motion with one hand. Instantly he dropped down on all fours. His respect for her after that was enormous. Lewanika's official uniform, designed by Mr. William Whiteley, is a dazzling confection of gold lace. The poor old man looks most uncomfortable in it. A grey suit

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made in the style which fashion-plates describe as "D.B. frock" suits him better, and he wears a grey top-hat with a rakish air. But he looks his best, of course, in native dress.

He has a sister who weighs twenty-four stone and sends regularly to Paris for her hats, which, I am told, she usually wears back foremost. An official sent her not long ago an elaborate gown from the Rue de la Paix. He heard nothing from her, so he asked if she liked it. "I thank you," she answered, "but not much." He made further inquiry and discovered that the dress was not considered lucky. It was red, and once a native in a red blanket had been struck by lightning. The colour had been feared ever since!

Though it spoils the picturesqueness of the natives, their fancy for European clothes is a good thing. It gives them a desire for money and induces them to go to work. If we are to do anything with Rhodesia we must get them to work somehow. All the better if they will do it of their own free will.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT'S TOUR

. . . the Crown which is not only the symbol, but the real bond of unity in the greatest Empire the world has ever seen. *The Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, Canadian Postmaster-General*

WHEN it was decided, after the death of King Edward, that the Duke of Connaught should go to South Africa for the opening of the first Union Parliament, there was some feeling of disappointment. Very little was known of King Edward's only surviving brother, except as a soldier. He was, so to speak, an uncertain quantity. But from the day of his landing at Cape Town the feeling of disappointment was changed to one of delight. Everywhere he went he turned what might have been a mere formal series of receptions and ceremonies into a triumphal progress.

It was certain, of course, that he would leave behind impressions of amiability. It was certain that he would discharge with dignity and tact the duties of his high commission. But to say that he had done these things, and to say no more, would be to give an utterly misleading account

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of his travels. Everywhere, from first to last, he won all hearts by his unaffected, kindly bearing, by his obviously keen interest in all that he saw and heard, by his frank, charming manner in private, by the admirably sincere and manly note which sounded in all his public speeches.

The fact is the Duke of Connaught surprised South Africa. I think the accounts of his progress must have a little surprised England as well. It was a great opportunity, the first of the kind which has been offered to him, and he took advantage of it to the full. Even his official appearances would by themselves have created an exceptionally pleasant impression. "He is always so human," was the comment of an observer well versed in royal functions. "He looks as if he really liked laying foundation-stones." Nothing, certainly, could be more foreign to the Duke than that air of bored detachment which often sits upon public men who have much less excuse than royalties for being weary of ceremonial. He followed all proceedings, however tedious and protracted, with attentive eye and ear. Receiving addresses is a deadly business. He had to listen to dozens of them everywhere he went. Never for a moment did he treat them as mere formalities. He heard them and replied to them with an unfailing air of interest. Before reaching Durban, after a very shaky journey through the mountains, he was obliged to take two draughts of medicine

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in succession to relieve a splitting sick headache. Yet he went through the address-presentation ceremony with his usual gracious charm. No one guessed that he was not feeling perfectly well.

One very hot morning in a small tent, half-filled with perspiring dusky headmen, a native interpreter read out an interminable sequence of addresses from Bechuana chiefs. All said the same things in the same language. It was clear that "some one had blundered." Every one else either looked furious or relieved the pangs of *ennui* by cavernous yawns. The Duke alone sat upright, with a look of kindly attention on his face, listening to each string of formal sentences as if it contained matter of the most absorbing moment.

The Duke's own utterances were excellent both in substance and in form. Never content with saying merely what was expected of him, he contributed many an arresting phrase, many a suggestive idea to the common stock of South African thought. His delivery, too, lent an added attraction to his speeches. He spoke always very distinctly. His pleasant voice won over his hearers from the start. He could give lessons in elocution to a great many of those who pass for orators in parliaments. At times his dramatic emphasis was thrilling in its effect.

But, after all, it was not by his demeanour in public that he captured the hearts of the South African nation and of the people in Rhodesia.

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It was not as a prince that they loved him, but as a man. However graciously he had comported himself at functions, there would have been no gatherings of farmers and miners at wayside stops. There would have been no crowds at stations where we halted only a few minutes (in some cases did not halt at all). There would be no feeling of personal affection left behind. It was because they heard how he got out of his saloon at every opportunity and walked up and down, talking to any one who happened to be there, that men drove ten, twenty, forty miles to get a sight of and perhaps a word with him. It was because the fame of his kindly simplicity ran before him that whole towns flocked to the railway platforms, and that the open receptions which he held were so studiously attended. It was due to his cheery interest in everything and everybody, to the natural courtesy and friendliness of his manner, which at once put all at ease, to the genial humour which never failed him, that he owed his boundless popularity and the deep regret with which South Africans let him go.

The tour was so full of varied incidents, so rich in human interest (which does not always go with royal functions), that I propose to give some short extracts from my diary of our travels. They will help to make both South Africa and the Duke of Connaught better understood. I begin with the day of his arrival in the *Batmoral Castle*, the

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splendid vessel placed at his disposal by the Union-Castle Company and commissioned as a man-of-war under the command of Commodore Wemyss, R.N.

CAPE TOWN, *October 31, 1910.* Nothing occurred to-day to mar the brilliance of the spectacle or the enthusiasm of the welcome. A dense sea-fog seemed likely to cause delay, but the *Balmoral Castle* arrived to time about nine o'clock, and by the time the royal party landed the sun shone warmly in a sky of blue flecked with clouds, which were welcomed because they kept the air fairly cool.

The Duke and Duchess were both pleased and touched by the warmth of the welcoming cheers. As they drove through the crowded, decorated streets every element of the city's strangely varied population joined in greeting them. Passing the railway station, the Duchess called the Duke's attention to portraits of Cecil Rhodes and Kruger displayed side by side. British and Dutch forgot for the moment the racial discords which are still sometimes a source of bitterness.

Hindus in turbans or fezes, Mohammedans and Malay women in graceful native dress, Hottentots, Kafirs, Chinese, Greeks, and Portuguese—all contributed to the interest and picturesqueness of the throng which lined the route many deep.

November 1. Cape Town is revelling in the unaccustomed gaiety and movement caused by the



WHERE THE WATER IS WARM. THE INDIAN OCEAN NEAR CAPE TOWN

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visit of the Duke and Duchess and the approaching opening of Parliament.

All who obtain invitations rush from one function to another from morning till night. The streets resound with the frequent clatter of cavalry escorts and are brightened with the gorgeous uniforms of staff officers.

This afternoon there took place an imposing muster of the local forces, including the fine regiment of the Cape Town Highlanders, who were reviewed by the Duke of Connaught with the Regular troops stationed here.

There was a very large and very pleasant luncheon party of eight hundred guests at the Government Wine Farm of Constantia, some distance out of Cape Town. The royal party motored through beautiful woods and stately avenues in the glory of early summer foliage, and were full of admiration for the charming old Dutch farmhouse, from which the vineyards slope gently to the sea. They were also struck by the fine bouquet of the Cape wines and the excellent quality of the local liqueur brandy.

CAPE TOWN, *November 4.* Nothing but the presence of King George himself could have added any further element of dignity or picturesque splendour to the ceremony performed to-day of the opening of the first Parliament of the South African Union.

No better representative of the Sovereign than

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the Duke of Connaught could have been chosen, no form of proceedings could have more fittingly expressed the spirit and character of the new South African nation. Never have Cape Town streets been so crowded by visitors from all parts of the country, and never has grey old Table Mountain looked down upon so glittering a scene of imperial pageantry.

From an early hour the streets were lined with soldiers, and the Navy was represented by a guard of honour of bluejackets on the steps of the Assembly House. The weather was perfect—hot sun and cool air.

When the Duke drove by a circuitous route from Government House to the Parliament Buildings the cheering was hearty and continuous. The royal carriage from England, with footmen behind and outriders, and the royal arms emblazoned very large, was greatly admired.

Inside the Assembly House there was a decorous bustle for two hours before noon, the time fixed for the ceremony. The galleries were almost entirely filled with ladies in dainty summer frocks, who overflowed on to the floor of the House. Here the ladies occupied chairs, squeezing honourable members against the walls and for once vindicating the claims of their sex to share Parliament with men. They certainly lent charm and colour to the scene, which was also brightened by the scarlet uniforms, the crimson gowns of the mayors of the

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chief towns of the four provinces, the purple robes of the bishops, and the gold-laced coats of the Privy Councillors.

The Chamber is both convenient and pleasant. In appearance and form it resembles the House of Commons, but each member is provided with a seat and desk of his own. It is well lighted from a glass roof panelled with finely coloured, though unfortunately named, South African stinkwood. The upper part is all in white, producing a delightful effect of coolness even on the hottest day.

As the members took their seats it was impossible not to marvel afresh at the miracle of conciliation which has turned the bitter enemies of ten years ago into fellow-citizens and friends. Here were many who, only that short space of time ago, were doing their utmost on the field of battle to destroy each other, now working together full of ardour for their common country and loyal to one Sovereign and one flag.

As we watched the House fill, Mr. James Caldwell, the late deputy-Speaker to the House of Commons, remarked to me upon the truly representative character of the membership. The House is not composed of professional politicians or doctrinaires. Nearly all the members are business men, farmers and stock-raisers—solid, capable workers trained in the various activities upon which the prosperity of the country depends.

Just after twelve o'clock a burst of cheering and

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the firing of a salute by a warship in the bay announced the Duke's arrival. A sudden silence fell, contrasting strangely with the cheerful buzz of conversation before. Slowly and solemnly entered the procession. Of the gorgeous uniforms, not the least was Lord Gladstone's new costume, with immense silver epaulettes and the breast covered with heavy silver cord.

Not till the Duke entered was the somewhat funereal tension for a moment relaxed. His kindly smile and gracious nods to the members who were known to him made every one feel cheerful again. It was noticed that both the Duchess and Princess Patricia wore ostrich feathers in their hats. Princess Patricia's smile wins every heart, while the Duchess's unaffected and friendly interest in everything has created a delightful impression.

When the Duke had taken his position in front of the throne, with the Governor-General and Lady Gladstone—a slim, girlish figure—on his right and the Duchess and Princess Patricia on his left, there was a minute's wait before the band played "God Save the King!"

The Duke clearly felt the greatness of the occasion. No finer or more soldierly figure could be imagined. He wears a field-marshal's uniform to perfection, yet the hand which took out and adjusted his eye-glasses perceptibly shook. As soon as the National Anthem was played he said in a voice which startingly recalled King Edward's at the annual opening

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of Parliament at Westminster, "Be seated, gentlemen." Then he seated himself and, wearing his plumed head-dress, read very distinctly and with admirable expression the gracious message from King George.

As he spoke of the death "of my illustrious brother" his voice quivered, but he rapidly regained command of it, and went on to declare the Sovereign's regret at being unable to attend the historic ceremony. Upon the phrase "for the present" he seemed to lay special significance. High hopes are awakened of a visit from King George and Queen Mary some day to their South African dominion. At the reference to the King's acquaintance with the over-sea States of the Empire there was a murmur of ready assent. The sentences in which the war was mentioned were welcomed as in perfect taste. The speech, in fact, made the best impression possible, and it is the universal opinion that neither the matter nor the manner of its delivery could have been bettered: It was only the sense of the decorum due to the occasion which prevented applause, loud and long, from breaking out at the end of the speech.

But after the King's telegram had been read by the Duke, feeling could no longer be restrained, and the whole assemblage gave vent to its gratitude and enthusiasm in a deep-throated cheer.

The telegram was in these words :

"Although it has been ordained that I should not

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be with you on this great occasion, my thoughts and prayers are to-day for South Africa and for her lasting Union. I earnestly trust that for the sake of the people as a whole your great country may, by God's blessing and under wise guidance and statesmanship, progress from year to year, ever increasing in wisdom, happiness, and prosperity."

A speech by Lord Gladstone ended the short and simple but deeply impressive ceremony. The procession filed out and drove away in the sunshine among shouting crowds.

In the evening there was a party in the illuminated gardens of Government House and fireworks for the masses on the sea-shore. So the great day which had seen South Africa's first Parliament opened came to an appropriately festal end.

CAPE TOWN, *November 7.* The Duke of Connaught, before leaving Cape Town for Bloemfontein to-night, expressed his great pleasure at his reception at Cape Town.

Every one agrees that the city has risen to the occasion with remarkable public spirit and devoted loyalty. Nothing like the decorations and illuminations had ever been seen in South Africa before.

The royal visit has been a delightful crescendo of enthusiasm. The Duke leaves behind him the pleasantest possible memories of kindness and geniality.

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KROM RIVER, CAPE COLONY, *November 8.* The Duke's tour has already assumed the character of a triumphal progress.

At every tiny station in the vast expanse of the brown, stony Karoo there has been a gathering of farmers, many of whom have driven twenty or thirty miles in waggons drawn by twelve or fourteen mules or oxen. British and Dutch are equally eager to see the royal party. The Duke sends all away proud, pleased, and brimming over with loyalty, by chatting and showing interest in affairs, shaking hands all round, and finally waving a farewell from the window as the train moves out.

The natives are in a great state of excitement, and chant wild songs of welcome.

At Beaufort West, the biggest place as yet, there was a crowd on the platform. The Cadet Corps was inspected by the Duke, and "God Save the King" sung with tremendous fervour.

The Duke was up at sunrise to show the Princess the grandeur and wild beauty of the Hex River Mountains as the first gleams bathed the peaks in an exquisite pink glow.

BLOEMFONTEIN, *November 9.* Bloemfontein's welcome to the Royal party has been very hearty and elaborate. All the shops are shut and the streets are all fluttering with flags. The review this morning was a fine spectacle on the plain outside the city. There was a garden party this after-

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noon. Almost all the inhabitants were invited. The Royal party are leaving now, at six o'clock, for the Victoria Falls. They are tired, but are very pleased with the enthusiasm of the reception and the success of the programme.

MAHALAPYE, BECHUANALAND, *November 11.*
The interest in the Duke of Connaught's tour is quite as great in the tiny places we are now passing in Bechuanaland as at the larger centres.

This afternoon there was a pretty incident at a place called Artesia. Here there is a school for the children of railway servants living along the line. As soon as the train stopped the school-mistress fluttered up and asked for permission for the children to offer a bunch of flowers to the Duchess. Her Royal Highness instantly called the Princess and walked to the spot where the little boys and girls were paraded.

Smilingly they accepted the flowers, talked to the children and the mistress, and shook all the small hands. Then the Princess whispered to her mother, and the Duchess nodding assent, she invited the children to go to the royal saloon and have some cake. Large pieces were handed round by the royal ladies, and the children departed full of delight at their kindly reception.

This morning at several stopping-places small knots of Rhodesian farmers assembled, hoping to catch sight of the royal party. They were surprised

[RHODESIA].



SELUKWE



A NATIVE VILLAGE ON THE ZAMBESI

Photo by DUDLEY KIDD

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and charmed when the Duke strolled up, and with a cherry "Good-morning, gentlemen," began chatting in the friendliest way about the country and its prospects.

LIVINGSTONE, *November* 12. When the train stopped at 9.30 this morning on the bridge over the marvellous gorge, with the Zambesi flowing hundreds of feet below, exclamations of amazement and delight at the first sight of the Falls burst from all lips. There was not nearly so much water as in winter, but this is in one way an advantage, since the absence of the dense clouds of spray enables the beauty and stupendous grandeur of the Falls to be fully appreciated.

The party were conducted by the Administrator, Mr. Wallace, to the best points of view. The Duke, in spite of slight lameness, due to an injured knee, climbed up and down the steep cliff paths with enthusiastic energy. The Duchess and Princess Patricia were equally active.

Finally we embarked in a flotilla of canoes, which were paddled swiftly and skilfully by natives across the rapid stream above the Falls. We looked down from Livingstone Island on the seething, steaming cauldron of waters, whose force is so immense, and will some day supply all the power needed within a radius of four hundred miles, and possibly the Rand mines, even more distant. At this point the spray was like a driving rain, but the

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royal ladies were undaunted, and pressed forward as near the edge as possible, so as not to miss anything of the world's most impressive and magnificent spectacle.

The arrival at Livingstone, a few miles north of the Falls, in time for lunch, was marked by the heartiness of the welcome from the three hundred white inhabitants holding this outpost of civilisation among black and still primitive tribes.

In a stirring speech the Duke addressed them as pioneers of Empire, and encouraged them to persevere in their splendid work.

In the course of the afternoon his Royal Highness walked and drove all over the town, and expressed surprise and admiration at the three years' growth. The party visited the hospital, where all three talked with the patients, and took a great interest in the excellent equipment. The Duke recognised a sergeant of the local police as a man who served with him at Aldershot, and commended him for the brave conduct which caused his injuries. His Royal Highness also had a long chat with an old Dutchman who fought on the Boer side at Majuba. "I have come," said his Royal Highness, "on an errand of peace. We must forget our old quarrels."

LIVINGSTONE, *November* 18. This morning service was held on the verandah of Government House, the new Cathedral not being ready. This
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afternoon there was a launch trip with a tea-picnic on the river, and a sham hippopotamus fight.

Several canoe-loads of chocolate-coloured hunters, with their heads decorated with gaudy tufts of feathers, and wearing little else, showed intense eagerness in stalking and spearing the straw hippo, and there were barbaric songs of joy, accompanied by tom-toms, as they towed the corpse home. This greatly amused the Royal party.

LIVINGSTONE, *November 14.* Rain at night cooled the air for the parade of the fine body of native military police at nine o'clock this morning. The Duke congratulated the officers on the men's smartness and steadiness, and the evident enjoyment with which they drilled. The exercises proved an instructive contrast. The men had a very soldierly appearance in their neat uniforms, when compared with a number of natives composing the body-guard of Lewanika, the Barotse chief. It is marvellous how a few months of British training transforms naked savages into excellent soldiers, who are neat in appearance, self-respecting, warmly attached to their officers, and proud of their regiment. When the royal salute was given on the Duke's arrival, the National Anthem blared out, and the Royal Standard was broken at the flag-staff, it was impossible not to feel a deep thrill of patriotic emotion at the great work Britain is doing here.

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That it is being done, thanks to the Native Commissioners with the full co-operation of the native rulers, was emphasised this afternoon by the striking interview between the Duke of Connaught and King Lewanika, whose chieftainship is acknowledged by a hundred and twenty thousand Barotses.

At four o'clock a procession of five hundred warriors escorted the old chief to Government House. The native drums and other instruments made a tremendous din, which increased when the Duke appeared on the verandah. There were yells and roars of welcome, and the whole body dropped on their knees in the road and clapped their hands, the Barotse form of salutation. Lewanika did not make obeisance. He was in a uniform covered with gold lace, with a large curved sword and gold spurs, both of which he found very embarrassing. He was allowed to approach reverentially, and shake the Duke by the hand, but his son and Prime Minister knelt and clapped his hands, according to custom.

An interchange of complimentary speeches and presents followed, the latter including a blue monkey in a cage.

The chief departed amid clouds of dust and renewed uproar. He has killed many bullocks, and will hold a great feast to celebrate the honour done him.

He told me afterwards that he was deeply touched by the Duke's fatherly kindness, and

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would keep a vivid recollection of the courtesy of King George when he visited London.

The Royal party are immensely popular with everybody. In spite of the heat they visited the golf and rifle clubs this morning, and late in the afternoon gave a general invitation to the white people to a tea-party and the planting of a commemoration tree in the public gardens.

November 15. Just after dinner this evening (on the journey from Livingstone to Salisbury *via* Bulawayo) a glare was seen in the sky, and voices singing in a stentorian volume were heard. In a few minutes the train stopped at Wankies Colliery, a township in the midst of the limitless veld, with an output of 500 tons of coal per day.

A huge bonfire blazed on the hill close to the line, and the royal salute was fired. The white population (about seventy) crowded round the saloon of the Duke, who immediately appeared, and thanked them for coming. He asked about the health of the place, and chatted of the prospects of the mines and the country generally for ten minutes. Meanwhile five hundred native colliers continued to sing "God Save the King" unceasingly, and when the train pulled out they cheered in genuine British fashion.

The Duke's ready response to, and frank pleasure in such demonstrations of loyalty is doing a great deal to rivet the ties of Imperial sentiment.

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By emphasising the common allegiance of all Britons to the throne and flag, he brings home to these pioneers of civilisation the pride and responsibility attaching to British citizenship, and makes better citizens of them. The spirit in which the Duke regards his mission is illustrated by his request that as many officials as possible should be invited to lunch and dinner at the Government House, Livingstone, instead of merely a few heads of the Administration, as arranged before arrival. This course adds considerably to the fatigue of an unusually toilsome tour, but the Duke never permits himself to appear tired, and leaves everywhere the impression that he is keenly interested in everything affecting the country and the Empire, and glad to meet all helping on the development of the Imperial idea.

SALISBURY, November 17. Salisbury has spared neither trouble nor money to mark its delight at the first visit of any member of the Royal Family to the capital of Southern Rhodesia. A new Government House has been built for the occasion, the builders working day and night for weeks past, the finishing touches being put on only yesterday, just in time.

In the pleasant gardens surrounding the house a reception was held this afternoon, when the Duke and Duchess filled large numbers of loyal hearts with joy by shaking hands with all the guests.

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The other events of the day were of the usual character, and included the presentation of addresses and a Volunteer review; but all went off with remarkable spirit.

Salisbury is going ahead at a great pace, and is anxious to profit by the opportunity of showing what an energetic and advanced community it is. The local paper, in an article of welcome, says: "We believe Rhodesia is destined to become one of the most important parts of King George's dominions."

This is the general feeling of Rhodesians. Their optimism is like that of the Canadians, and doubtless equally well grounded. It is only twenty years since Rhodes's pioneer column camped here. There was nothing then but bush. The progress in the short time that has elapsed is marvellous. Mining experts report most favourably on the gold deposits, agriculture is steadily advancing, and Salisbury itself is a triumph of the British genius for colonisation. Leading citizens assure me that the Royal visit will have an excellent effect.

SALISBURY, *November 19.* To-day's doings began early with a meet of the Salisbury hounds at five o'clock. There was a good field sharp to time in the exquisite freshness of a Rhodesia morning. The hounds, of genuine English breed, were in the pink of condition. Several of the Duke's

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suite were out, but the Royalties, in view of the heavy day, were obliged to forego the sport.

The most interesting event of the morning was a visit to the Government tobacco factory. This bids fair to be a great Rhodesian industry. The present year's crop is calculated at half a million pounds. The industry has now passed the experimental stage, and is certain to increase rapidly.

The Duke saw how the leaves were unpacked, steamed, graded, tied up into bundles, and pressed into bales, and asked a number of questions about the methods of cultivation and treatment, also about the possibilities of the market in England. He expressed great pleasure at the favourable reception of Rhodesian pipe and cigarette tobaccos in the Mother Country, and at the prospect of a large consumption in a few years' time.

In the afternoon the Royal party drove out in motors to see the fine view over the rolling park-like landscape stretching away to the mountain ranges, and later the party spent an hour at a gymkhana on the polo ground. Although the Duchess and Princess were tired they would not disappoint the people, and their thoughtfulness was recognised and appreciated.

They had a great ovation when they drove away. After dinner they motored the mile and a half from Government House to the Town Hall between living lamp-posts: natives carrying torches lined each side of the road. The effect of the

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flickering light on the statuesque figures and black faces of the torchbearers was very striking. Afterwards all joined and marched past, the procession dancing and waving torches and chanting weird war songs.

BULAWAYO, *November 21.* A picturesque feature of the Duke of Connaught's arrival here this morning was a large array of natives lining the road from the station. As the party passed they raised loud cries of wild welcome and threw themselves in the dust, writhing and beating their hands together—their own particular method of salutation to the "great white chief."

Later there was a procession of Matabele warriors, whose heads were decorated with huge pink ostrich feathers. They were naked except for their leopard skins. All shuffled along with rhythmic jumps and contortions, shaking their assegais and chanting a deep-throated, monotonous song.

The first thing which the Duke saw when he arrived at the charming Government House, which is reached by a three-mile drive, most of the way along a beautiful avenue of fir-trees, was the tree under which Lobengula, the Matabele chief, sat when he pronounced his bloodthirsty decrees. It is almost incredible that so much has been done towards civilisation in twenty years.

BULAWAYO, *November 22.* The weather, which has so far been unusually fine for this time of the

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year, has broken, but fortunately held up until after the visit to that marvellously beautiful spot in the Matopo Hills where Rhodes was laid to rest.

Brilliant sunshine prevailed in the early morning, when the Royal party inspected several of the schools. They were greatly struck by the large airy buildings and the strong, healthy appearance of the children, the best testimony to the climate. The Chartered Company have made large school grants, and are determined that the education here will be the best obtainable. The carpenter's shop was specially commended by the Duke, who was also keenly interested in the chemical laboratory. When the time came to leave the Boys' School the Duke had to be hunted for, and was found watching an experiment being made by two small boys.

A little before noon seven motors set off under a cool, grey sky for the Matopos, twenty-five miles distant. The road passes the dam or reservoir made to irrigate the Rhodes Farms. Nothing but water is needed to raise splendid crops here. It was most instructive and encouraging to come across acres and acres of rich cultivated soil amidst the bush.

After lunch at the hotel close to the dam, we drove on through the fine park, dedicated by Rhodes to the use of the people, until we reached the foot of the great granite kopje, named World's View. Here rickshaws awaited the ladies, but the

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Duke, with the other men climbed the steep, rocky path to the tomb.

At the sight of the slab covering the grave, guarded by a ring of immense boulders, the Duke took off his hat, and the example was followed by all. The Duke stood for some minutes in silent meditation, and then turned away to enjoy the magnificent prospect. The whole party was deeply affected by the weird beauty and the solemn associations of the spot.

PRETORIA, *November 26.* The Duchess and Princess Patricia have been suffering from the heat and the fatigue of the journey. Fortunately, the Duchess is better and was able to take part in the ceremonies to-day. The Princess is still feeling the strain of the constant railway travelling and the continuous round of engagements whenever we stop. As a matter of fact, most of the members of the party are a little affected by the stupendous distances covered in so short a time and in such heat, and by the kaleidoscopic variety of the fresh scenes and interests presented in rapid succession to our gaze.

Luckily this morning was cool and grey. Otherwise the gathering on the exposed hillside overlooking Pretoria, where the Duke laid the foundation-stone of the Union Government buildings, would have felt the heat terribly. It would be difficult to imagine a finer site for the new

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Government offices. Mr. Herbert Baker, who has introduced a new era in South African domestic architecture, is now offered a wonderful chance to prove that his genius is capable of working on a larger scale.

In order to avoid hurting Boer susceptibilities, two foundation-stones were laid, one inscribed in English and the other in Dutch. Prayers were also offered in both languages.

The Duke made a special impression on the hearts of the Dutch by listening after dinner to a long cantata, with Dutch words, celebrating the Union.

JOHANNESBURG, *November* 28. The Gold Reef City has transformed itself for the Royal visit into a town of green vistas, gleaming arches, and stately colonnades. Very effective use has been made of five truck-loads of greenstuff and flowers ordered from Cape Town to decorate the station.

The Market Square has been turned into a classic forum pillared and garlanded, and gay as befits the "triumph" offered the Royal Prince whose popularity has been increasing all through South Africa, and whose welcome to Johannesburg will be the culminating point in an ever-memorable tour.

The railway station, when our train pulled in, appeared like some gorgeous vision of the East. Nothing could be seen but hangings brilliant in colour, relieved by masses of dark green fir and

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pine. Outside all the streets glowed and fluttered with strings of flags woven in all directions.

As the Royal party drove off to Sunnyside, the former residence of Lord Milner, the hooters of all the mines within earshot made an unearthly din. The evening air was filled with whistling, screeching, and booming for nearly ten minutes. The crowds were the largest and most enthusiastic yet.

JOHANNESBURG, *November 29.* An immense crowd, estimated at sixteen thousand people, watched the Duke of Connaught lay the foundation-stone of the new Town Hall this morning. The Market Square was literally packed.

A charming feature of the proceedings was a stand containing three thousand school-children, who sang at intervals in remarkably good time and tune.

The whole day was occupied with one function after another, and the Royal party heard the National Anthem played between breakfast and bedtime twenty-seven times.

A most interesting engagement was the dedication to the public of the fine collection of modern pictures that will eventually be housed in a municipal gallery which Mr. Edwin Lutyens is to design in co-operation with Mr. Baker. The Duke paid a deserved tribute of praise to Mrs. Lionel Phillips, who conceived the idea, and Sir Hugh Lane, who gave valuable help in getting together a very

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remarkable and representative collection. No gallery, public or private, ever began with more pure gold and less dross.

This evening, whilst driving to the reception at the Carlton Hotel, the Duke had an opportunity to admire the illuminations, which he declared were exceedingly pretty and tasteful. Johannesburg has certainly succeeded in its ambition to equal Cape Town's "splendid extravagance," and in enthusiasm has gone far beyond.

JOHANNESBURG, *November 30.* One of the most picturesque and charming incidents of the Royal tour took place at noon in the heart of a delightful wood, where Johannesburg people enjoy their morning canters. Here it has been decided to place the memorial to the men of the Rand regiments killed in the war. It is far better to recall the sacrifice of their lives for King and country under green aisles and in the spacious quiet of a forest glade than by a great monument in the city streets, where it would soon become too familiar to stir memories or arouse emotion.

After the review of the Transvaal Volunteers, who won hearty commendation for their smart appearance and work, the Royal party drove in two landaus drawn by gun-teams through Parktown and along a new road made through the wood for this occasion. The ceremony was mainly in the nature of a religious service of dedication and

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praise. The keynote was thankfulness for the eventual fruits of the laying down of their lives, that is to say, for the Union of South Africa.

Every one present was impressed and moved by the sincerity and simplicity of the proceedings, which were heightened by the natural beauty of the scene.

Farewell cheers as their Royal Highnesses drove to the station in good time for the three o'clock start were given by large crowds all along the route. When the train steamed out it was found that both sides of the line and the bridges were thronged.

At Heidelberg some hundreds of people, almost all Dutch, gathered on the platform. There was not much demonstration on the arrival, but after the Duke had engaged the Mayor, a fine old Boer with long beard, and other leading inhabitants in animated conversation, he was cheered again and again.

DURBAN, *December 2.* Durban is looking quite at its best on this day of sunshine, tempered with a cool breeze. The decorations show no sign of damage done to them by a violent storm a few days ago. At the end of such a tour as this it would require some very striking effect to stir us to enthusiasm, but we can honestly say that Durban's effort fully meets the occasion, if it is not startlingly original.

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The last stage of the journey from Maritzburg to Durban was painful, owing to the excessive swaying and lurching caused by the steep gradients and violent curves. The party, therefore, are not sorry to bid farewell to the Royal train, which has been their home just on four weeks. Every one has enjoyed the trip immensely, and is grateful to the railway management for making it so comfortable ; but every one is relieved that the strain of incessant travelling and perpetual ceremonies is at an end. Human nature could not have borne the fatigue and nerve stress of such a journey much longer. The Royal party are glad to get back to the comfortable quarters on the *Balmoral Castle*.

At the Town Hall, replying to addresses, the Duke of Connaught spoke very earnestly and with evident emotion of the loyalty shown throughout the tour, and the pleasure the journey had given him.

To-night there will be a dinner party on the *Balmoral Castle*, at which all of us who have travelled together so pleasantly meet for the last time.

To-morrow the Mayor gives a luncheon, from which the Royal party will drive straight to the ship, and sail without further delay.

DURBAN, *December 3.* The *Balmoral Castle* sailed for Home at half-past four this afternoon, an enormous crowd watching her leave the quay.

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Up to the last moment the tour was an immense success. The Duke has left behind him everywhere the pleasantest memories.

Although every member of the party has thoroughly enjoyed our fascinating trip, it is impossible to disguise the fact that all were beginning to feel the strain of such continual travelling and such a perpetual round of functions. During less than four weeks the party has covered 4548 miles by rail, and slept for twelve nights in the train. Since the Duke arrived at the end of October, he has received 149 addresses, made thirty-eight speeches, held sixteen formal receptions and ten reviews, laid eight foundation-stones, and planted five trees.

While the Duke rests on the homeward voyage he can contemplate with satisfaction the results of his toil. The Union is far stronger than before his visit. Loyalty to the Royal House and pride in belonging to the Empire have been stimulated in a very striking degree. All, from the highest to the lowest, are full of admiration and gratitude for the unfailing interest, kindness, and consideration of the Duke and Duchess. The newspapers unite in a chorus of praise and of regret that the visit is over. Never has a royal progress been a more triumphant success.

Of course he owed much to the Duchess and his daughter, and to the exceedingly pleasant and competent staff he took out with him. Everywhere

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we went Major Lowther and Captain Bulkeley, Lord Hamilton of Dalzell, and Captain Grant left behind troops of friends. Nothing was left undone that could gratify people of all classes or make arrangements work smoothly, as they always did. Sir Francis Hopwood naturally was of the greatest value with his wide experience of Imperial affairs and that tact in dealing with oversea Britons which marks him out as the ideal man to fill the new office of Under-Secretary for the Dominions as soon as it is created. Commodore Wemyss played his part as Naval aide-de-camp with a delightful heartiness. Captain Scott Worthington, the clever Canadian Army doctor, not only physicked the party with magical success, but made a fine figure at functions. Miss Pelly, though handicapped by a bad accident which made her lame, was a model to all Ladies-in-Waiting of discretion and charm.

Yet, after all, though a first-class staff can do much, it cannot do everything. All might have gone off like clockwork and still the impression left behind might have been cold and dull. It is the Duke himself who has made it utterly impossible to look back upon the tour without a thrill of enthusiasm. Take one point alone by way of illustration. After Mr. Roosevelt (whose method would perhaps be found too demonstrative by a British community), the Duke is undoubtedly the best hand-shaker in the world. Sometimes he

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would stand for the best part of an hour greeting people in this way, and every single man or woman so privileged went away feeling that he or she was the one person the Duke had been really anxious to meet. To those who are unacquainted with human nature this may seem a small thing. But the amount of loyalty generated by such means is incalculable.

More than ever, after the Duke's tour, is it clear that the Empire would benefit enormously if the Sovereign could be represented in each of the Dominions by a member of the Royal Family. It is scarcely to be expected that all princes of the blood employed in this way would meet with the same success as the Duke of Connaught. But there would rapidly spring up traditions which would ensure to goodwill and sense of duty not only the reward of personal affection, but great advantage to the Empire.

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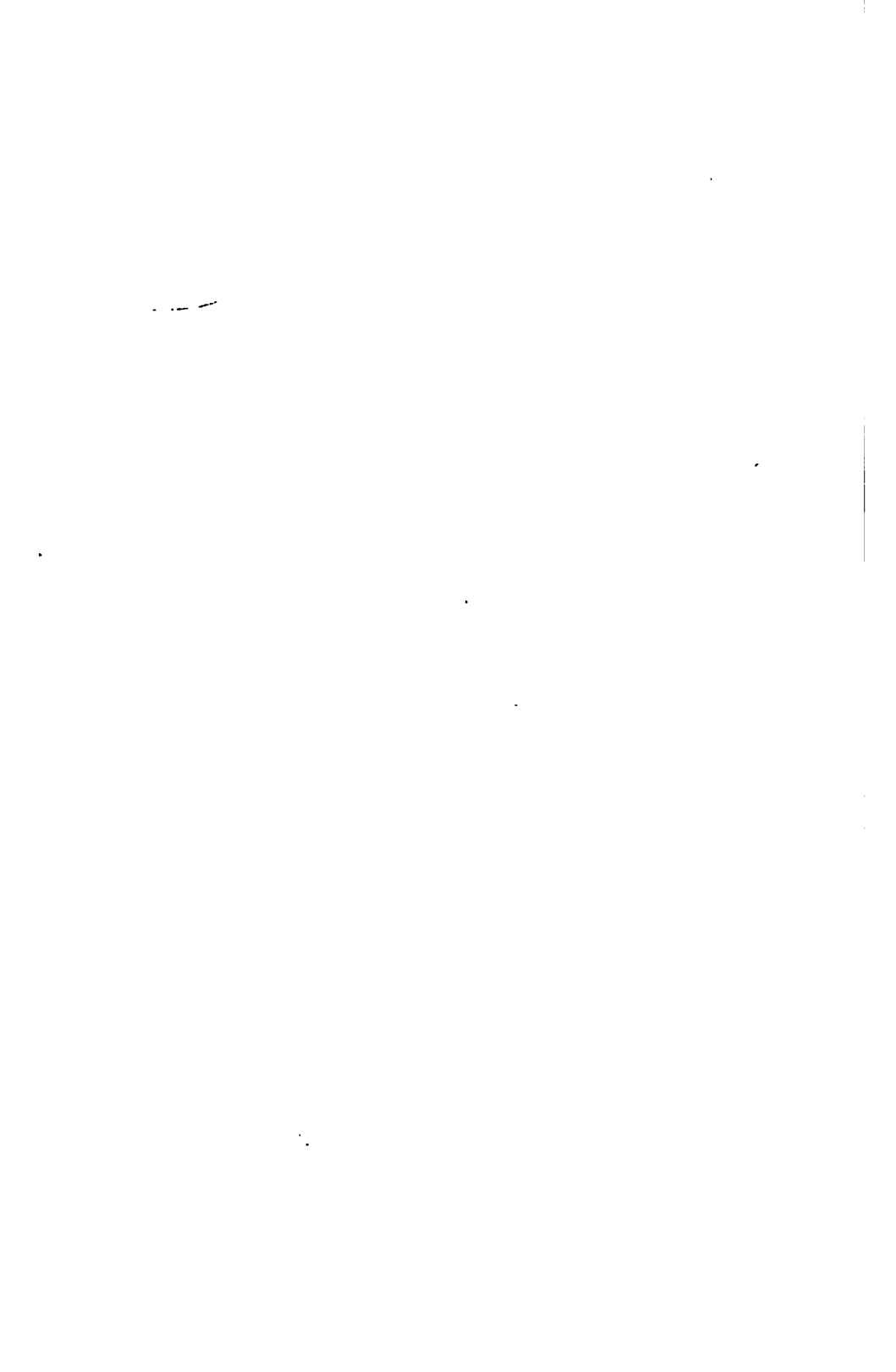
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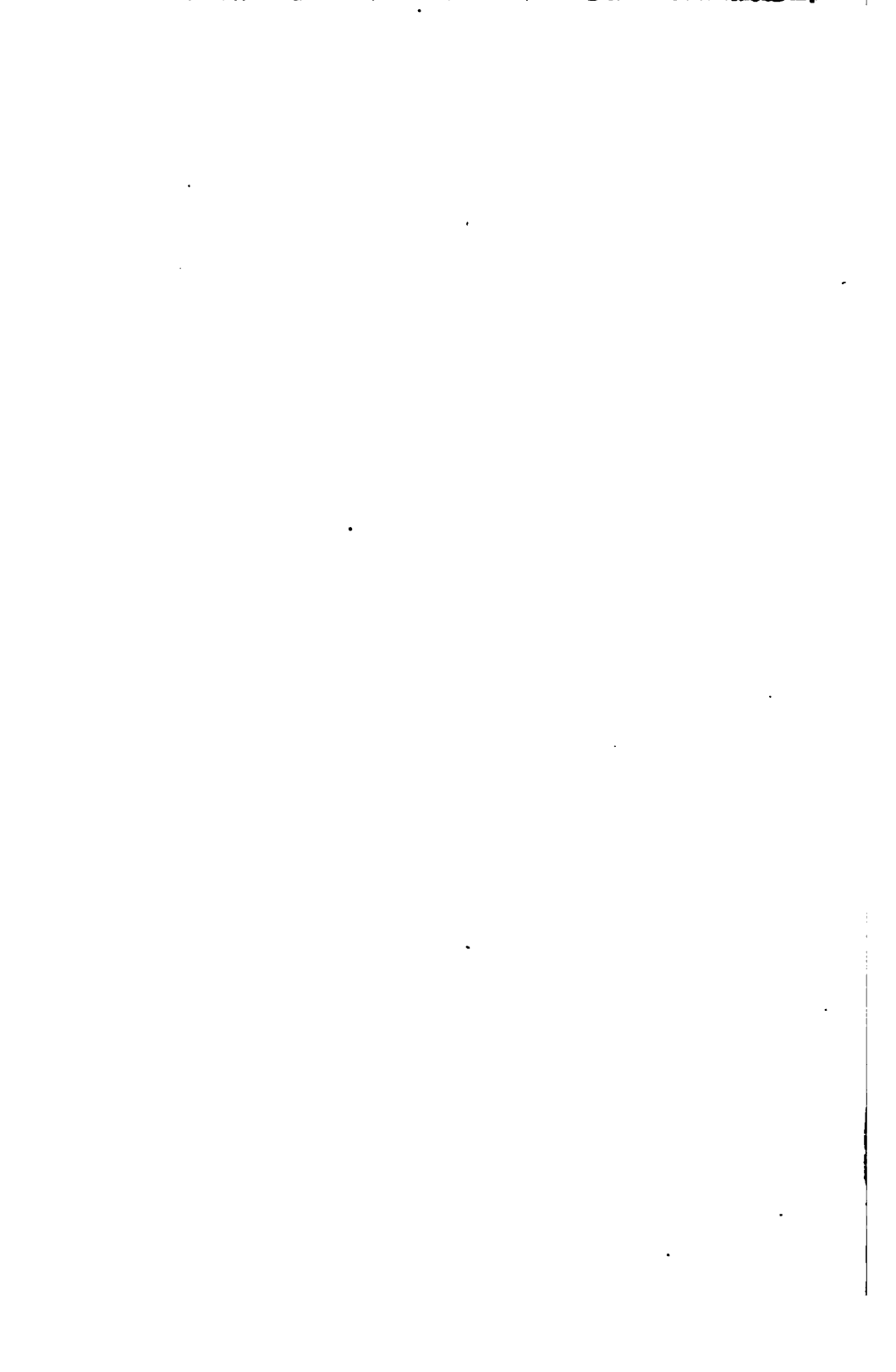
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